USAM
93-7

US
85.1

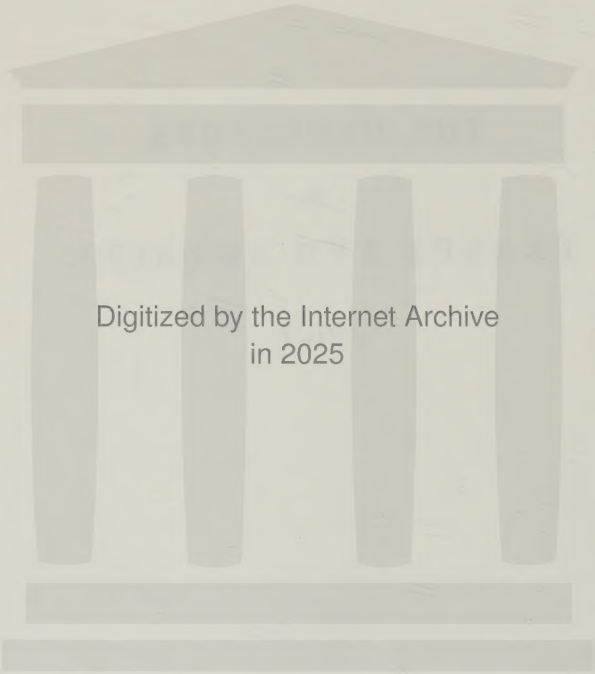
SEATTLE GENEALOGICAL SOCIETY
P. O. Box 549
Seattle, Wash. 98111

THE HUGUENOTS

IN

FRANCE AND AMERICA.

VOL. I.



Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2025

https://archive.org/details/huguenotsinfranc0001leeh

SEATTLE GENEALOGICAL SOCIETY
P. O. Box 549
Seattle, Wash. 98111
USAM
93-7
pp 302
No Index
change from
85-1

THE

HUGUENOTS

IN

FRANCE AND AMERICA.

By
Hannah F. Lee

"L'histoire est un miroir, qui, pour rendre la ressemblance, doit réfléchir le bien et le mal." ANQUETIL.

Two Volumes in One

VOL. I.

GENEALOGICAL PUBLISHING CO., INC.
BALTIMORE 1973

Originally Published
Cambridge, Massachusetts, 1843

Reprinted
Genealogical Publishing Co., Inc.
Baltimore, 1973

Library of Congress Cataloging in Publication Data
[Lee, Hannah Farnham (Sawyer)], 1780-1865.
The Huguenots in France and America.
Reprint of the 1843 ed.
1. Huguenots in France. 2. Huguenots in the United States. I. Title.
BX9454.L4 1973 284'.5 72-10564
ISBN 0-8063-0531-2

Made in the United States of America

DEDICATED

TO THE

HONORABLE JOHN PICKERING,

BY HIS FRIEND,

THE AUTHOR.

CONTENTS

OF

VOLUME FIRST.

PAGE

PREFACE xi

PRELIMINARY OBSERVATIONS xvii

CHAPTER I.

A Tragedy 1

CHAPTER II.

The Vaudois 12

CHAPTER III.

Servetus and Calvin 26

CHAPTER IV.

The Nuptials and the Tournament 34

CHAPTER V.

The Conspiracy 51

CHAPTER VI.

The Council at Orleans 63

CHAPTER VII.

The Departure of Mary. — Capture of Condé . . 78

CHAPTER VIII.

Deaths of Three Chiefs 93

CHAPTER IX.

Death of Condé. — Peace declared 108

CHAPTER X.

Eve of St. Bartholomew 121

CHAPTER XI.

Siege of Rochelle 135

CHAPTER XII.

Death of Charles the Ninth 145

CHAPTER XIII.

The New King 153

CHAPTER XIV.

Catharine of Bourbon 167

CHAPTER XV.

The War of the Three Henries 190

CHAPTER XVI.

Sudden Death of the Second Condé 210

CHAPTER XVII.

Death of two of the Henries, and of Catharine de Medicis 217

CHAPTER XVIII.

Navarre pledges himself to hold a Conference with the Catholics 239

CHAPTER XIX.

Result of the Conference. — Plot against the Princess of Bourbon 253

CHAPTER XX.

Henry the Fourth enters Paris. — Success of the Plot against the Princess 269

CHAPTER XXI.

Edict of Nantes 282

CHAPTER XXII.

The Divorce and Second Marriage. — Death of Catharine, the Protestant Princess 297

CHAPTER XXIII.

Death of Henry the Fourth 315

CHAPTER XXIV.

Sketch of the Age of Henry the Fourth 326

PREFACE.

It has been my endeavour, in the series of books on the Reformation, which the history of the Huguenots closes, ("Luther" and "Cranmer" having preceded it,) to preserve undeviatingly the truth of history, always reserving to myself the right of free and impartial judgment, where narratives, as is sometimes the case, differ. Having consulted historians and biographers, I might have encumbered the works with notes and references; but this would have been inconsistent with my plan. Davila, Montluc, Bassompierre, Anquetil, St. Simon, Sully, Voltaire, Smedley, Wraxall, Sismondi, and many others have been consulted; but references are seldom made, except where history has approached, as all readers must be aware it often does, so near to romance as to wear the appearance of fiction.

A mere compilation of facts presents only the skeleton of History; we do but little for her if we cannot invest her with life, clothe her in the habiliments of her day, and enable her to call forth the sympathies of succeeding generations. As the German scholar Ruhnkenius admonished his pupils, "It is a knowledge of men, not of things, which we

want, the spirit quickened by great and noble deeds; or a holy and just indignation kindled towards vice, however splendidly adorned." Unless history can be converted to moral uses, it is only "a little book got by heart." It were well if our slumbering virtue could be roused by the self-sacrificing example of those who relinquished all for principle.

For the facts collected concerning the Huguenots who took refuge in America, I am indebted to kind friends. Some have placed manuscripts in my hands, and others have directed me to records already published. Such as I have been able to procure, I have given without embellishment or pretension, and often with a painful consciousness of deficiency in materials and execution, yet hoping, that, combined, they may be more interesting and useful, than in the scattered and detached form in which I have gleaned them.

The Memoir of the family of La Fontaine, published in New York, and translated by one of the descendants, finds no corresponding memoir in this country. Yet there are enough records left to prove, that a similar noble spirit animated the Huguenots in America. From this most interesting manuscript, I have been permitted to extract the following passage not inserted in the printed edition. I give part of it in the old French, that the arduous work of the translator may be appreciated.

James Fontaine, the author of the Memoir, thus writes;

"Elisabeth Fontaine 3e fille du premier mariage

de mon père fut mariée à M. Iza Santreau, ministre de Saujou en Xaintonge, sous qui j'ay estudié. Ils avoint trois garçons et deux filles, sortirent de France quelques années avant la grande persécution, aussitôt que la temple de son église fut condamné. Ils vienrent à Dublin dans la fin du règne du Roy Charles Second. On ne voulut point luy permettre de prescher après la manière de France, et sans recevoir une seconde ordination des Esveques; car en ce tems-là les Presbiterieux estoint persecutés en Angleterre et Hirlande par les Episcopeaux." Finding his residence there unpleasant, on that account he resolved to go, with all his family, to Boston, in America, where the Presbyterians had full liberty. He and his wife, with five children, embarked on board a vessel. The vessel was wrecked when in sight of Boston, and the whole family was drowned! "So that we may with great justice," he adds, "reckon the seven persons among the martyrs of our family; for they came out of France, abandoning a very good property for the fruit of the tree of life, and Ireland, for the leaves and the bark."

This simple statement is made without any comment in the original manuscript; but who will not feel his sympathy excited by the fate of these unfortunate exiles, who first sought refuge in Ireland; driven thence by a different species of religious persecution, and once more trusting themselves on the pathless ocean in pursuit of liberty? What joy must have filled their hearts, as they entered the beautiful

bay of Boston, and saw indications of the New World! Perhaps their eyes already rested on a solitary spire "pointing to Heaven," and encouraging them onward. We are not told what occasioned the wreck of the vessel, whether an unskilful pilot, or a sudden tempest; but we can hardly doubt, that "she had noble creatures on board," and that "they all perished!"

I give the following quotation from a letter which I have lately received from a lineal descendant of the Huguenots.

"My great-great-grandfather was a native of La Vendée, and had there an estate on which he lived, and from which his family took their name, *La Tourette*. After the revocation of the Edict of Nantes, several Huguenot families in his neighbourhood endured great persecution, and Henri de la Tourette was warned, that he was soon to be molested, and that any attempt at flight would be discovered, and only serve to hasten his condemnation. To avoid suspicion, he gave a large entertainment to which all the neighbouring families were invited, and while the guests were assembled in the house, he left it with his wife, reached the seacoast, which was not far off, and made his escape on board a vessel bound to Charleston. The ship was cast away on Staten Island, or, being in distress, was obliged to put in there, and there my great-grandmother, Marie de la Tourette, was born. A branch of the family still exists in France, which has adhered to Catholicism. The only female mem-

ber of it is the Superior of a Convent, and the head of it, the Marquis de la Tourette, who is, or lately was, *préfet* of Aix-la-Chapelle. The chateau of La Tourette is still standing, but I do not know whether it is in possession of the family. A few years since, one of the descendants, the Comte Eugène de la Tourette, came over from France in the hope of obtaining the family Bible, which Henri brought over in his flight. It contained the register of the births and descents of the family, which, had it been in our possession, would have enabled us Huguenot descendants to claim property which was confiscated at the time of the persecution. The Bible, however, had been long since given to a family who had removed to Germany, and could not be traced."

The unexpected delay of this work, since it first went out of my hands in August, 1841, has given me the opportunity of adding the above facts, and a few others contributed by the descendants of the Huguenots. It has likewise afforded me the melancholy solace of adding a notice of a friend, who, by the kind and affectionate interest he took in the attempt, though he did not live to read a line of it, is associated with the work in the mind of the author. The first book of this series, "Luther and his Times," was dedicated to William Ellery Channing; the last closes with a tribute to his memory!

PRELIMINARY OBSERVATIONS.

It may not be uninteresting to give a slight sketch of the progress of the Reformation to the period at which the following history begins. The early deviations from the simple form of worship taught by Christ, and adopted by his disciples, began at Rome, under the Bishop Sylvester. His love of pomp, and his boundless ambition, led him to invest his office with forms and ceremonies. The first Christians prayed in the mountain desert and the open air; — in dungeons and in fetters, the simple invocation of "Our Father who art in heaven" diffused light and freedom around them. The new convert to Christianity, Constantine, born A. D. 274, fought under the "flaming cross," which his enthusiastic imagination descried in the heavens beneath the sun, with this inscription; "*In hoc signo vinces*" — (Under this sign thou shalt conquer). Much as he accomplished for the new faith, he evidently mistook its spirit when he banished Catholic bishops, and erected the standard of the cross as a signal for

war. That he should add outward distinctions to the despised faith he had voluntarily adopted, was natural, and worldly honors and immunities soon became bribes for the adoption of the cause. In 324, a holy and devout man, named Leo, became so much dissatisfied with the increasing corruptions of Christianity, that he withdrew with a small band of followers to the valleys of Piedmont. There they worshipped God in primitive simplicity, and were long set apart, not only from the corruptions which overspread the world, but from its temptations and its honors.

The light of reformation in 1124 was brought from those obscure valleys into France, by the zealous preaching of Peter of Bruys, Henry, and Arnold of Brescia, who suffered martyrdom for their cause. But of all the advocates for Christianity in its early simplicity, Peter Valdo, a merchant of Lyons, seems to have been the most remarkable. Amidst the toils and bustle of mercantile life, his love of reading induced him to look into the Gospels, and other books of Scripture, which a priest had translated into French. He read and studied these works till he determined to become an evangelical preacher, and devote the wealth he had acquired in worldly gains to the promulgation of the Gospel.

He employed learned men to translate the whole of the Bible, and with this in his hand, com-

menced his preaching, leaving all other avocations. He soon collected multitudes, and as he had access to no church, preached in the streets and in the fields. A bitter persecution was raised against him and his followers, and they dispersed themselves into the neighbouring countries of Languedoc and Provence.

It has been common to assign the name of Waldenses to the Piedmontese Christians. But it appears, that they were of a much earlier date, and known by no name but that of Christians; and it is more probable that Peter Valdo * was a pupil of this ancient race, and that they had never swerved from the simplicity of the early doctrines.

It is well to mention that the antiquity of the Vaudois who inhabited the Piedmontese summits and valleys has always been a subject of dispute. The Protestants claim for them the pure faith and worship preserved from the Great Teacher; while the Catholics believe them to be a band of heretics, who at a later period threw off their allegiance to the mother Church. We think the strongest evidence is found in their simple and primitive modes of life, and in the purity of their

* Or Waldo, as his name is sometimes written. The various orthography of names, as written by different historians, is perplexing.

morals. Their religion is not like a garment that has been restored; but it possesses the strength and excellence of the original fabric.

The Albigenses in the South of France seem to have been less fortunate than their Alpine brethren. In the twelfth century they were nearly swept from the face of the earth, and Simon de Montfort led a host against them. Numbers escaped to England, and in the fourteenth century Wickliffe appeared as a reformer. A persecution was raised against him in the times of Henry the Fourth and Henry the Fifth, yet still the light of reformation was not extinguished. John Huss, and Jerome of Prague, carried Wickliffe's doctrines into Bohemia, and, being tried before the Council of Constance, were condemned to the stake.

In the fifteenth century, it was found that heresies were spreading. The city of Meaux, within thirty miles of Paris, became leavened with the doctrines of reform, and the worship of images and saints was set aside. In 1517 Luther arose in his might. Zuinglius did the same in Switzerland; and Calvin, following fast upon their steps, became a powerful preacher in France. At this period of the Reformation we commence our history, beginning with Francis the First.

THE HUGUENOTS

IN

FRANCE AND AMERICA.

CHAPTER I.

A TRAGEDY.

In the year 1524, the palace of Francis the First was in evident commotion. Dukes and duchesses, counts and countesses, marquises and marchionesses, with gentlemen and ladies of inferior rank, were seen hurrying to and fro. In the evening, a large and brilliantly lighted saloon was thrown open. At one end might be seen a high platform, partly concealed by a curtain that reached to the floor. At the other sat the King, surrounded by the beauties of his court. Seats were arranged on either side, one above another, as if in expectation of an exhibition.

After a prelude of music, the curtain was drawn aside, the buzz of conversation ceased, silent attention prevailed, and the drama opened.

The Pope appeared seated on an elevated throne, the tiara glittering on his brow, and his

long robes of silk and ermine falling in folds upon the floor. He was encircled by throngs of cardinals and bishops, and one, more highly distinguished than the rest, waved a fan, made from the splendid plumage of the bird of Juno, over his august head.

At a little distance stood groups of mendicant friars, strangely contrasting with the brilliancy of the spectacle. Near his Holiness lay a heap of charcoal, that gave no signs of ignition.

At length, a venerable, gray-headed man entered from the side scene, clad in a scholastic robe. A low voice announced him "Reuchlin," the celebrated German Hebraist. He walked forward in a musing posture till he came opposite the Pope, cardinals, and bishops, then, suddenly raising his eyes, he started at beholding them. His consternation, however, was momentary; summoning all his resolution, he at once addressed the venerable assembly of ecclesiastics in a spirited manner, spake freely of the abuses of the Romish Church, and the necessity of *reform;* then, with a slow and measured step, he approached the smouldering pile, and made an opening with his staff. The glowing charcoal became visible for a few moments, smoked, but did not blaze, and, as if discouraged by the ill success of his attempt, he retired, and Erasmus entered.

The cardinals pressed forward and extended their hands, which he respectfully took, then, stepping to the place which Reuchlin had just quitted, he too began an address. He gently alluded to the disorders of the Church, but spoke of its antiquity and solemn institutions; and begged that no abrupt measures might be adopted. The disease, he acknowledged, was apparent, but it did not require an immediate operation; there were no limbs to amputate, and time would remove the little excrescences which were visible. He concluded by recommending gentle lenitives and soothing prescriptions. At the end of his speech, he bowed low to the Pope and cardinals. The latter immediately made room for him; he gently waved his hand, and would have retreated behind, but they insisted on his seating himself amongst them.

Next appeared Ulric Hutten, the well-known satirist of the Pope; a man the reverse of Erasmus, possessing iron nerves and sinews. He rushed vehemently forward, and burst forth into a furious declamation against his Holiness and the Catholic conclave; called the Pope antichrist, and denounced him as the enemy of true religion. Seizing a pair of bellows, he hastened to the smoking charcoal, and blew so violently, that the flames rose high, casting a red and glaring light upon the faces of the Pope, cardinals, and bish-

ops, who looked wild with affright. Suddenly the scene changed ; for, while he was exerting all his strength, and the flames were rapidly increasing, he fell dead on the spot. The cardinals rushed forward and carried him away, without uttering a syllable, or discovering any emotion.

To these succeeded a monk with his cowl thrown back, bearing a pile of logs on his shoulder ; he walked straight forward, turning neither to the right nor left, nor heeding the evident commotion that appeared among the august conclave. His step was bold, his port fearless, yet there was no particular air of defiance ; he was evidently engrossed by his own purpose. A low voice whispered, "Luther!" The courtly audience looked on in mute expectation. Not a sound broke the stillness. The monk approached the fire, stood for a moment as if summoning all his strength, then, casting the logs on the coals, he exclaimed, "I will make this little fire shine through the whole world, so that Christ, who has wellnigh perished by your devices, shall be restored to life in spite of you!"

Suddenly the flame burst forth, and seemed to illuminate not only the apartment, but the whole palace. The Pope and cardinals hastily arose, as if to seize the audacious monster, but, entangled in their flowing drapery, they ran against each other, and Luther in the mean time escaped.

The Pope and cardinals now entered into close deliberation as to what was to be done. "The fire," said they, "must be extinguished, or we shall be consumed." Then came forward a little, short, round brother of the fraternity, accompanied by one in the dress of the Inquisitorial office, proffering ready assistance to the pontiff. They said, that, "if his Holiness would rely upon them, and St. Peter aid them, they would pledge themselves to extinguish the fire."

This address was received with acclamations. They then beckoned to the group of mendicant friars to come forward. "Brethren," said the Pope, addressing them, "we recognise in you the righteous judges of John Huss and Jerome of Prague, who were burned in the fire they had kindled. Repeat your great work as at Constance, and your reward shall be unlimited. Your fourfold order shall no longer wear rags, but be richly dressed, ride on horses splendidly caparisoned, and the aged be borne in litters. Nay, more, ye shall wear purple robes, and carry mitres on your brows. Ye shall be satiated with the fattest bishoprics. Go and prosper; stay our falling authority; secure our dominion. Let our infallibility be once more established, and, in reward, ask what you will, and it shall be granted. But, first, for our present safety, extinguish this tremendous fire."

The friars rushed forward to the flames, bearing such vessels of liquid as were at hand. They proved to be filled with wine and alcohol, in various forms; and, no sooner had they poured it on the fire, than the flames rose with redoubled fury. The friars fled with terror, and all the conclave retreated in haste to a distance.

The cardinals were the first that recovered sufficiently to offer any counsel. They then addressed the Pope.

"Most holy father! To thee is given authority both in earth and heaven. Quench the fire by thy malediction, or we shall be consumed. We know that there is not any element in creation, which must not subside at thy word. Heaven and earth obey thee. At thy bidding, even Purgatory absolves or retains the souls of the departed. Wherefore, by thy saintly office, attack this fire. Quench it by thy anathemas, lest we become a by-word and a reproach."

This petition roused the Pope. He stepped forward, and, extending his arms, exclaimed;

"Cursed be he who lighted thee! Darkness overcome thee; night surround thee, that thou mayest no longer burn! May he who piled thee be stricken with the sores of Egypt and loathsome disease. May God strike him with blindness, darkness, and madness, so that he may see no ray of light at noon-day!"

He ceased ; but the fire blazed more merrily than ever. The hapless Pope looked on for a moment ; then, being seized with a violent paroxysm of rage, he fell dead on the spot, and the falling of the curtain closed the scene.

Nothing could exceed the breathless interest of the spectators while this tragedy (as it was called) was performing. But, when it closed, the hall rung with shouts of laughter and applause, and the monarch himself was the most conspicuous in his mirth.*

This performance was undoubtedly intended as a secret recreation of the young monarch. But when were secrets held sacred at a court ? It became known abroad ; the pious Catholics heard of the sacrilege with horror, and the German Protestants with delight. This, and the coldness which existed between Charles the Fifth and Francis, determined these Protestants to apply to the monarch, and endeavour to unite his interest with theirs.

Francis received them courteously, but declined taking any part in their religious controversy, informing them that he was bound to remain inactive from an engagement he had entered into with his friend Henry the Eighth of England.

---

* Tragœdia quæ Parisiis coram ipso Rege Francisco I. dicitur acta fuisse A. D. 1524. — *Gerdesius.*

But, if he could obtain his consent, he would send an ambassador to them.

This ambiguous and diplomatic answer, which in truth meant nothing, was hailed by the German Protestants with joy. They soon found, however, that they were not to expect a convert or ally in Francis, any further than was immediately for his own interest.

Still, they were buoyed up by hope, notwithstanding some severe judgments which he passed on French Protestants; for they were encouraged by his intimate alliance with Henry the Eighth, the rebellious defier of the Pope, and also by the general tone of the court, to which his sister Margaret gave a decided influence.

Nor was this all. The Duchess d'Estampes also inclined to the reformed party; and they very naturally supposed, that the reigning favorite would sway the monarch to their cause, and make him at least indulgent towards it. They arranged themselves under the head of Sacramentarians, denying the real presence, and the use of the mass; and some of them went so far as to put up placards, ridiculing the Pope.

However Francis might have liked the kind of amusement for himself, with which our history opens, he did not choose to encourage it in his subjects. And, accordingly, a number of Sacramentarians were arrested, an absurd story of

their conspiring to assassinate the Catholics was invented, and all of them were put to the sword.

A hollow friendship had been formed between Charles the Fifth and Francis the First, by his marriage with Eleanora, sister of the Emperor; and Francis now determined to convince the world that he had a pious abhorrence of heresy, a strong attachment to the Catholic faith, and a profound veneration for the holy Pontiff.

To accomplish this purpose, he instituted an expiatory procession. In was in January, 1535, in the depth of a severe winter, that it took place. All the officers of the court and the foreign ambassadors were called to assist in the ceremony. The King walked, following an image of St. Genevieve, patroness of the city, borne in state before him. Costly shrines and relics were carried by bearers with naked feet and no other clothing than long shirts. The archbishop of Paris held the consecrated host. The canopy over it was borne by the three sons of the King, and the Duke de Vendôme. Francis carried a torch in his hand which he delivered every little while to the cardinals round him, and, kneeling on the ground, clasped his hands and implored the mercy of Heaven on his kingdom.

At the conclusion, the monarch addressed the assembly, declaring his horror of those, who publicly denied the most august of mysteries, the

real body and blood of Christ. So pathetic was he, that his address was often interrupted by groans and sobs. He urged his Catholic subjects to denounce all heretics without any weak compunction of pity. "If my own sons," said he, "were guilty, and seduced by these detestable novelties, I myself would be the first to punish their guilt." It is said that on the same evening he amused the beautiful but profligate Duchess d'Estampes with an account of "the farce."

A horrible tragedy it proved to the unfortunate Sacramentarians. A proclamation was issued, commanding them to be delivered up under severe penalties, and numerous executions took place, which the King witnessed.

These harsh measures were soon made known in Germany, and produced the greatest horror, which was by no means the intention of Francis. He immediately sent an embassy to give "a true account," as he said, of the whole affair, and represented, that those who had been executed were disorderly enthusiasts, not deserving the name of Protestants; that for his own part, he had read over the Confession of Augsburg, and that his views so far accorded with it, that no doubt there would be a final understanding between them. He wished that the treaty he had formed with the league of Smalcald, might remain uninterrupted. In the mean time he had despatched

another embassy to Paul the Third, then Pope, magnifying the late procession, the burning of heretics, and the deep and sincere attachment he felt to the holy See; begging his Holiness to consider him as one of the most devoted of his adherents, and the most pious and conscientious of Catholics.

CHAPTER II.

THE VAUDOIS.

John Calvin was born at Noyon, in France, in 1509. His father intended him for the church, and he began the study of the Scriptures with zeal and diligence. During this time he was patronized by the Bishop of Noyon, and received an ecclesiastical benefice. He afterwards renounced the clerical profession, from not being able to adopt the opinions of the Church of Rome; and, by the consent of his father, became a student of law. This, however, did not prevent his theological pursuits; and he even occasionally spoke from the pulpit. The sudden death of his father induced him to remove to Paris, and there he became acquainted with many zealous supporters of the Protestant religion.

He now began to exhibit the boldness of his opinions, and at length drew upon himself the displeasure of the Sorbonne, who cited him to appear before them. Instead of obeying the summons, he wisely took the advice of his friends, and retreated to Saintonage, then a prov-

ince of France, through which the beautiful river Charente winds its devious course. In the mean time, a number of men proceeded to his lodgings in the College de Fortret, breathing fire and vengeance. Happily, they found there only his papers ; and Calvin escaped the honor of being a martyr.

These circumstances were made known to Margaret of Navarre, the sister of Francis, and she determined to protect him from Catholic zeal. She invited him to her court, received him with distinguished kindness, and introduced him to James Le Fevre, who, though advanced in years, was persecuted by the Sorbonne doctors, not only on account of his religious opinions, but for having introduced great improvements in mathematics and other branches of philosophy, which threatened to bring into disrepute their established modes of teaching. The old man confirmed the Queen in her prepossessions in favor of Calvin, assuring her, that if his life was spared, he would restore the kingdom of heaven in France.

Margaret of Navarre was first married to the Duke of Alençon, and afterwards to Henry D'Albret, King of Navarre, by whom she had Jane, mother of the celebrated Henry the Fourth. It is difficult to say whether she was most distinguished for her promotion of agriculture, commerce, and the arts, in her kingdom, or for her hu-

manity towards the persecuted Protestants. She mingled with the tenderness of a sister, complete dissatisfaction at her brother's proceedings. Through her intercession, Calvin was again permitted to return to Paris ; but she advised him to remain concealed, as it was difficult to guard him from the anger of his adversaries.

Here he heard of Servetus, who was, like himself, asserting the right of opinion, and glorying in what he considered the true belief. He had renounced the doctrine of the Trinity, and sent several treatises on religious subjects to Calvin. Opposition of opinion produced great animosity between the two polemics. Both seem to have known but little of the true character of the religion for which they were contending. Happily at that time they did not meet, though Calvin earnestly desired it.

It was during this year that the memorable "expiatory" procession of which we have given a slight account, took place, and horrible executions closed the day. Francis ordered eight Sacramentarians, or *Anabaptists*, as they were afterwards termed by way of excuse, to be burned alive in the four quarters of the city. Calvin again found that France was no residence for him, and he left it precipitately.

Charles the Fifth had seen with dismay the encouragement given to the German Protestants by

Francis, and particularly feared his joining the league of Smalcald. He immediately represented to the nation, that these professions were employed merely to ensnare them, that Francis bore an implacable enmity to the Germans, and that it was immaterial to the King of France, whether he allied himself to the infidel Turk, or the Christian believer; and he advised all the Protestants to consider him as their inveterate foe.

Francis perceived at once that he had been guilty of a great political error in the severity of his proceedings; and that he had furnished Charles, who in reality hated the Protestants as cordially as he did, with a weapon of attack. To obviate as far as possible the consequences of his slight indiscretion in burning a few heretics, he apologized by terming them Anabaptists; and boldly asserted, that there was not a single German Protestant amongst them.

Margaret, feeling deep anguish at the conduct of Francis, wrote a book, entitled "The Mirror of a Sinful Soul," which was supposed to reflect a likeness of her brother. Whether Francis saw this or not, the Sorbonne pretended great offence, and wholly condemned the work.

Calvin, after various wanderings, at length settled as a pastor at Geneva. The course he pursued seems to have been one directly opposite to established customs. He denounced all holydays

except Sunday, which was to be observed with the most gloomy rigor; he forbade baptismal fonts to be placed within his church, and refused to administer the sacrament with unleavened bread.

For a time, the Genevans resisted what they considered ecclesiastical tyranny, and Calvin retired to Strasburg. Shortly afterward he was invited to return; and from that time, he exerted despotic sway in Geneva. His ambition was not confined to this place; he sought to establish his opinions throughout France; and so far succeeded, as to make his creed the great model of the Protestant societies in that kingdom.

The worship which Calvin wished to establish, was one of extreme simplicity. He not only forbade images and pictures, but banished organs from spiritual worship. He rejected the Romish chant, and substituted hymns and tunes in which every member of the society could take part, much resembling the modern Methodist music. He now considered it necessary to strengthen his rising church by alliances, and turned to the Vaudois. These inoffensive mountaineers were the only people who had preserved the faith and simplicity of primitive Christianity. Their places of worship were in their own green valleys, usually near some deep and flowing river. There, in imitation of the ancient apostles, they worshipped God, "in the beauty of holiness."

As yet, dreams of worldly ambition or church domination had never disturbed their tranquil rest. It is true, that, during the fifteenth century, the voice of persecution had sometimes reached them, and even the thunder of the Vatican had occasionally threatened at a distance. Their safety consisted in their obscurity; and perhaps, had they been able to resist the alliance offered by Calvin, they might have been wholly forgotten. Unable, however, to refuse a connexion with the flourishing church of Geneva, they began to feel the pride of sect, and published a confession of faith and a liturgy. The mountaineers had gradually spread through the districts of Provence; Merindol, a large town, was colonized by the Vaudois, and about thirty villages.

Their confession of faith was reported to the Parliament, and eighteen were summoned to appear. Before they had time to obey the summons, a decree of extermination was pronounced upon Merindol. The Court ordered, that, "in punishment for its damnable opinions, it should be rendered desert and uninhabitable. That every house in it should be burned or demolished, and that all buildings, coverts, and woods within two hundred paces of its circuit should be razed to the ground."

William de Bellany was then Governor of Provence, and was appointed by Francis to exe-

cute vengeance upon these innocent people. With a humanity, rare in those times, he determined to see the King, and, if possible, turn him from his cruel purpose. Francis, who had before appointed him envoy to Smalcald, condescended to receive his visit.

"I have come to represent to your Majesty," said De Bellany, "the actual character of the Vaudois, which, in my capacity of governor, I have taken much pains to investigate. They differ from our communion in many respects, but they are a simple, irreproachable people, benevolent, temperate, humane, and of unshaken loyalty. Agriculture is their sole occupation; they have no legal contentions, no lawsuits, or party strife. Hospitality is one of their principal virtues, and they have no beggars amongst them. They have neither locks nor bolts upon their doors. No one is tempted to steal, for his wants are freely supplied by asking."

"They are heretics," replied the King sternly.

"I acknowledge, Sire," said De Bellany, "that they rarely enter our churches; and, if they do, they pray with their eyes fixed on the ground. They pay no homage to saints or images; they do not use holy water, nor do they acknowledge the benefit to be derived from pilgrimages, or say mass, either for the living or the dead."

"And it is for such men as these," said Francis, "you ask clemency! For your sake, De Bellany, they shall receive a pardon, if the villagers appear before the Archbishop of Aix, within three months, renounce their heresies, and seek a reconciliation with the mother Church. If they are still rebellious, they must expect the utmost severity, and all civil and military authority will be required to afford coöperation. Think you that I burn heretics in France, in order that they may be nourished in the Alps?"

The Vaudois too faithfully cherished their patriarchal opinions to submit to the conditions, and they awaited their doom with horror and despair. Their destruction was averted by a circumstance that would appear incredible, were it not related by authentic historians.

Chassanée was President of the Parliament of Provence; a man remarkable for his attention to the minutiæ of law while he practised at the bar. In a book which he published, he related the extraordinary "*trial of the rats.*"

Autun is one of the most ancient towns in France. It is at the foot of three mountains, and is watered by the Arroux. It is said to contain a great number of Roman antiquities. In modern times it has been noted for the residence of the famous Talleyrand, who was its last bishop.

Whether the beauty of the situation attracted

the rats, or whether it was a place remarkable for savory viands, history doth not say ; but it avers, that they descended from the mountains in armies, and, without ceremony, attacked the ancient town. Though measures were taken to destroy them, the few individuals slain seemed rather to increase than to diminish their number, and the devoted town was fast approaching a famine. In this emergency, they appealed to the ecclesiastical tribunal. The grand vicar, in imitation of the Pope, promulgated his bulls of excommunication. In the first place, the rats were cited to appear in court on a certain day. The day passed without their obeying the summons.

The grand vicar then determined that it was but just that the defendants should make known their appeal against the prosecutor, who urged a definitive sentence, and Chassanée accepted the office of advocate for the rats.

The good man argued their cause with zeal and ability. In an able manner, he refuted the assertion that the rats were contumacious from their not appearing in a body when cited. He said they were too widely dispersed to assemble generally, and that it was but just that the citation should be read after mass in every separate parish.

This was acceded to, and occasioned some delay. Still, however, the delinquents did not ap-

pear, and the advocate took a new ground. The way, he urged, was beset with cats, and was long and difficult. The accused, to appear, must encounter many hardships. They had the mountain torrent to cross, and, perhaps, might be delayed by the feebleness of the aged, and the helplessness of the young. All this proved the unfitness of the general summons. He contended that it was an unheard-of thing, and opposed to the first principles of justice, to involve in one common sentence the innocent with the guilty, parents and children together. Let them fix upon the ring-leaders, and make such an example of them as would reduce the insurgents to obedience.

Probably this measure was adopted, as the dexterous management of the cause drew upon Chassanée the applause of the learned, and some years after he was appointed President of the Provençal Parliament.

When the edict against the town of Merindol was issued, he said ; " Can I show less mercy to men than rats ? " He immediately entered into the cause, and, by his ingenuity, contrived so to suspend the prosecution of the Vaudois, that during his life it did not proceed.

Margaret of Navarre heard of the bloody edict with horror, and wrote to Francis, entreating mercy for this innocent and unfortunate race. She also interested the Duchess of Destampes (or

Détampes) in their cause. Francis could not refuse the poor boon of suspending his judgment on the miserable heretics, to the fair one who had sacrificed so much for him, and for a time the matter rested.

On the death of Chassanée, the Baron d'Oppede was invested with the military command. He was a man of fierce and savage temper, and stimulated by revenge to the destruction of the Vaudois.

Leonore, Countess d'Estaing, a young and beautiful woman, resided in the noble chateau of her ancestors, at the foot of the mountain. Her personal charms had attracted many suitors, but she seemed regardless of external advantages; and, adopting the religion and habits of the Vaudois, led a life of rural and tranquil simplicity. She extended her protection to the mountaineers, encouraging them by her advice and liberal pecuniary assistance.

D'Oppede had fixed his eye on the beautiful Countess, and made her the offer of his hand. But she who was so kind and gentle to every one else, discovered no yielding towards him. She treated his proposals with disdain, and would not listen to his intreaties. At length, his importunities became unceasing, and, wearied and vexed, she imprudently wrote upon a paper a single word, — *Louise*.

D'Oppede no sooner read the name, than vengeance became his watchword. Louise was the daughter of one of his tenants, and had escaped from his unhallowed pursuit by retreating with her family to the mountains. There she had married, with the approbation of the Countess, a young man residing in the chateau. Their dwelling was in one of the fastnesses of the mountain, and when she gave the name to D'Oppede, as a proof that she knew the villany of his character, she was not aware of the extent of human turpitude. He informed the royal department that the Vaudois were forming themselves into independent cantons, and preparing for rebellion. The King gave him unconditional orders to quell it. The extermination of this innocent people is too well known to require recapitulation; nor need we dwell upon it. Two and twenty villages were destroyed by fire and sword, most of the inhabitants massacred, and seven hundred reserved as galley slaves!

The French nation, and Francis himself, received the intelligence of this atrocious cruelty with something like horror. The King refused to admit D'Oppede to his presence, but suffered him to live, to execute almost as great cruelties at Meaux.

The German Protestants could no longer consider Francis friendly to their cause; and, though

Calvin had dedicated a book to him some years before, his eyes were completely opened by this last act of cruelty. The few Waldenses, or Vaudois, that escaped, took shelter at Geneva; and Calvin afforded them all the aid and succour in his power.

Osiander, whom we may recollect as uncle to the wife of Cranmer, differed from Calvin in many of his religious opinions. Both were tenacious of their doctrines, and possessed the pertinacity of the age; but the following passage in one of Calvin's letters to Melancthon shows, that he understood the importance of concord.

"I had feared that you were offended with my admonitions; but from your letter I have learned most fully, that our union still remains unimpaired; which certainly ought to be for ever sacred and inviolable, as its origin was from a similar affection for piety. . . . . You see how many eyes are turned upon us. The wicked will captiously make of our differences a handle for their reproaches; and the weak among us be disturbed by our most trivial opposition. . . . . ."

Cranmer and Osiander continued their friendship through life. But Calvin thus speaks of him;

"That Osiander has withdrawn himself from us, or rather made his escape, is neither a matter of surprise, nor of much regret. He was one of those wild animals that can never be tamed."

Even Melancthon seems to have felt the same disapprobation towards him. It probably required the timid forbearance of Cranmer to endure the violence of his temper. He was one of the first disciples of Luther. With Martyr, Bucer, and Melancthon, Calvin's friendship continued uninterrupted, whatever might have been the difference of their opinions.

The same year that the horrible extermination of the Vaudois took place, the plague began to rage in Geneva. The Calvinists, for they were now distinguished by that name, considered the pestilence a judgment upon those who opposed the Protestant doctrines ; while the Catholics, on the other hand, viewed it as a token of divine displeasure, intended expressly for those who encouraged them. The disease, however, went on, little respecting the opponents. Whole families were swept off, and, added to the horrors of the scene, the avaricious and the profligate were detected in spreading the horrible infection. When discovered, they declared themselves bound, by the most solemn oaths, not to betray each other. Deserted houses, and other abodes made vacant by death, became places of carousal, while theft and vice, in its most disgusting forms, committed far worse ravages than the plague.

CHAPTER III.

SERVETUS AND CALVIN.

The city of Geneva had scarcely recovered from the effects of the pestilence, when it was threatened with a civil war. Ami Perrin, a man of bold and seditious character, whom Calvin denominated a *mock Cæsar*, had been appointed by the people, Captain-general. His great object, and that of his compeers was, to put down the Calvinists. It is probable that many had become disgusted at the despotic sway of Calvin, and they wished to transfer the church discipline to the Senate. The presbytery stated, that the laws established were consistent with the Word of God. On one occasion there was great danger of bloodshed in the court itself, where the council of two hundred was assembled.

Calvin no sooner understood the danger, than, accompanied by his colleagues, he proceeded to the council-house. They heard, on approaching, loud and confused clamors, which increased with all the signs of sedition. Calvin immediately made his way into the midst of the turbulent and

riotous crowd. His manner was calm and undaunted, and his presence struck them with astonishment. "I have come," said he, with a firm voice, "to oppose my body to your swords. If you are determined to shed blood, I exhort you to begin with mine."

The heat of the contest abated, and Calvin walked to the Senate-Chamber. Here he found an equally violent contest going on. He pressed between the parties, when they were in the act of drawing their swords in the sanctuary of justice. He addressed them in the powerful language of truth, and represented the public evils which must necessarily flow from such factions. His address produced a full effect; and even the seditious commended him for his calm and resolute interposition.

We wish, for the honor of human nature, that the conduct of Calvin had always been thus humane and magnanimous. He had succeeded in establishing a consistorial jurisdiction, with the power of inflicting censures and canonical punishments; and, as he was the head of the church, his authority was absolute. He, who had so loudly declaimed against the tyranny of Rome, was doomed to prove how dangerous an instrument is power in the hands of a human being.

Servetus, who had years before excited his resentment at Paris, still continued to write upon

the Trinity, in an offensive style. He was a physician of uncommon learning, and distinguished for the discovery of the circulation of the blood, which was followed out and established by Harvey. His religious opinions had drawn upon him the extreme indignation of Calvin, and, unfortunately, he passed through Geneva in disguise, on his way to Italy. Calvin discovered that he was there, and caused him to be seized and imprisoned.

We recoil with horror from the condemnation of Servetus. That Calvin was the great instrument of his persecution appears too true, notwithstanding the able defence of his friends. But if we acquit More, and Cranmer, and others, of personal hatred and revenge in similar bloody acts perpetrated for difference of opinion, why should we not do the same by Calvin? "As long as there was any hope of recalling him to a right mind," says Calvin, "I did not cease to afford all my assistance in private to effect it." Cranmer pursued the same course in his conduct towards poor Joan Boucher. Both Servetus and Joan were condemned to the stake; the one in the prime of intelligent manhood, the other in the martyr-fortitude of devoted womanhood.

Whatever may be thought of the theology of Servetus, his discovery of the circulation of the blood, a discovery which the illustrious Harvey

perfected and demonstrated, renders him worthy of undying remembrance, while our veins have a pulse, or our hearts a throb.

This martyr of the Genevese apostle followed the lesson which he had been taught; he endeavoured, with as sincere a spirit as Calvin, Luther, or Cranmer, to deduce his faith from the Bible; but, failing to find theirs, he fell a victim to his own. He denied the three persons in the Godhead, and declared that all creatures were of the personal substance of God, and that all things were full of him. When questioned further on the subject, his replies were rude and vehement, according to the spirit of the age, and he seems to have disdained what he considered the bigoted reasonings of Calvin. "This is my general principle," said he; "all things spring from God, and all nature is the substantial spirit of God."

Calvin, like other sectarians, would have been glad to save the life of Servetus, by forcing him to renounce his opinions, and adopt his own. But, as the prisoner obstinately refused to do this, he thought it just that he should *die*. It was in like manner thought just, during the reign of the gentle Edward the Sixth (though far from him were such cruelties), that John Van Parre should be sentenced to the stake for adopting opinions similar to those of Servetus. Calvin says, "I most earnestly wish Servetus and his faults might sleep." We fully believe this; it were well for

Calvin if the part he acted could be also forgotten.

Servetus was accused of saying, the soul "was mortal." In his defence, he says; "If I had said that, or that there exists neither God, justice, or resurrection, or Jesus Christ, or Holy Scriptures; if I had said that, and written and published it to infect the world, *I should condemn myself to death.* There is no crime or heresy so great as to make the soul mortal."

Calvin married Idolette de Bure, a widow with children, when he was thirty; she was an Anabaptist whom he converted at Strasburg. The death of his wife took place in 1549, about nine years after their marriage. In the notes to Beza's Life of Calvin, written by an American editor, we find an interesting account of her last moments, in a letter from Calvin to Farel, from which we select passages.

". . . . . On Tuesday, all the brethren being present, we united in prayer. In a few words, for she was very feeble, she gave evidence of the state of her mind. . . . . As she had not mentioned her children, I was apprehensive that from delicacy she might cherish in her mind an anxiety more painful than disease; and I declared before the brethren, that I would take the same care of them as if they were my own. She answered, 'I have commended them to the Lord.' When I observed that this did not lessen my obligation

of duty to them, she replied ; ' If the Lord takes them under his protection, I know they will be intrusted to your care.'

" The elevation of her mind was so great, that she appeared to be raised above this world. On the day when she gave up her soul to the Lord, our brother B., a little before six o'clock, opened to her the consolations of the Gospel ; during which she frequently exclaimed, ' O glorious resurrection ! God of Abraham and of all our fathers ! The faithful have in so many ages hoped in Thee, and not one has been disappointed ! I will also hope ! . . . . . '

" At six o'clock, I was compelled to leave home. Perceiving her voice begin to falter, she said ; ' Let us pray, — let us pray ; pray for me, — for all of you.' At this time I entered the house. . . . . Before eight o'clock, she breathed her last so placidly, that those present could not distinguish the moment which closed her life."

The death of Francis took place in 1547. Of the three who had filled so wide a space in Europe, and who had so often been friends and enemies, Henry the Eighth, Francis the First, and Charles the Fifth, the Emperor alone remained.* His death occasioned no regret to the Protestants.

* Francis warned his son of the ambition of the Princes of Lorraine, afterwards called the Guises.

He had sufficiently proved his want of faith towards them ; and Calvin, at Geneva, and his adherents in France, entertained hopes that the new King, (the son of Francis,) Henry the Second, might be favorable to the Calvinists ; which sect, notwithstanding the little protection they had received, still increased in France.

The principles of Luther and Zuinglius paved the way for Calvin's. The Swiss reformer was violently opposed by many of the Cantons, though he had been successful in establishing his faith at Zurich. At length they had recourse to arms, and Zuinglius, who had come forward as a leader, was slain in 1531. His followers assumed the name of Sacramentarians.

Before entering upon the reign of Henry the Second, it may be well to introduce some of the prominent actors of the day. France was at that time divided into four parties. The first, perhaps, was that of the Constable Montmorency, who had shared the fate of Francis the First in his imprisonment at the battle of Pavia. Though he was made Constable of France, he afterwards fell into disgrace and was banished from court, but was restored by Henry the Second, immediately on his accession to the throne. The second party was that of the Guises, whose ambition had always been a source of suspicion to Francis, who had communicated his fears to Henry. At

the head of the third party was Diana of Poictiers, Duchess de Valentinois. She was the favorite of the King, though several years older, and governed him by the superiority of her talents, as well as by her beauty. Her influence was all employed in favor of the Catholic cause. The fourth party was that of the Queen, Catharine de Medicis. She was the daughter of Lorenzo de Medicis, Duke of Urbino, and married, in 1534, Henry, Duke of Orleans.

The Constable Montmorency and the Duchess de Valentinois were the only two parties that were at all united ; but Montmorency understood the sort of flattery that wins upon a woman.

It was proposed that Edward the Sixth of England should marry the daughter of Henry, the Princess Elizabeth. This negotiation failed. There was a prospect, however, of a lasting peace with England, which was highly gratifying to the new King, who was now, after an absence of two years, to take possession of the throne, and wished to indulge his natural taste for pageantry and pleasure.

CHAPTER IV.

THE NUPTIALS AND THE TOURNAMENT.

The accession of the new king was celebrated with great pomp, in 1549. Heralds were despatched to the Emperor of Germany, and to all the European nations with whom Francis was in amity at the time of his death, inviting them to be present at the jousts and tournaments, which were to be held during fifteen days. All true knights, desirous of distinguishing themselves, were invited to seek honor on this glorious occasion, which was to include the coronation of the Queen.

The French nation, easily excited, were all deeply engaged in the approaching festival. Henry had announced, that he should enter the lists both on foot and on horseback. Previously to the tournament, brilliant illuminations and exhibitions were going on. The Seine was for a time the scene of action, and a naval fight, admirably conducted, afforded all Paris what most delighted them, a *spectacle*. All Paris, — alas ! no. The Conciergerie contained its prisoners, men who were convicted of no crime but difference of religious opinion. But they were to be

important actors in the brilliant show. Many of them had been condemned during the reign of Francis, and, with that hope, which seldom forsakes the wretched as long as there is life, they heard the shouts echoing, even to their prison walls, of "Vive le Roi!"

Amidst the general rejoicing, their hearts were kindled anew; and life, with all its former prospects, returned to them. There was the husband to be reunited to his wife, the father to his children, and the son to his aged parent. As evening approached, they heard the steps of the keepers; the keys were placed in the doors, and they slowly turned on their hinges.

"Come forth," was the summons; "the King commands it."

Many a tremulous voice uttered "Vive le Roi!" It was already dark; and new illuminations were wanting, and new spectacles, to keep alive the interest of the Court. The prisoners soon learned that they were to assist at the *fête*. But how? As it grew darker, the piles blazed high; and, at various parts of the city, scaffolds were seen, casting their huge and dark shadows on the multitude around them. The Place de Grève, the Place Moubert, the porch of Notre Dame, and the Rue St. Antoine, selected for the tournaments, were the chosen spots.

The new King and Queen had gladdened the

sight of their subjects through the day, dressed in their coronation robes. Glittering with diamonds, exhausting nature and art for pleasures and luxuries, they rode through the streets. But an evening exhibition was wanting, and Henry himself had the credit of inventing it. The prisoners had been reserved for the finishing honor of the ceremonies. The Protestants were conducted to the different scaffolds. New shouts of "Vive le Roi!" resounded from the populace, as Henry approached. But only shrieks were heard from the unhappy victims. These grew fainter and fainter, till the last agony had passed; the excitement ceased, and the King and courtiers passed on to another place of execution!

In 1551, Henry committed depredations on the ecclesiastical territories; and as, like his father, he was desirous of removing all suspicions of want of zeal for the Catholic religion, he determined to settle matters by persecuting anew the Calvinists. For this purpose, he issued the "Edict of Chateaubriand."

Nothing could be more severe than this ordinance. The civil and ecclesiastical courts were required to unite for the extirpation of heresy, and high rewards of benefices, &c., were offered to informers. Those who ventured to intercede for heretics, let their relations be ever so near, were to be considered as heretics themselves. The

property of all Protestants was to be confiscated. The informer, who could prove that any money had been forwarded to Geneva by a subject of France, was to be entitled to a third of it. Every book, of every sort, imported from Geneva, or any other town separated from the Romish communion, was prohibited, under pain of fine and corporal punishment. The police of Paris and Lyons were ordered constantly to inspect booksellers' shops and all printing-offices. In short, every avenue of liberty was guarded with a jealousy, that called forth the united efforts of human ingenuity.

Strange as it might seem at the time, though now a truth well known, creeds flourish with new vigor under persecution. Nothing is more fatal to perseverance, than inglorious ease. The Reformation spread in France amidst tortures and executions. The Calvinists began to form themselves into a body, and at length elected Ferrière Maligni chief of the party. His zeal in the cause of the Reformation led him to organize a body secretly, resembling the model of Geneva; ministers, deacons, and elders. We cannot understand how such a society could exist in Paris, under the edict of Chateaubriand. Probably there must have been found some Protestants among the magistrates and other public officers, that were in-

terested in concealing it.* Nor must we forget the secret influence that Margaret of Navarre continued to exercise by her virtues and near relationship to the throne, being aunt to the present King.

The Duchess d'Estampes was consistent only in her opposition to the Catholic religion. During the life of Francis, she had entered into a secret correspondence with the Emperor, to place the Duke of Orleans, brother of the Dauphin, on the throne. After the death of Francis, some dissatisfaction between herself and her husband, compelled her to retire to her country-seat. Upon the whole, the Protestants had little cause to exult in her patronage. She was a woman without virtue or honor.

Humanly speaking, it is only to subordinate influences that we can attribute the growth of the Reformation at this time. The success of Ferrière Maligni's endeavours was soon known in other places, and churches were formed in the same manner.

We come now to a new era in the Protestant

* No sooner was the Parliament intrusted with the charge, than the Protestants experienced a favorable change in their condition. There were good men amongst them, and the rigor of ecclesiastical law was suspended by the civil. The edict, therefore, operated in a manner exactly the reverse of what was intended.

world. Gaspard de Coligni was made Admiral of France, for his bravery at the battles of Cerisoles and Renti. He was a man of generous and noble disposition, and early became initiated in the doctrines of Calvin. Nicholas Durand, a knight of Malta, and Vice-Admiral of Brittany, had coasted the shores of South America, and was well acquainted with Brazil. Hitherto his ambition had been disappointed, but his spirit was not broken; new schemes came to his aid, and he proposed to Coligni planting a Protestant colony on the shores of South America.

Coligni, whose zeal for the new religion was honest and sincere, entered at once into his plans, and represented to the King that the most important results might ensue to France, by establishing a colony in Brazil. Henry, who thought it time for some of this foreign wealth to flow into his coffers, embraced the plan, and supplied them with funds. Durand collected as many Protestants as were willing to join the expedition, and they sailed for the coast of America full of ardent and enthusiastic hopes. He first disembarked three hundred people on an island in the Rio Janeiro. The climate answered their sanguine expectations, and, on their first arrival, they wrote home glowing accounts, urging their friends to come out, and, above all, female missionaries.

Calvin received these accounts with perfect

confidence, and used all his influence in persuading the good and well-intentioned to join the colonists. Many in Geneva gave up their cheerful and established homes, to spread the religion of Jesus Christ in its purity abroad. Others gladly left Paris, Lyons, and different parts of France, to worship in security according to their faith.

Durand had cloaked his true character, and it was not till they were completely in his power, that he began to discover how little the reformed religion, or any other, influenced his motives. He had obtained the footing he wanted, had a large sum of money at his command, and cared but little what became of his colony. The good were a hindrance to his schemes, which were now to unite himself to the strongest party, and acquire personal influence and wealth.

The disappointed colonists had but one wish, and that was to return. To this, Durand consented, offering them an old vessel, that seemed hardly able to breast the ocean. Some refused to go in her; others, more sanguine, embarked. After enduring the greatest hardships, from want of provisions and water, they at last landed at a place recommended to them by Durand, who had furnished them with a large packet of sealed letters, which, he said, would secure to them every aid they might want.

One of the venerable missionaries was appoint-

ed to deliver them to the proper authorities. They were opened and read. "Do you know what these papers contain?" was the first question asked. "You are denounced as heretics, and your immediate execution is recommended, as agreeing with the King's edict."

The authorities were not disposed to follow such perfidious counsel; on the contrary, they contributed relief to the miserable sufferers, and enabled them once more to seek their native country, and tell the tale of Durand's treachery. Some years after, news arrived that the fort he had established was destroyed, the island captured, and all hope of its becoming a colony of France dissipated.

Charles the Fifth, Emperor of Germany, abdicated his throne in favor of Philip, and retired to a monastery. He died in 1558. After his death a truce of five years was concluded between France and Spain. But this, in fact, was merely to give the two monarchs, Henry and Philip, time to fortify themselves for new combats.

Charles had always been an enemy to the Protestant cause, from the struggles of Luther to the present day; and, though the Protestants in France were not much affected by his death, it can hardly be passed over without mention.

Henry soon found that his famous edict of Chateaubriand was multiplying Calvinists, and a new method of persecution was devised. Mat-

thew Orri, a Dominican monk, was appointed Inquisitor in France, and had full authority to search out heretics. Four hundred Protestants were assembled, one evening, to hear a sermon and receive the sacrament. Besides these, many were present from curiosity. The simplicity of their worship, divested of all the trappings and ceremonies of Rome, had its novelty. They were fervent and sincere, and profound silence was observed by the audience till the service was over. But when the doors were opened, and the Calvinists attempted to retire, they were attacked by a volley of stones. Most of them were secured as prisoners. To the astonishment of the magistrates, persons of the highest family connexions were found among them, and ladies of the palace. They were tried, and, owing to powerful intercession, only five of the leading members were condemned to be burned!

The truce with Spain was soon broken, and war again commenced between the two monarchs. In the new war Montmorency was taken prisoner at the battle of St. Quentin. Coligni acquired much honor by delaying the enemy seventeen days before the ramparts of St. Quentin, though it was eventually lost. The Duke of Guise arrived from Italy with his army, and prevented the Spaniards from pursuing their victory. As a reward for this service, his brothers, the

Cardinal of Lorraine, the Cardinal of Bourbon, and the Cardinal of Chatillon, were appointed Inquisitors-general, with power to inflict capital punishment on all persons found guilty of heresy. The Parliament mitigated the severity as far as possible, by allowing all laymen to appeal from this tribunal.

In 1558 the nuptials of the Dauphin were to be celebrated with Mary, Queen of Scotland. This naturally assembled a brilliant collection of nobility. Among them were the Guises, her uncles, whose ambition had made the alliance ; also the Bourbons, who had long been depressed by royal coldness, and who attended the nuptials as a matter of etiquette. Mary, scarcely beyond the age of infancy, gave evidence of the beauty and grace for which she was afterwards so distinguished.

The ceremonies of the occasion were listlessly performed ; there was but little hilarity and less heart exhibited ; and after they were over, and the King had withdrawn from the capital, many princes of the blood, with their consorts, joined a solemn Protestant procession through the Faux-bourg St. Germain, in which nearly four thousand of the people chanted hymns and psalms.

The Prè-aux-clercs was one of the most frequented promenades in Paris. To this, the students of the University generally resorted. They

P. O. Box 549
Seattle, Wash. 98111

were young men, full of chivalric ardor, and eager to demonstrate and defend all the principles they adopted. The majority of them had embraced the Calvinistic doctrines, and were urged by their leader to an open profession of them. The monks of the Abbey St. Victor at length determined to prevent their assembling.

Nothing could exceed the strange spectacle, which was not confined to argument, or even to loud voices and impatient gestures. Several battles were fought on the spot, between the monks, dressed in their gowns and cowls, and the students, who, as might be expected, gained the victory.

This victory, which the young conquerors celebrated by simple and sacred music, * returning thanks to God, who had given power to their weak arms, excited great enthusiasm throughout Paris. Many persons of the highest rank came forward, and declared themselves Protestants. Among these, were the two brothers, Antony of Bourbon (in right of his wife, King of Navarre,) and Louis, Prince of Condé.

* The Psalms, translated into French metre by Clement Marot, were set to music by Louis Guadimel, and became extremely popular in the saloons of Paris, and at the palace of the Louvre. It is said, that they greatly aided the Protestant cause, and induced people to read the Scriptures, from which the beautiful poetry was drawn, that so much charmed their imaginations.

There is something irresistibly taking in the enthusiasm of youth. The gathering at the Prè-aux-clercs became the great object of attention. Games, dances, and all public exhibitions were given up for this. The evil, as it was considered by the Catholics, increased to a most alarming degree. The assembling was denounced as seditious, and serious measures were determined on for preventing it.

It was thought necessary for the royal authority to interfere. The King himself went in person among the Counsellors, thereby forming what was called a *bed of justice*, who had assembled in Parliament in the Convent of the Augustins. The Counsellors were then framing laws respecting the Protestants ; some of them decidedly favorable. The King desired that he might not disconcert them, and requested them to speak openly and candidly. Thus urged, many spoke their true sentiments ; but none so boldly as Dubourg Faur. Henry listened calmly ; and when he took his departure, he made a motion to the Count Montgomery, captain of his Scotch Guards, who immediately arrested him, with three others, and conducted them to prison.

The arrest of these Counsellors was followed by that of all known heretics. Henry resolved, that the reformed religion should be exterminated from the kingdom. He declared, that not one Prot-

estant should be left. He styled himself the Minister of Vengeance, and only waited till the tournament was over, in honor of his daughter's marriage, to kindle new fires, and immolate new victims.

Letters were written to Calvin from his converts, in which they declared that all was lost !

On the morning of 1559, the tournament commenced. The sun shone brilliantly on the armour of the knights. The beautiful Diana, though past the season of youth, was still full of captivation, and graced the scene by her presence. Henry felt her power, without comprehending the ligaments that bound him. Her smile was applause to him, and he little suspected that it was often one of scorn. But intellect is confined to no rank or sex, and the Duchess ruled the king for her own purposes.

The Fauxbourg St. Antoine, the scene of exhibition, was thronged. The four champions, were the King, the Prince of Ferrara, the Duke of Guise, and the Duke de Nemours. The King came off conqueror with every combatant. The courtiers were too well bred to aim at victory. Flowers were scattered in the King's path, and wreaths suspended over his head. Perhaps, in the midst of all this success, some thought of the Protestants might cross his mind ; probably, however, it was only to exult in the decided

measures he had taken to extirpate them from the kingdom.

Intoxicated with his victories, and proud of exhibiting his prowess before Diana, he suddenly called upon Montgomery to appear in the lists, and take one of the lances.

Montgomery, though expert in arms, made a thousand excuses. The King would accept of none, and even insinuated that Montgomery was afraid of losing the reputation he had gained.

They met ; and the King furiously rushed upon his antagonist, and shivered the lance of Montgomery. A splinter of it entered the King's eye, and he fell. He was carried to the Palace of Tournelles, and expired eleven days afterwards, in 1559, in the forty-first year of his age. The Protestants considered his death a judgment. Montgomery had arrested Dubourg by the King's order, and the King had now fallen by the lance of Montgomery !

When the death of Mary Tudor, Queen of England, was announced in France, Mary Stuart, who had been married to Francis, the Dauphin, a few months before, by the direction of her uncles, the Dukes of Guise, assumed the title and arms of Queen of England. She was the granddaughter of Margaret, Queen of Scotland, who was Henry the Eighth's eldest sister. But the Court of France was not in a situation to maintain her

rights, and they contented themselves with this show of hereditary claim.

Fifteen months after the Dauphin's marriage, the death of Henry the Second took place, and Francis the Second was called to the throne. The sudden death of Henry had prevented his making any arrangements for his numerous family. Catharine de Medicis, his wife, had borne him ten children. Four sons and three daughters survived their father. The eldest, Francis the Second, was but fifteen years old, his health delicate, and his disposition inactive and feeble. His mother, Catharine, daughter of Lorenzo de Medicis, was, at the time of her husband's death, thirty-nine years old. For twenty six years she had lived at the court of France. Her husband had treated her with indifference, devoting himself to Diana, Duchess de Valentinois. Catharine was early taught the arts of dissimulation, which she afterwards practised so successfully. She lived in apparent harmony with her rival during the King's life. Montmorency had treated her with rudeness, and given base counsels to the King. All this she suffered with patience, and behaved towards her faithless consort like an enduring wife. Born without that tenderness of heart, which often makes a woman the sport of circumstances, her whole life was one of calculation. She immediately reflected upon her situa-

tion, and determined to join the party of the Guises ; by that means, uniting her cause to her son's, and that of his lovely and engaging wife.

The Constable Montmorency, after Henry's death, proposed to Catharine their uniting in the same cause. He offered her his own personal influence, and that of his sons, and three nephews, the Cardinal de Chatillon, Coligni, Admiral of France, and Dandelot, Colonel-General of the Infantry. After the battle of St. Quentin, while they were prisoners, they had become acquainted with the Bible, and from that time, they favored the doctrines of reform.

The princes of the blood were all of the Bourbon race. Antony, by his marriage with Jane d'Albret, who was cousin to the King, had acquired the title of King of Navarre, and the sovereignty of Bearn. His brother Charles was Archbishop of Rouen, and Cardinal de Bourbon. The third brother was Louis, Prince de Condé. His person, though small, was pleasing ; he was impetuous and full of courage, but his fortune was narrow, and he possessed no fiefs or distinguished places. All the princes, except the Cardinal, inclined to the reformed religion ; their wives were deeply interested in what they considered the true faith, but their husbands were ac-

cused of being influenced more by ambition than conscience.

The Guises had already begun to exert their influence over Francis, even while Montmorency was watching the lifeless remains of the King. When he repaired to the court, he was told, that, owing to his advanced age, he might have permission to retire. The King of Navarre, with the Bourbon brothers, arrived at court, and on all of them were conferred foreign offices, evidently to remove them from the scene of royalty.

The triumph of the Guises in the formation of the court-cabinet, and the removal of the Bourbons, with the close union of Catharine to the Catholic party, filled the Calvinists with despair. The Queen-mother had appeared to favor the Protestants, but now they beheld her join their most bitter persecutors, the Guises.

CHAPTER V.

THE CONSPIRACY.

Francis the Second was devotedly attached to his young queen, Mary of Scotland, and readily transferred to her uncles of Guise and Lorraine, the care and dignity of the kingdom. The fair Diana had lost with Henry her only friend, and the rivalship, which had so long existed between her and Catharine, was at last terminated.

The outward complacency, with which Catharine had borne the infringement of her rights, and which covered her secret hatred, was, perhaps, her first lesson in duplicity. This was no longer necessary. The estates of the Duchess were confiscated, and the Queen-mother took possession even of her jewels.

Montmorency, perceiving that his presence was unwelcome, accepted the permission to retire from court. The King of Navarre and the Prince of Condé, however unjust they might consider this conduct, were disposed to remain pacific. But not so the nephews of the Consta-

ble. Coligni, the Admiral, and D'Andelot, determined to humble the Guises, and soon won Condé to their measures. They were all favorable to the Reformation, and they resolved to place themselves at the head of a religious party.

It was expected that Dubourg would be released from prison, on the death of Henry. Many supposed that the King's death, by the lance of Montmorency, was a judgment of God, for his cruel proceedings. It was soon known, however, that this excellent and upright man was condemned to die. Catharine de Medicis was at that time believed to be secretly inclined to the Protestant cause. She had cultivated an intimacy with the Dame du Roye (mother of the princess de Condé), and the friendship of the Admiral Coligni. A petition was sent to her by the reformed party, entreating her to save the guiltless Dubourg, and to use her influence with the King to spare his life.

"Ah," said Catharine, "sentiments of mercy are in unison with a woman's heart." As she spoke, her tears fell. "Be assured," continued she, "nothing shall be wanting on my part. But let me caution you not to heighten the present excitement by congregating in numbers; but employ the utmost caution in all your proceedings. It is my wish to confer with one of the most respectable of your ministers." She then named a

day, on which such a one might be privately introduced to her closet. The day arrived, and the minister took his station as directed ; but Catharine, either by accident or design, did not make her appearance.

Every measure was resorted to, to save Dubourg from death. Merillac, his friend, extorted from him a promise of silence during his trial, and then made an apology for him, which Dubourg wholly disclaimed. He was conducted to the place of execution. His last words were, " Father, abandon me not ; neither will I abandon thee ! "

" Thus perished, in his thirty-eighth year," says an historian, " Ann Dubourg, a man of rare talents, and yet rarer integrity ; loved, wept, and honored, even by many of those who differed from him most widely in religion."

Soon after this event, the King of Navarre made a visit to his nephew, Francis the Second. He was received coldly, and, from many real or imaginary affronts put upon him, it was evident, that all power was in possession of the Duke of Guise and Cardinal Lorraine.

France was, at this time, filled with converts to the new doctrines. They wanted only a leader to organize them into a formidable body. Calvin asserted, as Cranmer had done before, that the law of the King was supreme. But the

French Calvinists reasoned, that the King, being yet in his minority, was to be protected by his subjects from the tyranny of the Guises ; and the Prince of Condé was unanimously elected chief. The plan was ably laid ; the Prince was not to be known as a participator, till the time of action arrived, and the insurrection actually took place. In the mean time, John de Bari, Sieur de La Renaudie, was to direct the plot.

The meeting was to be held at Nantes. They assembled in the darkness of the night in a ruined building on the outskirts of the town. La Renaudie administered solemn oaths, that nothing should be done against the King, the Queen-mother, or the princes his brothers. They all swore to this agreement, and parted with embraces and tears. The time and place of carrying their plot into execution, was to be on the fifteenth of March, at Blois.

It is deeply to be lamented that such a conspiracy was formed. Had their religion been suffered gradually to grow, it would have done so under persecution ; but it had now taken the side of disloyalty, and, though the Guises were the professed objects, a conspiracy against the King was the first embodied act of Protestantism in France. They were now about to give a just cause for reprehension to all Europe ;— to place themselves on the side of the guilty, instead of the injured.

Many of the noblesse had joined the party of Condé. The King of Navarre, either from natural timidity or prudence, still continued unwilling. The Constable Montmorency absolutely refused; he had never embraced the new doctrines, and wanted the zeal which actuated the Reformers. Coligni is said to have positively rejected any part in the conspiracy; it is supposed he was ignorant of it.

During this time, the Cardinal Lorraine, one of the three Inquisitors, who had already made himself sufficiently odious, being pressed by duns, ordered all sorts of petitioners to quit Fontainebleau, where the Court then was held. They took him at his word; and the noblesse were so much disgusted with this piece of arrogance and assumption that they immediately retired; and the brilliant drawing-rooms became deserted.

The young King, whose ill health had rendered him an object of compassion to every one, found his principal solace and amusement in the society of his accomplished queen. Her harp often soothed the restlessness engendered by painful disease; and, though flattered and worshipped wherever she appeared, she willingly gave up the admiration of the public, and devoted herself to her royal husband. Her hair, which was uncommonly beautiful, curled in natural ringlets. At that time low caps were worn, and,

as a matter of fashion, were considered regal. Francis disliked this covering of the hair, and Mary threw it aside. He delighted to hear the tones of her voice, in singing, speaking, or reading ; and often, when sleep fled from his pillow, Mary would patiently lean over him, and lure the truant back by low chants, or the touching music of her own Scotch ballads. This was the queen who was afterwards arraigned for the murder of Darnley, her husband ! It may be so, for who can tell what effect corrupting circumstances may produce. Early separated from her mother, placed under the training of a licentious court and ambitious uncles, her gentle and generous affections still flourished ; but that firm and unyielding principle, that elevation of character, which is strengthened and developed by judicious education, was hardly to be acquired. Ages have passed since her doom was pronounced, yet no one can revert to it without fulfilling her own prediction ;

> " And when I am cold in the tomb,
> Some hearts will yet sorrow for me."

The state of the King's health made it necessary that his residence should be changed, and he was ordered to Blois for a milder atmosphere. What was the astonishment of himself and his court, as they approached the place, to find it de-

serted ! Instead of being met by an enthusiastic populace, eager to show honor to their young monarch, — instead of crowded balconies and windows, — all was stillness and desolation, and scarcely an object to be seen.

As the King gazed from his litter, he perceived a woman flying before them, with an infant in her arms. There was such an appearance of terror in her movements that he ordered one of his attendants to overtake her. She dropped on her knees, and implored mercy for her infant, with shrieks of despair. The cause of the desertion of the place was soon discovered. It had been announced, that the King's disease was leprosy, and that the physicians had ordered for him a daily bath of infants' blood !

In the present age we can scarcely credit the belief of such a foolish story. But we must remember the despotism of the times, and the character of the French peasantry. Pretended emissaries from the royal household had circulated it, and collected lists of the number of infants suitable for slaughter.

The Guises attributed the report to the Protestants. One of the culprits was seized, and he declared that he had acted under the orders of Cardinal Lorraine. Such an assertion is hardly a proof that so detestable a report was seriously fabricated by any person. Probably it was one

of those idle and foolish stories, that are engendered in all ages, but in more enlightened ones are laughed at and despised, and only used by either party for political purposes.

The plan of the conspirators was, to seize the King's person at Blois, place him in security, beyond the power of the Court, and get rid of the Guises in the speediest and most effectual manner.

The change of air at Blois, had produced salutary effects upon Francis's health, and once more the courtiers who surrounded him began to devise amusements and *fêtes*. The castle of Blois, in which Louis the Eleventh was born, is situated on an eminence, which affords a view of the country round, and of the magnificent Loire flowing at its foot. Here Francis resided with his Court. As he walked upon the ramparts with his young queen, he seemed to inhale new vigor. Youth is full of hope, and they both looked forward to scenes of regal splendor. For the first time, the King expressed some doubts of the real affection of the Guises, and an earnest desire for the time to arrive when he might lawfully govern his own empire. Mary, too, talked of her native land, spoke of the heath-covered hills of old Scotia, and many a legend, that she had gathered from her attendants.

She had formed a picturesque view of her

kingdom, and it contrasted admirably with the vine-clad hills of sunny France. Suddenly the Duke of Guise joined them.

"A fair morning," said he, "for the hopes of France. What says my royal cousin and his consort to a hunting-party to-day?"

A ready acquiescence was given, and the court-yard was immediately crowded with horses, hunters, and hounds. The King and Queen, drawn in a light carriage (light for those days) by spirited steeds, were soon surrounded by the hunters, composing not only the nobility of the court, but most of its dependents.

When far from the walls of Blois, the Duke of Guise informed the King, that a hunting-party was but a pretence for removing him from that place. That his faithful friends had received positive information, that the Protestants had entered into a league to capture his royal person; and, as Blois was an unfortified town, the court was to be removed to Amboise.

Francis expressed displeasure that any duplicity had been used towards him, and said, pointedly; "It is so difficult now to distinguish friends from enemies, that, perhaps, it had been better for us to remain at Blois."

The Duke replied, that "he had acted from the truest motives of tenderness, fearing that any uncommon agitation might injure him in his present state of health."

"True," said the King with feeling, "what can be more injurious or painful, than to see one's self an object of party hatred and contention!"

Without further opposition, he proceeded to the castle of Amboise, and was surrounded by his Court, and the partisans of the Duke, who had sent them summons to repair immediately to Amboise.

As yet, the Guises had no definite or precise information on the subject of the conspiracy; but they were fully convinced that one was formed, and had but little doubt that the Prince of Condé was the head. Of Coligni, too, they had strong suspicions; but dared not proceed openly against either. Coligni had not withdrawn from the court, and maintained friendly intercourse with Catharine de Medicis. The Guises employed her to discover what she could from the Admiral. As yet, this woman, whose name has become so famous in the annals of Protestantism, had acted only a subordinate part in the politics of France.

Coligni protested his ignorance of any conspiracy, but frankly acknowledged, that he believed there was much disaffection among the reformed party; and though, for his own part, he was a firm adherer to the Court, from policy, as well as humanity, he would recommend an edict annulling all prosecutions for heresy.

To this day, it seems to be a doubt, whether Coligni was admitted to the confidence of the conspirators ; and historians give different opinions on the subject. His avowed principles as a Sacramentarian would be sufficient to direct suspicions towards him, and still more the aid he had given to Durand, in endeavouring to plant a colony in Rio Janeiro.

The day now approached on which the attack was to be made. Condé was not to appear in it, but to be on the spot to meet the conspirators. La Renaudie was to be the leader of the attack. The King's removal from Blois to Amboise had delayed it several days, as Amboise was, in consequence, to be the object of attack.

The evening before the day, the conspirators met, and Condé, true to his word, was among them. The plan was arranged for him to enter the castle as usual, while Renaudie surprised them without.

Many of the Protestants, no doubt, considered their present undertaking as a holy war, a crusade for the true faith ; but we cannot forget how much hatred and rivalship existed between the Guises and the Bourbons. This last meeting, however, wore the appearance of a religious convention. The voice of prayer was heard from the lips of venerable ministers, and on the stillness of the night fell low strains of solemn music.

Suddenly, the atmosphere became dense and heavy, the wind arose, and the Loire, upon which they were encamped, rushed furiously along, blending its wild murmurs with the rising tempest. The torches of the leaguers glared on their pale faces, in which fatigue and anxiety were depicted, but no fear or irresolution. Condé walked amidst them with a proud step and an undaunted air. "To-morrow!" he exclaimed. "To-morrow!" was reëchoed again and again. Then, mounting his horse, he rode towards the castle of Amboise, far outstripping his attendants.

The holy strain of music had ceased, and all within the encampment were silent; some engaged in prayer on bended knees, others sinking, from fatigue, upon their arms, and wrapped in slumber. But the elements were not hushed; the rain descended in torrents, the wind howled among the trees, and the Loire, as if impatient of restraint, rose high above its banks. If a voice spoke to the conspirators, it was not still and low, but came in the whirlwind and the tempest.

CHAPTER VI.

THE COUNCIL AT ORLEANS.

The next morning the Prince of Condé entered the castle of Amboise. The unusual number of sentinels, and the warlike appearance it wore, struck him with dismay. He was received with great apparent cordiality by the Duke of Guise and the courtiers, and immediately informed that a dangerous plot against the King had been discovered. They rejoiced that he had arrived to aid them by his counsel, valor, and loyalty. Condé was obliged to carry on the farce ; he pretended great indignation, and begged to have some post of danger allotted to him, in which he might assist in defending the castle. This was accordingly done ; but he was surrounded by spies, who watched every movement, and, under the form of courtesy, he was in fact a prisoner.

At about noon, the Protestants began the attack. The situation of the Prince may be imagined, as he saw his party defeated, La Renaudie killed, and the Baron de Castelnau and other chiefs imprisoned. Among those captured was

the secretary of La Renaudie, who, upon refusing to confess what he knew of his master's accomplices, was put to the torture. He then declared that Condé was at the head of the conspiracy, and that their intention had been to murder the King, his brothers, and the Guises.

The King was no sooner informed of this confession, than he sent for Condé, and accused him of the base design. Fortunately, the charge of intended murder swallowed up every other. The Prince demanded a full inquiry ; and, turning to the Duke of Guise, said with heat ; " If there were any present who dared to repeat the slander, he would meet them sword in hand." The Duke of Guise immediately stepped forward, and declared that he would join the Prince of Condé in refuting such an odious charge, and requested to be his second. This stroke of policy, for such it undoubtedly was, astonished all present, and none more than Condé himself. Some attributed it to the counsels of the Queen-mother. The generosity of the Duke to his greatest enemy was much extolled. The King suffered the accusation to drop, and Condé retired to his own chateau, after being obliged to witness some of the terrible executions which followed this injudicious conspiracy.

The appointment of Michael de l'Hôpital as successor to Chancellor Olivier, was said

to be owing to the influence of Catharine. He was earnest to establish peace in the kingdom, and proposed to the King to assemble a national council at Fontainebleau for regulating the theological disputes. The King consented. The King of Navarre and the Prince of Condé took no notice of the summons. Coligni, who, if apprized of the conspiracy, does not appear to have joined in it, assembled his friends and followers, to the number of about nine hundred, and, appearing at the council, bent one knee to the King, and presented a memorial to him, containing a petition from the inhabitants of Normandy, into whose discontents he had been commissioned to inquire.

While the petitioners in this memorial professed their loyalty and obedience, and their readiness to give their money and shed their blood for the cause of their country, they boldly asserted their right of liberty of opinion on religious subjects. They stated, that they had been accused of meeting *secretly;* that, to their sorrow be it said, this was the only way in which they could offer their worship to God according to their own faith; and they now supplicated his Majesty to allow them churches, and freedom of religious service.

This bold and unexpected demand excited great commotion in the council. Menthie, Bishop of Valence, made an able and eloquent

speech, full of truth and justice towards the Protestants, and representing them as composed not of a vulgar faction, but of men willing to suffer, and every day suffering, excruciating deaths for their faith. "Even if my order and profession," said he, "did not bind me to protest against the effusion of blood, and the severity of criminal punishment in matters concerning faith, I would humbly urge it as a matter of policy, and request you to look to experience in confirmation of what I say. When, in the history of the world, did penal laws ever restrain the progress of religious doctrines? When, on the contrary, did not the patience of those who suffer for them, raise unnumbered partisans to their cause? Many, who would never have heard of the doctrine, when they see men die for it, become convinced, and resolve to die for it themselves." Coligni followed the wise Bishop de Menthic, and urged the petition.

The Cardinal of Lorraine, who, we must remember, was chief Inquisitor, immediately arose, and addressed the audience in a sharp and sarcastic attack upon the Protestants. "The docility, the meekness," he said, "which animated these *perfect Christians*, these *new evangelicals*, might be judged by the flood of libels they had poured upon himself; that for his own part, having collected no less than twenty-two scandalous writings

against his *single self*, he carefully preserved them as badges of honor ; " he added, that, " though he pitied the ignorant who were misled, extreme measures ought to be taken against those who carried arms without permission from the King."

Soon after, a new order was issued for a general council, and Condé was particularly summoned, with the King of Navarre, both of whom had neglected the summons at Fontainebleau. The timid disposition of the latter disposed him to peace, as he was constantly invaded by Spain, and required the aid of Francis. The Prince of Condé, on the other hand, knew not the meaning of the word *fear* through his sensations. Confident in his own powers and illustrious rank, he determined to appear before the assembly in concert with his brother of Navarre.

Orleans was chosen as the place of meeting of the council. The King ordered all the Protestants to resign their arms. The place was thronged with those of the new faith. The Prince of Condé had endeavoured to keep his intentions concealed from his Princess, who was most tenderly attached to him, and justly feared that his courage and boldness would one day cost him his life. The King of Navarre and the Prince of Condé were to take their departure from Bearn. Theodore Beza, the Genevan reformer and histori-

an of Calvin, was to accompany them to Nerac, and then to return home to Geneva.

The day arrived on which they were to leave the castle. Orders had been given the night before, that the Princess should not be disturbed, and all was quietly and secretly conducted. At an early hour of the morning, the Bourbon brothers, with the venerable Beza, were ready to depart.

The Princess had suspected their intention, and resolved to make one more effort to counteract it. She entered the hall as they were about to depart, and flung her arms round her husband, conjuring him to relinquish his rash purpose. "Do not," said she, "think I speak to you the doting language of a mere woman; I have secret and convincing intelligence, that, if you enter Orleans, you are lost! I do not conjure you to give up your purpose by my true and constant love, neither from your tenderness to your children, but by the holy Protestant league you have joined! Spare yourself for the cause of God. You have buckled on your sword and shield, not in defence of your own rights, but for the suffering Protestants. Their lives are lost with yours! Think of the rivers of blood that will flow when they are no longer protected by their noble leader!"

The Prince was for a moment subdued, as he

pressed his wife to his wildly beating heart. The King of Navarre saw the struggle ; he had before repented himself of his daring purpose. "My noble sister is right," said he ; "let us, Louis, renounce this hazardous enterprise, in which our lives are too surely perilled."

Condé might have yielded to the language of his wife ; but that of fear, only gave him new ardor. "See you not, my wife," said he, "that the secret intelligence which you have received, is from our mortal enemies the Guises ? Take courage ! the very fear they entertain of my appearance at Orleans, is the strongest guaranty of my safety. The Queen-mother is friendly to us, and detests the Guises ; and her influence with the King is every day increasing. Seek not to diminish my resolution ; give me your prayers and one parting kiss. Farewell."

Condé rushed from her presence, and, a few moments after, the sound of his horses' feet were heard ringing upon the marble pavement, as he issued from the gate-way. Navarre, ashamed of the irresolution he had discovered, and perhaps equally so of the motives he had urged, slowly followed, accompanied by Theodore Beza, who only stayed to give his parting prayers to the Princess and her household.

The Princess retired, not to weep, but to pray, —to commend her husband to the God of the

faithful. She was a warm friend to the reformed religion, and intimately leagued in opinion with Jane of Navarre. Her attachment to the Prince partook of the ardor of her disposition, and, though sometimes conscious of wrongs, suspicion never weakened it.

Soon after the departure of Navarre and Condé, they were met by an officer of the King, who said that he was sent to command them not to travel on the high roads or through fortified places. Warnings poured in upon them as they proceeded, and intelligence arrived from Normandy, entreating them to hasten there, and avoid the snares of the enemy. The King of Navarre was wholly disheartened, and, feigning sickness, declared himself unable to continue his march. But it was now too late to return. Six hundred foot soldiers, and two hundred lancers, awaited them at Poitiers as a pretended guard of honor; and Navarre, after a delay of a few days, was compelled to proceed.

Thus escorted, they approached Orleans. The gates of the palace were closed, and, though at length they were unbarred, Condé had previously entered on foot. They were met with the utmost coldness, and guarded by officers of the court. The King, attended by the Duke of Guise and the Cardinal of Lorraine received them in the audience chamber, but motioned them to proceed to the closet of the Queen-mother.

When Catharine saw the Prince of Condé, she burst into tears ; a degree of emotion, that was not uncommon to her when she contemplated the victims of her treachery. Condé appeared perfectly calm when the King informed him, that he was accused of treason. "My object, Sire," said he, "is to prove the falsehood of such an assertion."

"You shall have a fair trial," said the King, sternly ; and left him alone with Catharine.

The Queen-mother seems to have been divided in her interest. She dreaded the influence of the Guises when in power, and favored the Bourbons when in disgrace. Had her motives been generous, this conduct might have been considered noble ; but it was well understood, that she wished to keep the balance even, till she might wholly decide it. Yet she discovered compunction at the sight of Condé, sensible that she had induced him to come. She spoke words of encouragement to him, and promised to use all her influence with her son to give a favorable decision.

Condé replied, that he thought not of himself. "My life I would set at any odds," said he, "for the sake of the Protestants. My brother of Navarre risks far more than I do ; he risks a crown and a kingdom."

As he left the presence of Catharine, and

passed through the gallery, an attendant of the palace beckoned him to follow her, and conducted him to the presence of Mary. The beautiful consort of the King was seated on a throne slightly raised, her hair dressed with rich pearls, and her countenance beaming with animation.

"I have a surprise for you, brave Prince of Condé," said she, pointing to a lady who stood veiled at her feet.

The lady removed her veil, and the Princess of Condé met the astonished view of her husband.

"Ah, Louis," she exclaimed, "could you believe that I would suffer my fate to be separated from yours? I have travelled day and night, and, owing to the illness of Navarre, arrived before you."

"She has secured a warm friend," said Mary, "in her Queen, and our noble mother will aid us in your cause."

In the course of the day, notwithstanding these flattering appearances, Condé was arrested as a prisoner, and all communication cut off between himself, his wife, and his brother. Numerous arrests followed, including that of his mother, the Dame du Roye; the King of Navarre, though not arrested, was placed under a strong guard; and it was probably owing to the Queen's influence, that the Princess of Condé was suffered to remain in

the palace and at liberty, though she could not gain permission to see her husband.

Measures were immediately taken for the trial of the Prince. De Thou, father of the historian of those times, was President of the Council. Condé protested, that no trial of a prince of the blood was legal, unless by the King and peers. This representation was not regarded, and the trial proceeded. He was adjudged guilty, and sentenced to lose his head !

It is probable much of the accusation rested upon his intentions of personal violence to the King and the Guises, as some of the most respectable members were reluctant to sign the sentence, and delayed till the last. One nobleman, a Roman Catholic, and a warm friend of the Guises, said to the King ; " Any other service which your Majesty may command, I will perform while I have life ; but I will sooner lay my head on the block for the executioner, than subscribe to an act like this against the royal blood." The Princess of Condé threw herself at the feet of the King, and besought his mercy. Mary joined her petition ; but the King, stimulated by personal terror and revenge, would listen to no remonstrance, and the 10th of December was fixed for the execution.

When Condé was informed of the decision, there was no change in his demeanor. A priest

was sent to him to perform mass. "For what purpose?" said Condé.

"To prepare you for death," replied the holy father.

"This is a work," said Condé reverently, "that I can thankfully trust to my Maker; it rests between him and myself. Leave me; it is time for the work to begin."

The priest retired, shocked at the *blasphemies* he had heard.

Then came a gentleman of the Court, a warm friend of the Guises. Condé received him with courtesy. Having expressed his deep sympathy, he hinted, that possibly an accommodation might take place, and requested to be his mediator.

"I ask but one *Mediator*," said Condé solemnly; "and that one is interceding for me at the throne of Grace. Return, my Lord, to your employers, and tell them you *have failed in your mission.*"

One more trial yet awaited him. His wife was conducted to his prison. When she entered, she threw herself into his arms, unable to speak.

"This is kind," said Condé; "I know your errand; it is to confirm, to support, to give new strength to your husband; to tell him you will live to perform *his* duties and your *own;* to teach our children, that their father, though dying an ignominious death, bears a true and loyal heart.

And now, farewell. Let us not prolong this painful interview. Nothing can be done by *your* means or *mine* ; it is hopeless. Let us not add disgrace to sorrow. All things are in the hands of God ; he may yet save a life that has been sincerely devoted to his cause."

Again, the Princess would have spoken, but Condé said ; "No more ; write all you would say. Farewell." And he retired to an inner apartment.

This scene has been adduced as a proof of want of affection and sensibility in the warrior. But who does not see in it the truest tenderness towards his wife. Unfortunately, the dissolute manners of the age were often adopted by the Prince, and are alleged justly against him.

While Condé was thus meeting his sentence with calmness and dignity, his brother of Navarre was a prey to the most distressing terrors. Every one who approached him, to his imagination, bore an instrument of death ; sometimes he refused to eat, because he believed the food was poisoned. It was said, that the King actually determined to put an end to his life with his own dagger ; but this seems wholly inconsistent with the feeble character of the monarch, and probably the story originated in the terrors of Navarre.

The time appointed drew near, and the Guises became impatient for the execution of Condé.

Francis, always feeble in health, began obviously to decline. Catharine, at this time of debility and weakness, knew well how to mould her son to her purposes ; almost in the act of dying, she obtained from him an avowal, in the presence of numerous witnesses, that the steps which had been taken against the Bourbons, Condé in particular, were entirely his own, and against the advice of herself and the Guises, who had implored him to desist. He therefore desired, that Condé might be conducted to his presence, and a general amnesty take place.

On this occasion were assembled the Guises, and the King of Navarre. Mary, his young Queen, was a subordinate character in the scene, and the only one without plots or contrivances, who wept by his bedside. Francis, after witnessing the reconciliation of the Guises and Bourbons, and probably unconscious in reality of what was passing, expired three or four days before the execution of Condé was to have taken place.

Hitherto, Catharine had often discovered some of the sensibility and irresolution of a woman. She had been accessory to drawing the Bourbons into the snare laid for them, and yet wept when she saw the plan had succeeded, and would fain have saved the life of Condé. Henceforth all propensities, moral or natural, seem to be swallowed in her overweening love of sway. She

had persuaded Francis to die with a falsehood on his lips ; for no one believed his avowal sincere. She then summoned the King of Navarre, who, by law, had a share in the regency, and promised to spare the life of Condé, and protect himself and kingdom, if he would renounce, and make over to her, all claims upon the regency. To this, his timidity induced him to consent.

Charles the Ninth, now nine years old, succeeded Francis, and Catharine de Medicis became Queen Regent. Her first step was, to recall the veteran Constable Montmorency, to balance the power of the Guises. This measure, owing to political causes, failed, and the Constable soon united himself to the Guises, making a formidable secret party, with the Mareschal de St. André, against Catharine, who determined to strengthen her own by favoring the Protestant or *Huguenot* cause, which name was now universally adopted.

The origin of this designation does not seem to be ascertained ; it having been supposed by some to be derived from the German word *Eidgenossen ;** by others, from the gate of Hugo, in the city of Tours, where they first assembled. Probably, however, it boasts no other origin than the names so current in the present day of Whig, Tory, &c., and was a mere party denomination.

* Oath-confederated.

CHAPTER VII.

THE DEPARTURE OF MARY. — CAPTURE OF CONDÉ.

The parties opposed to Catharine were formidable, and are termed by the Huguenots the Triumvirs, and known by that name in history. The union of the Constable with the Duke of Guise was an unexpected blow to her. In fulfilment of her promise to the King of Navarre, she announced to Condé that he was free. But the Prince disdained to accept of his liberty as a favor, and demanded a judicial acquittance. This was granted by the Parliament of Paris, and Condé quitted his prison.

About this time, the Cardinal of Lorraine came forward and proposed, that the most distinguished of the clergy of both parties should hold a dissertation at Paissy, in order to discuss controverted points ; adding, that he would readily take the ground against any antagonist that might offer. The Huguenots accepted this proposal with joy, confident of their polemic success.

While these political events were passing, the Parliament issued a new edict against the re-

formed party, called the "Edict of July." Mary, the widowed Queen of Francis, retired from the Court, exiled by the coldness of Catharine. Her Scotch subjects were impatient for her return, and rejoiced that she would be solely their sovereign. Her attachment to France was not easily dissolved. When her uncle, the Duke of Guise, informed her that he was prepared to escort her to Calais, she received the intelligence with undisciplined grief; and it was only by representing to her, how degrading and painful her situation would be in the Court of Catharine, that she finally consented to depart immediately. Scotland was at that time held in horror by the gay and polished nation of France. Mary, during her husband's life, had seen herself the idol of the Court; and with tears and sighs she prepared to quit the scene of her former happiness.

When Catharine de Medicis found that Mary had fixed the day of her departure, her deportment became kind and caressing, and she made every preparation for her escort in a manner suited to her dignity as the Queen of two powerful nations. Six princes of Lorraine with a large number of distinguished noblemen, attended her. Catharine took leave of her with her eyes bathed in tears. Mary's too overflowed, as she cast a last look on her parting attendants.

While the vessel in which she embarked re-

mained in sight of the French coast, she would not retire to the cabin. Leaning against the balustrade, stood the youthful Queen, her form inclined forward, her mourning veil thrown back, her thoughtful eyes fixed on the receding shore; tears chased each other down her cheeks; she sighed bitterly and exclaimed; "Farewell, France! beloved country, which I shall never more behold!"

At length, darkness veiled every object, and Mary could no longer distinguish the outline of the horizon. Anxiously she inquired whether morning would restore to her longing eyes the coast of France. On being informed that probably it would, as there was a head wind, she ordered a couch to be placed on the deck, and hailed the first ray of morning. Again she beheld the Gallic coast, stretched like a dark line upon the ocean. Suddenly the wind veered about, a brisk gale arose, and Mary's prediction proved true, — she *saw France no more!*

When the Duke of Guise returned to the Court, he found that Condé was making preparations for a hostile decision of the quarrel between them. The Prince did not entertain a doubt but that the Duke was the cause of his arrest and imprisonment. An apparent reconciliation, however, was brought about by the young King under the influence of the Queen-mother, and a hollow amnesty concluded between them.

The time had now arrived for the disputation at Paissy. The Protestant ministers consisted of twelve in number, headed by Theodore Beza, the friend of Calvin, and Peter Martyr, who had been the intimate friend of Cranmer. In imitation of Luther he had married a nun.

We are tempted to wonder why Calvin was not among these learned and able men, but probably his increasing ill health and infirmities rendered it impossible.

Beza preached on his arrival at St. Germain, in the saloon of the Prince of Condé, before a large and distinguished audience. In the evening he was invited to the apartments of the King of Navarre. The Queen-mother received him with courtesy, and inquired after his friend Calvin with much curiosity.

Any one who has a taste for controversy may easily get the subjects and process of this discussion from De Thou, and other historians. Many private conferences were held ; the debates continued several days, and finally terminated in as unsatisfactory a manner as such debates usually do. The reformed ministers now prepared to leave France ; but Catharine would not suffer Beza to depart. She told him, that she claimed him as a Frenchman, and assured him that his residence at the Court might greatly promote the cause of the Reformation, promising him to place

no obstacles in his way. Beza thought it his duty to yield, and suffered his friends to return to Geneva without him. Protected by Catharine, and a powerful retinue, Beza delivered two sermons the morning following Christmas.

A few days after, he was requested to attend at a meetinghouse situated in the Fauxbourg St. Marcel, where a discourse was to be given by a Protestant minister. Beza was reluctant, owing to some rumors he had heard of a disturbance, and advised them to omit the meeting; but, finally, he consented to attend it. About twelve hundred were assembled. The preacher, Malot, arose, and scarcely had he begun, when his voice was drowned by a chime of bells from a neighbouring church. Some of the congregation went out to request that the ringing might cease. A quarrel ensued, and many lives were sacrificed. In consequence of this riot, another edict was issued called the "Edict of January." Though essentially mild in its form, the Huguenots had increased so much in power and pretension, that they were impatient under it. This once hunted and proscribed people, could now count two thousand one hundred and forty congregations, dispersed through every part of the kingdom. Beza had publicly performed the ceremony of marriage between two favorites of the Queen of Navarre, in the presence of Catharine, of the Prince of Condé, and of the Admiral Coligni.

Hitherto, the King of Navarre had been considered a warm advocate of the Huguenot party; but he now began to show signs of vacillation, and at last declared, that he considered the reformed ministers as charlatans and impostors, and expressed his determination to remove his son from their influence, and place him with Catholic governors. His Queen, who had so long been faithful to the Protestant cause, heard this avowal with dismay. After using persuasions and entreaties, she was obliged to yield; but, passionately embracing her child, she exclaimed; "O, my son, if you renounce the religion of your mother, she will renounce and disinherit you. Keep to the faith in which you have hitherto been educated, and God will be your guide and support."

"My dear Madam," said Catharine, who was present, "let me advise you to suppress this violence of emotion. I have always found it best *to appear to yield*. Assume a seeming conformity to your husband's will, even attend mass, and you will more easily get the reins into your own hands."

The Queen of Navarre indignantly replied; "Rather than attend mass, if I had my son in one hand, and my kingdom in the other, I would throw them both into the sea."

The secret of this change of religious princi-

ple in Anthony of Navarre, consisted in the influence of the Spanish King, who had always been getting advantage over his kingdom by the force of arms, and had now proffered peace if he would sacrifice his religious faith.

The Duke of Guise had been absent from Paris several months, and his return was anticipated with dread by the Huguenots, and with anxiety by Catharine. The Duke, accompanied by the Cardinal of Lorraine, and a numerous suite of noblemen and attendants, arrived in France, and directed his course through the town of Vassy, on the borders of Champagne, about ten miles from Joinville, where were the chateau and principal estate of the Guises.

On the banks of the Bloise a small Protestant church had been consecrated. It was as simple as possible in its structure, and as wholly opposed to the Catholic cathedrals as could well be imagined. With a lingering attachment, however, to early forms, the society had purchased a chime of bells, which rung their morning and evening service. Antoinette, the mother of the Duke, was often in her excursions offended by the distant peal. She was a bigoted Romanist, and looked upon this musical chime as an insult on the true religion and her own dignity. She had frequently spoken to her son on the subject, and represented them as throwing direct defiance at their noble stock.

Probably the Duke thought, by passing through Vassy he might intimidate and disperse the little band of worshippers. He arrived near the place at an early hour, amid the gray mists of morning, and distinguished the distant chime of bells reverberating among the hills. It was well understood that it was a summons to Huguenot worship, and a murmur of indignation was heard throughout the train of the Duke.

Suddenly they put spurs to their horses and galloped forward. A company of troops had gathered at Vassy to do honor to the Guises, and soon joined them. When they entered the town, some of the pages and under officers hastened to the church. They found about twelve hundred assembled, peaceably engaged in devout worship, and all of them armed, and in all respects keeping strictly to the law prescribed in the late Edict of January. They were attacked by insulting language, but, hastily closing the doors and wooden windows of the meetinghouse, endeavoured quietly to pursue their worship.

The assailants burst in, and a scene of carnage ensued. The Duke, when informed of what had taken place, hurried to the spot, endeavouring to put an end to the warfare. He found both sides in a most furious state of excitement, and, in endeavouring to quell the tumult became slightly wounded in the cheek, by the scratch of a bayonet.

His retainers immediately observed the blood, and uttered cries for vengeance. The Duke sought to explain, and even added menaces towards his own party;—they were furious. Sixty Huguenots were slain, and more than two hundred wounded. Their venerable pastor barely escaped with his life, and was badly wounded. The pulpit was destroyed, the Bible torn in pieces, the leaves scattered to the wind, and even the dead bodies were stripped and plundered.

The Huguenots at once sent a memorial of their wrongs to the Queen-mother, well knowing that the Parliament had always proved hostile to them. Catharine despatched a message to the Duke of Guise, requesting him not to enter Paris, as his presence, at that time, would excite the utmost commotion among the reformed party.

The Duke paid no attention to this request, but presented himself, with a powerful escort, at the gate of St. Denis, which was always selected for the state procession of the King. Here he was received with acclamations by the Catholics, and such honors were bestowed upon him as were usually reserved for royalty.

Catharine could no longer control her apprehensions, and, fully believing that it was the object of the Guises to assume the throne, endeavoured to draw Condé into her schemes. That Prince, however, judged it prudent to retire from Paris,

where the Triumvirate were now supreme, and, if necessary, begin hostilities elsewhere.

The Triumvirate immediately secured the persons of Catharine and her son, and they were guarded with all outward respect by the Constable de Montmorency.

Condé, convinced there was no other resource, prepared for civil war, and, in concert with Coligni, commenced his march to Orleans, a city which, next to Paris, was most important to their interests. He arrived there with his followers on the 1st of April, and found the place filled with Huguenots. The streets were lined with them, and, instead of war-songs, they sung psalms and hymns, as he passed between their ranks.

Condé was well pleased to find, that he was aided by men of family and character, and by distinguished counsellors. An association was formed, and a manifesto published, in which the Huguenots set forth their wrongs, dwelt upon the late outrage at Vassy, and upon the seizure of the King and Queen-mother by the Guises. The Prince of Condé was invested with full power to do as he thought advisable, and unbounded confidence was expressed towards him.

The hostile parties immediately prepared for a civil war; all France was in a state of horrible commotion; enormities were committed on both sides, and the ruin of the kingdom seemed to be

inevitable. Shocking cruelties were enacted by both parties at Lyons, and, in short, in every city in France; cruelties, which we willingly omit, wishing only to record, in general terms, the spirit of the times. While the Huguenots were awaiting at Orleans the motions of their enemies, Catharine, probably at the secret instigation of the Guises, entered into a negotiation with Condé.

A personal conference was appointed between them at Thuri. Both were to bring one hundred followers, and it was expressly stipulated, that these were to remain at a considerable distance asunder.

Catharine appeared with her followers, and, with the address for which she was distinguished, assumed the plainest costume. Her flowing black robes and black veil, which mingled with them, gave an air of majesty and solemnity to her whole appearance.

When the two leaders appeared in sight, they stepped forward, — Condé in his martial accoutrements, and Catharine in her widowed garb. Their meeting was apparently that of friends, though probably on both sides there was mutual distrust. While they conversed in low tones, their followers were recognising each other with aching hearts. They were forbidden to meet, lest quarrels might be engendered ; but it was soon evident, that only tender and sad emotions were

excited, and they implored leave to rush into each others' arms. Now were reunited for a moment, brothers, cousins, and uncles of the same family, and friends who had been schoolmates ; and the most cordial embraces passed. Then came a sudden rush of tears, as they recollected how soon they were to be opposed as deadly enemies.

Between Catharine and Condé nothing was effected by this meeting, and they parted with mutual and hollow professions of amity.

Both armies now took the field. The Royalists were successful in getting possession of Blois, Tours, Poitiers, and Bourges, and then proceeded to attack Rouen, which was intrusted to Montgomery, one of the Huguenot chiefs.

The Duke of Guise pushed the attack, and the King of Navarre felt bound to exhibit personal bravery ; while exposing himself in one of the trenches, he was struck by a ball.

The victory of the Royalists was after a long siege secured, and horrible carnage followed. One remarkable circumstance is recorded by the historian De Thou.

Francis de Civille, an officer, was wounded at the head of his company, in the heat of battle, and fell into a ditch, without any signs of life ; — he was stripped by the opposite party, and thrown into a hole. A faithful domestic of Civille's obtained leave to search for the body of his master.

It was only by a small ring on his finger, that had escaped the cupidity of the plunderers, that he was enabled to discover the body. On examining it he found a slight motion of the heart. He conveyed him to the surgeons ; they pronounced the case desperate ; but the faithful domestic insisted on all measures being tried, and strove to administer nourishment, but could not succeed, owing to the locking of his teeth At length the surgeons were prevailed upon to give him proper attention ; his wounds were dressed and nourishment administered, and he began slowly to recover. A new attack, however, once more exposed him to the enemy ; his chamber was entered, and his body seized and thrown from the window. He fell on a dunghill below, and lay two or three days without nourishment or assistance. At length he was discovered by friends, and every measure used for his restoration ; he recovered, and survived for more than forty years afterwards.

The King of Navarre suffered severely from his wound, and it became evident that it was fatal. His mind wavered between the reformed and the Catholic religion. While a Huguenot minister prayed by his bedside, a Catholic priest was introduced, and both parties claimed him for their own.

In his last moments he turned to an old do-

mestic, and urged him to be faithful to his son. He died in the forty-fourth year of his age, probably little regretted by either party, as his want of moral courage and resolution had left him but few friends.

Condé, after the siege of Rouen, took his position with his army near the little town of Dreux. The Royalists followed so close, that a battle appeared inevitable, and it was decided by the Catholics to give battle without delay.

The day before, as Condé was passing a rivulet near the Chateau de Maintenon, an old woman called to him ; the Prince stopped ; she followed him into the water and caught hold of his dress, looked earnestly in his face, and then, relinquishing her grasp, exclaimed, " Accomplish thy work, Prince ! God is with thee, but thou wilt suffer much ! "

The same night he dreamed that he fought three battles, one after the other, and saw his three enemies lying dead, but he also was mortally wounded. These dreams were thought prophetic, and afterwards mentioned as important !

The next morning the bloody fight began. Guise was foremost in the battle, yet always preserving his coolness and self-possession. Admiral Coligni, who commanded one wing, was compelled to give way. The Marischal de St. André was killed, and Montmorency, the commander

of the Catholic army, taken prisoner ; and, on the part of the Huguenots, the capture of Condé followed. Thus the commanders of the opposite parties were both captives.

After the battle Condé was conducted as a prisoner to the tent of the Duke of Guise. That nobleman received him with the utmost respect and kindness, and, historians say, shared his bed with him !

The Duke seemed now to be left without any other rival than Catharine, and he determined to extort from her the appointment of Lieutenant-General of the kingdom. The Queen-mother probably thought it best to yield with a good grace, and he took possession of his new honors.

CHAPTER VIII.

DEATHS OF THREE CHIEFS.

Admiral Coligni, after the defeat at Dreux, retired to Orleans, which was still in possession of the Huguenots. He was immediately elected chief, during the captivity of Condé.

Some affairs called him to Normandy, as the spring approached, and the Duke of Guise considering his absence as affording a favorable opportunity, commenced the siege of Orleans.

He was confident, that he should soon gain possession of this important place, and expressed his sanguine belief of entering it victorious. On the 18th of February, while returning to his quarters, he was wounded in the right shoulder by three bullets.

"They have long owed me this," said he to his attendants, laying his cuirass aside, "but it will be nothing." The wound, however, soon assumed a dangerous aspect, and he declared that it was fatal. His Duchess was sent for; he took an affectionate leave of her, and told her to prepare herself for the will of God. The Queen-mother, too, visited him.

On his deathbed he declared, that he was wholly innocent of the blood shed at Vassy, and there was no one who disbelieved him. He lingered six days, and expired at the age of forty-four.

Few men had filled a wider sphere in his native kingdom ; it was his fate to live in troubled times. However his character might have been corrupted by inordinate ambition, he possessed great and heroic qualities, with a lofty intellect. His path was one of struggle and contention, and it may be doubted whether his own aggrandizement did not swallow up the essential good of his country. Poltrot was the wretched assassinator of the Duke. There seems to have been a mixture of insanity and religious enthusiasm in the cowardly act. He accused the Mareschal de St. André and the Prince of Condé as accomplices, with many others ; but his assertions were contradictory, and ought not to have carried any weight with them, though Coligni and Condé sought to refute them. He suffered the death of a regicide, which was adjudged by the French law. Even Beza was implicated by the murderer.

It was for the interest of the Queen-mother to exhibit every appearance of grief. The obsequies of the Duke were celebrated on the very day of Poltrot's execution, and Catharine might have been mistaken for chief mourner. She no

longer denied regal honors to him she had now ceased to fear. His body was conveyed to the church of Notre Dame, where solemn rites were performed, and was then transported to the family mausoleum at Joinville, where resided the ancient domestics of the noble house. It is pleasant to turn from the artificial exhibitions of grief to the sad and deep sorrow of faithful attachment. Here were kindred, friends, and aged domestics; and whatever might have been the feeling of relief his death occasioned to his enemies, true hearts were yet found to mourn for him.

All outward honors were paid the family. Henry, the young Prince of Joinville, was made Grand Master of the Palace and Governor of Champagne; and his other sons, though yet mere boys, were distinguished by nominal offices.

We may here mention the death of another great leader, though it did not take place immediately after the Duke's. It was that of a man, who had, perhaps, had greater influence on the destinies of France than the Guises or the Bourbons;—one who had sent fire and sword amongst them;—one who had wielded an irresistible power over religious opinion, which has, in all periods of the world, proved more mighty than regal sceptres. Those opinions, which had years before been thundered through the Vatican by the boldness of the German reformer, had now

made progress in France through the Genevan minister.

The death of Calvin took place in the year 1564. Though suffering pain and disease for some time previously to this event, he never relaxed his labors. "How unpleasant to me is an idle life!" he would say, when compelled from exhaustion to lay aside his book or pen. His mind was constantly vigorous; even when asleep, he seemed to have a consciousness of what was passing. He was of a thin, spare frame, and for ten years he never eat from morning to evening. He considered fasting his only remedy for disease, and, when sick, was known to refrain from all food for thirty-six hours. His sufferings from complicated diseases were often great. Sometimes in extreme agony he exclaimed, "How long, O Lord!" When his friends entreated him to rest from his labors he would say, "Would you have my Lord find me idle when he cometh?"

The last day he ventured out, he was carried to the door of the senate-house and proposed a new rector for the school. Then thanking them for favors conferred upon him he said, "I think I have entered this house for the last time." We extract from his life, by Beza, the following sentence in his will; such testimonies prove that he, like Luther, had sought no worldly gain.

"I appoint Anthony Calvin, my very dearly

beloved brother, my heir, but only as a *mark of respect*. Let him take charge of, and keep as his own, my silver goblet, which was given me as a present by Mr. Varanne; and I desire he will be content with it. As for the residue of my property, I commit it to his care with this request, that he restore it to his children after his death.

"I bequeath, also, to the school for boys, ten golden crowns, to be given by my brother and legal heir; and to poor strangers the same sum. Also to Jane, daughter of Charles Costans, and to my half-sister by the paternal side, the sum of ten crowns. Furthermore, I wish my heir to give on his death to Samuel and John, sons of my said brother, my nephews, out of my estate, each forty crowns after his death, and to my nieces Ann, Susan, and Dorothy each thirty golden crowns. To my nephew David, as a proof of his light and trifling conduct, I bequeath only twenty-five golden crowns.

"This is the sum of all the patrimony and property which God hath given me, as far as I am able to ascertain, in books, movables, household furniture, and all other goods and chattels."

The estimate of all his property amounted to three hundred crowns! There is something touching and respectable in the poverty of men, whose names have stirred all Europe, and whose principles and doctrines have shaken the thrones

of powerful monarchs. We feel for a moment, at least, the insignificance of wealth and the power of mind.

Calvin was nearly fifty-five when he died. His stature was of the middle size, his complexion dark and pale, his eyes brilliant; his power of memory remarkable. He was naturally grave, but social; and an *austere reformer*, exacting from others what he required from himself. His letters give the most faithful history of his opinions. Though there does not appear to have been any moroseness in his domestic character, we insensibly connect that idea with his doctrines, which were gloomy and austere.

Never could there have been a period when it was more truly a blessing to die by the natural progress of disease. Murders and assassinations were so frequent, that the death of distinguished men, when gradual, was often attributed to poison. Calvin was beckoned home by the hand which he recognised; he died under his own peaceful roof-tree, a minister of God.

The death of the Duke of Guise, the great leader of the Catholics, produced a disposition to accommodation on their part, and Catharine began a negotiation with Condé, who earnestly desired his liberty.

Condé at first demanded the restoration of the Edict of January; but the Constable Montmoren-

cy, who was a prisoner in the hands of the Huguenot party, rejected the demand, and assured Catharine that it would alienate the Catholics to grant it. The terms proposed were warmly seconded by Eleanor, the Princess of Condé, and she used all her powers of persuasion to induce her husband to accept of them. The Huguenots were to be permitted to exercise freely the worship of the reformed religion in their own houses and families in every Province. But in the city of Paris, and where the Court resided, the exercise of any other religion than the Roman Catholic was prohibited. Every one was allowed to retain opinions according to his conviction, but the "pretended reformers" were to observe the holy days in the Roman Calendar. Condé thought proper to consult the ministers of his religion. They all declared, that, as they had taken up arms for the Edict of January, they would not consent to any infringement of that edict, and requested him to wait till the arrival of Coligni before he assented to a peace, that would prove a deathblow to their rights.

Condé's impatient temper ill brooked remonstrance or imprisonment, and he proceeded to accept the conditions and sign a peace, called "the Treaty of Amboise."

Five days afterward, the Admiral arrived at Orleans with a powerful army. His indignation was

bitter when he found that Condé had consented to such unworthy terms without his knowledge.

He represented that their situation was never more favorable for a propitious peace, and the restoration of the full rights of conscience. Two of the Triumvirs were dead, the third was a prisoner, and yet they had accepted terms, that were disgraceful to their cause. He stated, that Condé had "injured the Reformed Church more by the stroke of his pen, than the Catholics could have done in ten years with all their armies."

Both parties were dissatisfied with the peace proclaimed, the Catholics thinking too much had been granted, and the Huguenots too little. Condé, after being released from prison, remained at the French court, and about this time the death of his wife, Eleanor du Roye, took place. Catharine soon formed the project of uniting him to one of her favorites, hoping to withdraw him from the Huguenot cause. But the Prince, who in the death of his wife felt all restraint removed, passed his time in dissolute amusement. We leave to historians the recital of his disgraceful conduct. In a few months he married Frances of Orleans.

Catharine now determined to take advantage of the cessation of hostilities, and make a tour through the several provinces with the King. One powerful motive, which influenced her was,

to visit Jane of Navarre, who, after her husband's death, had asserted the full power of the reformed religion, and, with unwise zeal, had banished the Catholic priests, thrown down the altars, and demolished the images. The Pope hearing of this excess of defiance, after admonishing her in vain, sent to her to desist from persecuting the Catholic religion, and to return within six months to the bosom of the church, or she would be excommunicated, and her country given to the first who conquered it.

Jane listened to this arrogant denunciation with indifference ; but not so Catharine ; she saw new temptations held out to Spain to attempt a further conquest of Navarre, and she determined to visit Jane, and, if possible, persuade her to renounce this open defiance, and, if she failed in that measure, to bring away her son, Prince Henry, that he might not be brought up under the influence of Huguenots.

Both Catharine and the young King used every argument and persuasion to induce the Queen of Navarre to change her religious opinions. Finding that she only smiled at these attempts, they ceased to urge her, and contented themselves with her promise of shortly visiting them.

During the King's progress through the provinces, he was shocked to find the religion in which he had been bred treated with apparent

insult, the Catholic churches desecrated, and the altars trodden under foot. From this time he became the bitter enemy of the Huguenots, and no doubt believed, that fire and sword were lawful weapons in exterminating them.

Jane fulfilled her promise and repaired to Paris, but soon found her residence unpleasant and left the court. Whilst these things were passing in the capital, the Huguenots became impatient of the restraint that Condé's acceptance of the Queen-mother's terms had imposed; and, protesting that they had never assented to the peace, endeavoured, in many places, to set aside the stipulations by force of arms.

The King was of an impetuous and irritable disposition, and, on Admiral Coligni's appearing at court, received him in no very amicable mood. This feeling was greatly heightened, when the Admiral boldly complained to him of the restrictions under which the Huguenots were laid. "It is hard," said he, "that none but the family are permitted to hear the word of God in the private houses, where it is preached. We are," continued he, "unable to admit a friend, who may chance to visit us, to our worship, while the Catholics are permitted to assemble when and where they please."

"The case is wholly different," said the Constable Montmorency, who was present. "The

King does not tolerate the Catholic religion ; it is that of the country, and the one he professes, derived from a long list of ancestors ; whereas the toleration of the new religion is simply a grace."

Charles listened with indignation to Admiral Coligni's complaints, and afterwards said to the Queen-mother, "that the heads of some of the Huguenots were carried too high for the peace of France ; it was necessary they should be lowered."

Nothing could exceed the unhappy state of France at this time, nor could peace be long preserved under such opposing interests. Information was received among the Huguenots, that designs were meditated against the life of the Admiral and the liberty of Condé, and that the tolerant edicts were to be altogether revoked.

Coligni, and his brother d'Andelot, at once declared, that the only resource of the reformed party was again to take up arms. Secret communication was effected, and the little town of Rosney named as the place of general rendezvous. One object became important to them, and this was, to get possession of the King's person and also secure the Queen-mother.

The two latter were now residing at Monceaux, a chateau of the Queen's, where she was in the habit of assembling the beauties of the

court. Feasting and dancing, with every species of gayety, seemed to be her whole object. Rosney was not far from Monceaux, and to this place the Huguenots repaired as secretly as possible. Catharine, who never wholly slumbered, received information, that the Huguenots were collecting at Rosney. She immediately comprehended Charles's dangerous situation, and in the most rapid manner, leaving all their attendants behind, fled with him to Meaux.

On arriving, she sent for the Constable Montmorency and ordered the Swiss guards to approach immediately to their aid. It now became a subject of discussion whether they should remain at Meaux, which was poorly fortified, or attempt a retreat. Montmorency, and the able Chancellor de l'Hôpital, decided for remaining, but the Cardinal of Lorraine was earnest for them to repair to Paris, and thus the matter was decided. The Swiss had arrived within a few hours from their departure from Meaux, and late at night the Queen and her son set out on their journey, of about thirty miles, to Paris. They were wholly unprepared for such a step, without suitable accoutrements or horses; but a number of horsemen, on such miserable horses as they could procure, with all the ladies of the court, gathered about the Queen.

At daybreak they were met by the Huguenots,

and, some skirmishing ensuing, it was thought best, that the King should make his escape, with a strong detachment, and proceed to the capital.

In the mean time the Prince of Condé and the Admiral came up with six hundred horse, but no serious battle was fought. Only slight skirmishing took place ; the Swiss standing their ground with great bravery. The King was received with extreme joy on his arrival at Paris.

Both the Prince of Condé and Admiral Coligni were now convinced, that their measures had been badly planned, as success wholly depended on the rapidity with which they were executed.

A second time the Huguenots had brought upon themselves the charge of rising against their lawful sovereign. They were represented as traitors and insurgents, plotting against the liberty and crown of the King. The Huguenots marched immediately to Paris, resolving to lay siege to it.

We pause for a moment at this crisis of affairs, and remember the early Calvinists of France, hunted and proscribed, not daring to profess their faith or even acknowledge it. We now behold them laying siege to the capital of the kingdom !

Condé seized upon the important post of St. Denis, and the Constable Montmorency made it his first object to dislodge him. When he issued

from the gates of Paris to attack the Huguenots, he said, "My return shall be in triumph, if alive; or, if a corpse, after a death of glory in the moment of victory."

Nothing could be more desperate than the attack or the resistance. They entered at once into close engagement, and fought hand to hand. The Prince of Condé had his horse killed under him. Admiral Coligni was carried by a fiery Arabian charger (the bridle being cut) into the heart of the enemy; with wonderful intrepidity he kept his seat, and dashed through them without being recognised.

The division of the army headed by the Constable Montmorency became the great object of attack. He had already received a severe wound, when Robert Stuart, a Scotchman, rode up to him, with his pistol pointed at him. "Dost thou not know me?" said the Constable. "Yes," replied Stuart, "and, because I know thee, I present thee this," and instantly fired upon him. As Montmorency was falling he threw his sword with such force at Stuart, that his enemy fell wounded and apparently dead by his side.

Night came on, in the midst of this dreadful battle; it was dark and rainy, and the Huguenots retired, leaving the field in possession of the Catholics.

The next day witnessed the death of Montmo-

rency. Though in his eightieth year, he had fought with the ardor and bravery of youth. His death was tranquil and composed ; and when a confessor came to him and exhorted him to confess, he said, " It would be a brutish thing for a man, who had lived fourscore years, not to know how to die for a quarter of an hour." His character was that of a good soldier and a faithful subject, but a cold-hearted friend, ever swayed by the consideration of his own interest. He died wealthy and honored, leaving behind him a high estimate of his wit and sagacity, as well as of his knowledge of the world.

SEATTLE GENEALOGICAL SOCIETY
P. O. Box 549
Seattle, Wash. 98111

CHAPTER IX.

DEATH OF CONDÉ.—PEACE DECLARED.

The death of Montmorency relieved Catharine from a man of whom she stood in awe; and, though her ever-ready tears were shed on the occasion, she congratulated herself on having escaped from his admonitions and inspection.

She decreed the highest funeral honors to his memory, and his effigy was borne upon his hearse, a distinction hitherto reserved for those of royal blood. The office of Constable was left unfilled, Catharine pathetically declared, as a just tribute of reverence for the departed hero. The real reason was easily divined. It gave undivided power to her second and favorite son, the Duke of Anjou, for whom she obtained the post of Lieutenant-General, though his youth made it necessary that he should have a council of her own selecting.

In the mean time the Huguenots waited at Lorraine for a reinforcement of German soldiery promised them by the Elector Palatine, headed by his son, Prince Casimir.

While they awaited this arrival, both Condé and Coligni were busily employed in diffusing

courage and hope among their disheartened and scanty followers, and, even after the arrival of the troops, the difficulty of raising a sum for the pay of the Germans seemed likely to defeat their projects. On this occasion, however, the Protestant ministers used all their exhortations; a number of them always accompanied the army, and, with an enthusiasm resembling that of the Crusaders, their audience sacrificed their worldly wealth, and every officer and every private threw his mite into the common stock. Condé and Coligni contributed their plate and jewels, and Prince Casimir, who had undertaken the cause from religious conviction, lent money to pay his own troops.

Condé, however, soon found, that all their means were insufficient. The Court at this time were willing to negotiate and grant a temporary amnesty; always, however, determining to take summary vengeance upon the Huguenots for their former attempt upon Meaux. Another treaty was signed, in which the Huguenots were to restore all towns and fortified places in their possession, and to dismiss all foreign troops; and, in return, the edict of Amboise, with all its privileges, was literally renewed to them. This was called the Treaty of Lonjumeau, the name of the town where it was signed.

However guilty the Huguenots may be con-

sidered for their sanguinary deeds, which were many, it ought to be remembered that they were fighting for the free exercise of religious opinions. They asked not honors or principalities, and, though they often retaliated with cruelty, it was when roused to madness and savage fury by the injuries they suffered. Even at this time, an inhabitant of Clermont, who had neglected to decorate his windows on a festival, during which the host was carried through the streets, was burned on his own wood-pile.

The populace, now unrestrained by the fear of the Huguenot armies, wholly disregarded the treaty, and committed on individual Protestants the most cruel murders. More than ten thousand were supposed to have been assassinated during six months.

The dismissal of De l'Hôpital from the Chancellorship deprived the Huguenots of their only advocate, and all decency was thrown aside. The Court considered the power of the Protestants prostrated, and Charles, who thoroughly detested them, cherished the favorite wish of exterminating them.

Both Condé and Coligni perceived the melancholy state of their party. The long civil war had thinned their ranks; they had neither men nor money; and they likewise received undoubted intelligence, that, notwithstanding the treaty of peace, their persons were to be captured.

Not a moment was now to be lost, and both of the commanders judged it necessary to collect their scattered troops, and take possession of some fortified town, strong enough for their defence. La Rochelle, situated on the Bay of Biscay, was the city on which they fixed. To arrive at it, almost the whole extent of France, from west to east, was to be traversed, and the intervening tract of country was thickly beset by enemies. As their occupation of this place was considered a last resort, it was decided that the families of the distinguished Huguenots should repair to the spot for protection.

The Princess of Condé was in a situation that rendered travelling unsafe, and the wife of D'Andelot, with three young children, accompanied her, D'Andelot being then absent. Coligni, with an equally helpless train, joined them, and for their escort and protection only one hundred and fifty men-at-arms could be provided.

Once they were near being taken, on the banks of the Loire, by the troops of Burgundy. They had just passed as the army arrived. As it was late, and the prey was sure in the morning, they halted at night, to refresh and recruit themselves after the pursuit.

The next morning the river was swollen to such a height as to become impassable, even by boats ; and the Burgundians had the mortification

of finding, that the little band of Protestants had escaped, Heaven-protected.

The wonderful success, with which this march was performed, is hardly exceeded by any similar one, recorded in history. Constantly pursued, and, if overtaken, wholly unable to resist, after four and twenty days of anxiety and distress, the Protestants arrived at Rochelle. The Huguenot ministers did not fail to point out the wonders that had been wrought for their cause, and their retinue had largely increased. Numbers of the reformed flocked to Rochelle, and, shortly afterward, the Queen of Navarre arrived with her children and an army of four thousand men.

Henry of Navarre was then looked to as the future leader of the Protestants. He was, indeed, the "beautiful and brave" of his mother. Full of generous and noble ardor, though scarcely beyond the age of boyhood, he commanded respect and confidence from all around him. He was received at Rochelle with the most ardent demonstrations of affection. Addresses were lavishly presented to him, but somewhat too long, by civic orators. Henry listened patiently, but when they had ended, he said playfully, though respectfully; "I have not studied enough to speak as well as you do, Gentlemen; but I assure you, if I *speak* but ill, I will *do* better; for I know more of acting than of talking." Of a bold

and fearless temperament, he was often exposed to danger; but his mother plainly demonstrated, that he inherited this spirit from her. Nor did the peril he incurred a few days after his arrival at Rochelle induce her to abridge the freedom of his movements. He had climbed to an eminence over the sea, and stood proudly gazing on the waters below. Suddenly he lost his balance, and fell into the ocean. A sailor plunged in after him, and saved him from death. Henry never forgot the act, but heaped rewards on his deliverer.

Rochelle had long been distinguished for its adherence to the Protestant cause. Ten years before this period, a theatrical piece had been performed there in honor of the King and Queen of Navarre, who were on a visit. It was much in the style of that exhibited before Francis the First, except that the Pope was not introduced. The curtain rose, and discovered a woman lying at the point of death, and earnestly imploring a priest to confess her and give her absolution. A numerous train of monks approached her, one after another, and exhibited beads and relics, and offered indulgences, and various passports to heaven. To all these she turned a deaf ear, saying, that they did not meet her wants, and she must die without salvation, unless aid could be found. Then stepped forward a man in a lay dress, and spoke

to her in a low voice. By degrees, the sick woman's countenance brightened, her strength returned, and she held out her hand, into which he put a book, and retired. The woman arose, and announced her perfect recovery, owing, she said, to the book that she held in her hand, and which she would lend to any of them, who did not fear fire and fagots. The name of the book is left to conjecture.

Rochelle was at this time in a flourishing state, and cherished a spirit of freedom that had partly arisen from their religious principles. From its advantageous port, it was well situated for becoming the capital of the Huguenots, and contained a population of about eighteen thousand persons.

It was not till some time after this gathering of the Protestants, that the battle of Jarnac was fought. The Duke of Anjou commanded an army about equal to that of the Huguenots. Elizabeth of England had furnished the latter with arms and money, owing to the indefatigable exertions of the Queen of Navarre. In March, 1569, the two armies met on the banks of the Charente.

We come now to an important crisis in the Protestant war. Condé, from some accident, had his arm in a sling, and as he rode along the lines, an unruly horse, by a severe kick, broke one of his legs. The hero scarcely discovered any emotion of pain, but, addressing those near him,

said ; " A fiery horse does more hurt than good ; and it is a silly vanity of managing him, which leads a man to select such an one. You see the consequences ; but, with my arm in a sling, and a broken leg, I have yet courage to give battle." He then rode forward, followed by about three hundred men, to join the Admiral Coligni, who was engaged with a detachment of the enemy. Suddenly he was surrounded by the main body of the Royalists, and immediately his horse was killed under him.

Condé, disabled, could no longer contend with the enemy, and, delivering his sword to two Royalists that he knew, seated himself on the ground, leaning against a tree. The captain of the Swiss guards rode up, and asked, whom they had taken prisoner. " Condé," was the reply. " 'Sdeath ! kill him ! " said he, in a furious fit of passion ; and, suddenly discharging his pistol, the ball entered the head of the Prince, and killed him on the spot. The murderer was the Baron de Montesquin.

The Duke of Anjou, brother to the King, was a sworn personal enemy to Condé, and exulted in the death of his enemy. So great was the exultation he expressed, that some of his confidential officers cautioned him on the subject, telling him, that, by such unreserved joy, he might confirm reports, already circulating, that

Condé had been assassinated by his express orders. Anjou, thus cautioned, became more composed, and despatched a courier to the King at Mentz, where the Court were residing.

Charles received the intelligence of the victory with the utmost joy, and appointed a service of thanksgiving throughout the nation, notifying all the crowned heads of the success of their arms.

The Pope, Pius the Fifth, was the most animated in his replies, calling Charles his "beloved son, and begging him to continue the work till every Huguenot was extirpated." He represented the necessity of uniformity in religion, saying that his Majesty must be deaf to every prayer of mercy, and exercise the full rigor of the law. The Pope also wrote to Catharine de Medicis, mentioning that a vile slander had been propagated, in which she was accused of saving the lives of some heretics, but which he wholly discredits, and begs her to solemnly contradict. To the Duke of Anjou he wrote in the highest terms of praise, and to the Cardinal of Lorraine, the brother of the late Duke of Guise. He attributes to him the subsequent success of the Catholic arms, and exhorts him to suppress every sentiment of compassion, that he may see springing up in the bosom of the King. Such was the spirit of Pius the Fifth.

The battle of Jarnac, though so destructive to the hopes of the Huguenots by the death of

their leader, was not in other respects peculiarly disheartening. They lost about four hundred men, the Royalists about half the number. The Queen of Navarre never suffered herself for a moment to despond. As soon as she heard of the death of Condé, she took her young son and hastened from Rochelle to Jarnac.

"My friends," said the Queen, collecting the warriors around her, "Condé has left his spirit with us, and a son who inherits all his virtues; and I, also, have a son, who is the *property of the cause.*"

With an ardor not to be checked, the young Henry pressed forward. He was welcomed with shouts and newly inspired courage, was declared Protector of the Huguenots, and received oaths of fidelity from the principal officers in the army, while the chief command was given to Admiral Coligni.

The Admiral, who united the experience of age with the bravery of youth, was in no haste to risk a second battle. Though provoked by an unsuccessful attempt to poison him, which was traced to one of the emissaries of the Duke of Anjou, he remained calm, watchful, and self-possessed. As autumn advanced, however, his troops became impatient of their state of inaction and their moderate pay. The Germans even threatened a mutiny, and Coligni found it was necessary to take active measures.

Anjou, on his part, was eager to gather fresh laurels, and the two armies met on the heights of Paiton, near Moncontour. The first onset was disastrous to the Huguenots; and, when the Duke of Anjou made a second onset, the languishing spirit of the Protestant army became visible. At this juncture, young Henry of Navarre rode among the troops, animating and encouraging them; and, though yet but a boy, his gallant spirit seemed to infuse into them new life. Though both himself and Condé were too young to take part in the contest, they stood on a neighbouring height, watching the battle with intense anxiety.

We pause for a moment to dwell on the situation of these two young men, both destined to act so important a part in the history of France.

The Prince of Bearne, as Henry was then called, was but sixteen. On him rested the future success of the Huguenot cause; yet here he stood, opposed to a mighty nation, and comparatively without resources. It was with difficulty that he was prevented from charging in person.

The battle was again decided in favor of the Royalists, and the victory at Moncontour called forth the same exultation as the one at Jarnac. The capture of Nismes, however, by the Huguenots, renewed their courage. The Court, with their usual policy, proposed a peace; but Coligni

had learned that their proposals were intended merely to lull their enemies to security.

At length, however, the terms they offered were so advantageous, that the Huguenot chiefs had no longer any excuse for refusing them. The treaty of peace was concluded at St. Germain, in August, 1570. It included amnesty for the past, permission for the Huguenots to live in every part of the kingdom unmolested on account of their religion, and the right of celebrating public service in their chateaux ; and the King empowered his "most dearly beloved aunt," the Queen of Navarre, to have divine service performed in each of her fiefs, when she pleased. The schools and hospitals were thrown open without regard to difference of religion, and the Huguenots were permitted to hold all offices of dignity and responsibility. Such liberal terms should have awakened suspicion.

The four important towns of La Rochelle, La Charité, Montauban, and Cognac, were delivered for two years into the custody of the Princes of Navarre and Condé, that they might be a home for such of the reformed as chose to convene there. Rochelle was always the most important place for the Huguenots, as it gave them opportunity of intercourse with the English, who were their allies.

Coligni, the good Coligni, rejoiced that their

swords were again to be sheathed. He was heart-sick of the murders and atrocities of war, which no military discipline could prevent, and most earnestly prayed, that he might never again be called upon to go forth to battle.

CHAPTER X.

EVE OF ST. BARTHOLOMEW.

In the same year with the peace, Charles was married to Elizabeth of Austria, daughter of the Emperor Maximilian, and another marriage was proposed by the King between the Prince of Bearne and his sister Margaret. The Queen of Navarre did not for some time accede to this proposal. At length, however, the political advantage arising from it, and the probable good which might accrue to the cause nearest her heart, determined her to consent. Pope Pius made vigorous opposition to this heretical union, and it was finally concluded against his supreme commands, though his violent opposition delayed it for a time; but at length Mareschal Byron, the Queen-mother's officer, was sent to escort Jane to France, and make preparations for the marriage and for the arrival of her son. Her retinue was splendid. The Prince of Condé, and many of the Huguenot nobility, accompanied her. She took up her residence in the palace of Guillort,

Ex-Bishop of Chartres, who had been degraded at Rome for embracing the reformed religion.

Jane was daughter of Henri D'Albret, King of Navarre, and of Margaret of Valois, sister of Francis the First. She married Antony of Bourbon, as we have seen, and from this union sprang Henry of Bearne and Navarre. We do not repeat the so often related anecdote of her father's request, that she would sing during the pains of his birth, except as a proof of her dutiful compliance. When she heard his step approaching, in a sweet melodious voice she sung a Bearnese hymn to the Virgin, ending,

> "Our Lady at the bridge's end,
> Help in this hour of trouble send."

The character of this distinguished woman is not left to conjecture, nor is it open to the suspicions and calumny of intervening ages. Uncorrupted by the vices or superstitions of the times, she shone a "bright particular star" in the dark and cloudy firmament of the heavens. With acquirements far beyond that period, she possessed the amiable and graceful attractions of domestic life. She wrote with ease, and spoke Latin and Spanish with fluency. Men of talents and learning thronged to her court, because there they were treated with due respect. Versions of the New Testament were printed under her orders,

and at her expense, at Rochelle. Her courage, though never overstepping the bounds of discretion, often gave animation and resolution to the warriors about her. Coligni had preceded her, and was residing at the French court, and Jane, with a heavy heart, for she had little congeniality with its character, soon followed him, leaving Henry behind.

The King received her with every demonstration of respect and affection, and Catharine was eager to prove her devoted admiration. But it did not require a long stay at the court to discover its corruptions.

Notwithstanding the purity and simplicity of her manners, she could not avoid seeing a system of gallantry which she despised. Though scarcely comprehending the corruptions of Catharine's dynasty, she saw enough to fill her with disgust, and wrote freely to her son on the subject, expressing her regret at an alliance which was wholly opposed to her feelings. She described the Princess Margaret as "possessing beauty, wit, and an agreeable deportment; but, brought up in this most corrupt court, what could be expected from her?" "My son," she concluded, "you have rightly judged from my former letters, that their great object here is to separate you from me and from God. . . . . Pray earnestly to God, whose assistance you need at all times,

but especially at the present; and I, too, will add my fervent prayer, that he will grant you all your just desires."

For a short time, the Queen of Navarre, suppressing her indignation at the open gallantry of the Court, endeavoured to mingle with the *fêtes* and diversions, preserving her own chaste and simple style of dress, which might have been almost termed a silent censure on the free costume of the day.

The state of her health, however, in a short time, exempted her from this sacrifice of her feelings, and confined her to her room. Though she still admitted the King and Queen-mother, with the young Princess Margaret, to her apartments, she seldom found any opportunity of speaking to the latter alone. The third son of Catharine, the Duke of Alençon, though rough and unpolished in his manners, was her constant visiter. The Duke of Anjou only came when etiquette demanded. She spoke with freedom to Alençon about her wishes and plans, and expressed her earnest desire to return to Navarre.

This wish she was never permitted to accomplish. She rapidly grew worse, and at length declared she was dying. This was too apparent to those around her. What a moment for a mother! far away from the son she had so long cherished as the hope and support of her life and of the

Protestant cause, — separated from her youthful and only daughter. Yet, with a calmness in accordance with her past life, she added clauses to her will, and exhorted her son to abide unshaken in the faith in which he had been educated, to shun the vices of the Court, and to observe the laws and constitutions she had formed for her subjects. She confided to him his sister, entreated him to watch over her with gentle affection, and, in time, to connect her, with her *full consent*, to some Protestant nobleman, of equal rank and virtue. She then pathetically implored the King and Queen-mother, and the Dukes of Anjou and Alençon, to receive her two children to their faithful care, and secure to them the free exercise of their religion.

After a short and fervent prayer, she closed her eyes, and opened them no more. Those who have studied out her history, and observed the influence she exerted over religion and letters, and the glory of her name among Protestants, will be surprised to learn, that, at her death, she was only in her forty-fourth year. Dark rumors were circulated, and the name of Maître Cardillac more than whispered. He was said to have attained the honor of being *court poisoner*, and numerous deaths were attributed to him. There were so many causes, which made the Queen of Navarre's death desirable at the French court,

and there was so little faith or decency there, that even historians are doubtful on this point, though an inspection of Jane's lungs proved that they were diseased.

Henry, of course, after her death, took the title of King of Navarre. The marriage was to take place between himself and Margaret, and great preparations were made for bridal festivities. The bridegroom offered no objection to the alliance, but the bride required all the intriguing art of Catharine to persuade her to relinquish a prior attachment.

It was under these unfavorable auspices, that, on the 13th of August, Henry led his beautiful bride to the high altar of the church of St. Denis, where mass was to be performed. When they arrived, he relinquished her hand and retired, while the Catholic service was performing. Margaret's countenance, though remarkable for its delicacy of complexion, was said to wear a flush of dissatisfaction, and a slight frown was perceptible on her fair forehead. A splendid retinue were in waiting, and the whole Court collected round. The King stood near. When the priest asked her "if she would accept Henry of Navarre for her husband," she neither moved her lips or made any sign, though the populace were anxiously expecting the response. At length, Charles, placing his hand behind her head, com-

pelled her to bow it forward; and this was the only affirmative they could obtain.

Nothing could exceed the splendor of the festivities, or the extreme cordiality shown to the Huguenots. Every thing calculated to annoy them was removed. Charles protested the warmest friendship for Coligni, called him *father* when he addressed him, and, telling him that he entertained suspicions of the good faith of the Guises, ordered twelve hundred arquebusiers to be distributed in various districts of the city. Soldiers were likewise stationed for the avowed protection of the Huguenots, lest they should be insulted in the celebration of the marriage ceremonies.

Coligni possessed the generous trust of a noble mind, and harboured suspicion against no one. A day or two after the marriage, as he was returning to his abode, through the Rue des Fosses St. Germain, at a spot hardly a hundred yards from the Louvre, the Admiral was struck by two bullets, one entering his left arm, and the other shattering his finger. His attendants rushed forward. "They came from that house," said he, pointing to a building; "inform the King."

The house was broken into and searched; the arquebus was lying under a window, which was grated, with a curtain before it. No one could be found except an old woman-servant, and a boy, a mere child. By inquiries, it was at

length ascertained, that the assassin had made his escape.

But little doubt was entertained, that this base attempt was made at the instigation of the Court. The Queen-mother and the Duke of Anjou were more than suspected ; many proofs at the time and since have arisen. The cruelty of Anjou's disposition was well known, and the assassination of Condé was confidently attributed to him.

The King was engaged at his favorite game of tennis, with Condé and Navarre, when the news of the attempt to murder the Admiral was brought to him ; he threw down the roquet with great pretended dismay, and Navarre and Condé hastened to the Admiral.

They found him under the hands of surgeons. It was necessary to amputate one of his fingers, and his arm was dreadfully shattered. There is much testimony to his great and heroic patience on this occasion. He desired his chaplain to read consolatory passages from the Scriptures, and once exclaimed, " My God ! abandon me not in this suffering, nor let thy mercy forsake me ! " He then ordered one hundred pieces of gold to be distributed among the poor of his church.

Navarre and Condé, with all the Protestant noblemen, immediately begged leave of the King to withdraw from Paris, and take their beloved

Coligni with them. "Our lives," said they, "notwithstanding your Majesty's protection, are not safe from outrage."

Both the King and Catharine earnestly assured them, that they were as much aggrieved as themselves, and that every measure should be taken to give them satisfaction. They at length succeeded in quieting their suspicions; and the young Princes, with their followers, gave up their design of quitting the Court.

We now draw near the most eventful period of the Huguenot annals. Of the present Duke of Guise, who succeeded his father, suspicions were industriously circulated by the Queen-mother and by Charles, who both pretended great dissatisfaction towards the Guise family; even the Huguenot party, perhaps, entertained more distrust of them than of the King.

The Dukes of Guise and Aumale affected to be much hurt at the suspicions which rested on them, and declared to Charles that it was their intention to retire. He not only gave his consent, but expressed a determination to inquire into their conduct. They rode to the gate of St. Antoine, with a splendid retinue; and secretly returned to Paris.

On Saturday evening, the 24th of August, many things occurred, which filled the minds of men with a foreboding that something eventful was

about to take place. The Duke of Anjou was seen hurrying to and fro from the Louvre, where Charles and the Queen-mother resided ; and the Duke of Guise, who had pretended to leave Paris, was recognised entering the palace. Directions were given to the chief head of the people, that two thousand armed men should be in readiness, every one wearing a white sleeve on his arm and a white cross in his hat ; and that they should hold themselves in attendance for further orders ; also, that lights should be put in every window of the city upon the ringing of the bell of the palace clock.

The Huguenots were at first startled at such preparations ; but the measures taken to allay their suspicions succeeded, and, as it was the Eve of St. Bartholomew, they presumed new honors were to be paid to the Saint.

Coligni had that morning been declared out of danger. His friends were about him. The King of Navarre had ordered five Swiss guards in his service to patrol constantly his court-yard. Six attendants slept in his chamber. Navarre and Condé took leave of their beloved friend in the evening, promising to see him early in the morning, and more than ever assured of the success of their cause by his undoubted recovery, and the favorable terms offered by Charles.

Before the dawn of day, the loud tones of the bell of St. Germain de l'Auxerrois were heard. The Huguenots, ever on the alert, sprang from their beds, and their first thought was of their beloved Coligni. They were hastening towards his residence, when they were arrested by the information, that there was to be a *new amusement for the Court*. The Duke of Guise, and his uncle the Duke of Aumale, with some others, proceeded to the dwelling of the Admiral.

For the first time since his wounds, Coligni had experienced a night of refreshing slumber. The King and Queen-mother had lavished upon him expressions of the highest esteem. His young friends, Navarre and Condé, had received his blessing at parting, and Teligny, his brave son-in-law, slept in an apartment near, to guard his couch.

With the consciousness of upright intentions, and a sanguine conviction that his sword was for ever sheathed from civil war, that he should never again be called to take arms in defence of one part of France against another, and commending himself to the protection of God with his wonted piety, he sunk into a serene and deep sleep. From this he was awakened by the sound of firearms. The Admiral sprang from his bed, but was too weak for any effort. His chaplain,

Merlin, and several attendants rushed into his room.

"I fear for you," said Coligni; "to God let us commend ourselves." And he knelt in silent devotion; then, rising, listened for a moment. He was too well accustomed to the clang of arms and sounds of distress to mistake their import.

"Fly," said he to those around him; "it is my life they aim at; escape, it is impossible for me; and God has heard my prayer, he will receive me. I have long expected death. I beseech you to make your escape, and let not your wives hereafter attribute your deaths to me."

Heavy footsteps were heard on the stairs. The door of Coligni's apartment was burst open, and five assassins, clad in mail, entered. The Admiral stood firm and collected in his night dress. A follower and confidential retainer of the Duke of Guise approached him sword in hand.

"Young man," said Coligni, "thou oughtest to reverence my gray hairs; but do what thou wilt; thou canst shorten my life but very little."

Let us not pursue the shocking detail. It may be found minutely described too often. The venerable man sank under the daggers of his assassins, and his remains were dragged through the streets with impotent vengeance. Teligny gained the house-top, after vainly seeking to defend his

father-in-law ; but all were murdered, except Merlin, who sprang from the window.*

It was not till after the death of Coligni, that the horrible massacre of St. Bartholomew began. For this, the great bell of the Louvre was tolled, and all rushed to action.

On the evening before this crisis, the Princess of Lorraine and the Queen-mother were in the apartment of Margaret of Navarre. Her sister, the Princess, in parting from her, discovered unusual emotion, and made an effort to speak ; but Catharine hurried her away. Margaret retired to her bed in a recess of the chamber, with the curtains drawn before it. Henry entered, and a large retinue of Huguenots followed him. She says, they debated for a long while in what manner an address should be drawn up for the King against the Duke of Guise. When they retired, and Navarre had left the room, she fell into a slumber ; from this she was awakened by loud cries of "Navarre ! Navarre !" and a ghastly figure covered with blood rushed in, and sought a hiding-place. The Princess sprang from her bed ; the poor wounded man clung to her knees, and besought her

* He remained concealed three days in a hay-loft, and fortunately found a few eggs in a hen's nest. It is from his account that the particulars of Coligni's assassination are known.

to save him.* Four archers followed him. Margaret's shrieks of horror summoned the captain of the guard, who left his barbarous work to hurry to her chamber, and, she says, laughed most heartily at her groundless terrors, while he rebuked the archers for their intrusion.

For three days and nights the work of carnage went on. The noble and faithful followers of Navarre and Condé, the choicest of the Huguenot party, who had assembled about their princes to guard them from any evil designs of the Guises, were all slain.

Nor was this horrible massacre confined to Paris. At Lyons the murder was general, and burial refused to the heretics. Their bodies were thrown into the Rhone ; and, so numerous were they, that its course was choked by the floating corpses. As the unconscious river wound its way through distant villages, once the messenger of tranquil beauty and freshness, watering the verdant and flowery banks, the astonished and terrified villagers beheld ghastly and mutilated bodies washed on their shores. It is said its waters and fish were for a long time unfit for use.

At Orleans, Rouen, and various other cities in France, all were slaughtered. It is computed that thirty thousand Huguenots perished, and that one third of the number belonged to Paris.

* She says, the life of the man was spared at her entreaty.

CHAPTER XI.

SIEGE OF ROCHELLE.

It may seem surprising that the two Princes of Navarre and Condé were spared in this frightful massacre. But they were both Princes of the royal blood, both residing under the roof of the King at the Louvre, and it would have been difficult to have attributed the massacre to the Guises, had this act been perpetrated upon his guests.

The Princes were arrested and carried into the presence of the King. Charles informed them that a horrible conspiracy had been discovered, among the Huguenots and they had suffered the penalty ; that Coligni was no more, but that he was willing to protect them with his own life, if they would renounce the creed which false and designing enemies had led them to adopt. It was said the King of Navarre temporized and answered evasively, that no true Prince could wish to abide by a false creed ; while Condé, less pliable in his manners and temper, answered in so high and resolute a tone, that the King drew forth

his dagger, and would have stabbed him, but for the interference of Catharine.

It is not surprising that these two young men, in the bloom and expectation of life, were at length induced to yield to the terms offered, to save themselves from the horrid fate of those around them. They appeared at mass, and solicited a reconciliation with the Mother-church; and Henry went so far as to write letters to his hereditary subjects, desiring them to restore the ancient faith. The Bearnese at once refused obedience to this command, and declared, perhaps with truth, that Navarre had only submitted to such terms that he might live to avenge his faithful friends.

We cannot wholly pass over the influence that his bride, to whom he had been married but six days before, exercised over his mind. Though she had married him reluctantly, and on Henry's side there seems to have been no attachment of long standing, yet he, who was so much alive to female beauty, could hardly resist an influence, which she exerted by her mother's command. It seems to have been the only period after her marriage, in which she condescended to veil her real character, of which, at that time, Henry was ignorant.

The education of this unfortunate Princess had been wholly subservient to the political views of

her mother, who viewed all around her as but the tools of her ambition. The power she had obtained over Margaret of Valois, now Queen of Navarre, was unbounded, and it was only by her persuasions that the marriage had taken place. It is supposed that Catharine had really some affection and maternal regard for the generous and noble-minded young Prince ; but, even without that motive, his life was important, and she looked forward to the time when he might balance the power of the Guises, whom she greatly dreaded. "Go," said she to Margaret, "and conquer your husband, as you have done countless others."

Henry had none of the resolution of a stoic ; and, when his hitherto proud and almost scornful wife sought his presence, as if rushing from her toilet, with tresses unbound, and a negligence of costume, that apprehension for his safety only could excuse, when she threw her arms round him and besought him to renounce a cause that would leave her widowed and desolate, she proved that she already understood his character, and had discovered what historians attribute to him as the great blemish of his life, — a susceptibility that often prostrated his best resolutions. Had Margaret been the true and loyal wife of Henry, with a nature so noble and generous, she would have called forth his best and highest affections. But a very short time was necessary to convince him,

that they had both been sacrificed to the political plans of the Queen-mother.

The intelligence of Henry's reconciliation with the Church of Rome was received with great delight by the Pope. He wrote the most commendatory letters to the authors of the St. Bartholomew massacres, whose rage against the reformed party was not quenched even by death. A mock trial was instituted, and the estates of Coligni, as the head of the reformed party, were confiscated, his name was erased, his effigy (for his body was scattered, by the ruthless mob, to the four winds of heaven) drawn on a hurdle through the streets and gibbeted, his chief seat at Chastellan was razed to the ground, and no building was ever after to be placed on the spot. His children, by some accident, were absent from Paris, and escaped the massacre; but they were proscribed and degraded, and, to complete the dreadful infatuation, an annual public religious procession was formed to commemorate the signal favor of Heaven in turning on their own heads, the calamity which the Huguenots had designed for the faithful, at the feast of St. Bartholomew.

The extreme horror, with which this act of cruelty was heard by other nations, is its true commentary. Spain, alone, may be excepted. Philip was among those who congratulated Charles, as the saviour of his kingdom.

It is earnestly to be wished that more correct and minute details could be obtained of the immediate dispersion of the Huguenots. Some found refuge in England; many escaped to Germany, where they were received with open arms. Geneva, Basle, and Berne contended for the residence of Coligni's family and friends; and Beza, the ally and historian of Calvin, collected funds for the distressed refugees. Some fled to Cevennes, to Sancerre, Montauban, Nismes, and some to any of the strong-holds and mountain fastnesses, where they might live on berries and roots without the fear of man. Some, who had less resolution, gave up their religion, and subscribed to the Catholic terms.

One city, however, determined to be faithful to the last; and this was Rochelle. Here the firmhearted and true collected, and against this city the strength of the French monarchy was directed. War was declared, and Byron was instructed to besiege the city. He was tardy in his movements, and earnestly desirous of an accommodation. It was the depth of winter; the city was protected on one side by the sea, and on all the others by marshes.

Representations were made to the King, which induced him to try to bring them to obedience. Charles employed, for this purpose, La Nouë, the former governor of Rochelle, a man of dis-

tinguished worth and honor, who was friendly to the Huguenot cause, and had married into Coligni's family. He was in active service abroad at the time of the St. Bartholomew massacre, or he would have been sacrificed as a heretic.

La Nouë undertook this office from the purest and most disinterested principles. Unfortunately the King, measuring his character by his own, to stimulate his endeavours, restored to him part of the confiscated estates of Coligni, and it was not till he had begun the negotiation, that this bribe was given. La Nouë had long been the trust of the Rochellois; he who had won glory by the success of his arms, was now ready to aid them in their just cause; and when they learnt that he would be with them, hope and confidence revived.

When La Nouë proceeded to announce his errand, — that he came to persuade them to admit Byron amicably within the city, — they answered, that they had expected to see their former friend, one who had fought for the glorious cause; but they were convinced that some traitor had assumed his name, and even counterfeited his voice and manner.

La Nouë was stung to the quick by this reception, but proceeded calmly to state his motives. There is something in the voice of integrity that carries power with it; they began to yield their

confidence, when the news arrived, that Charles had restored to him the confiscated estates of Coligni. Again their suspicions were roused, and it was with much difficulty that they could be calmed. After a long debate, they offered him the command of the garrison, and to live among them as a private citizen, conjuring him not to desert them now in their hour of need. Great, indeed, was his perplexity. After deliberately weighing all circumstances, he determined to accept their offer in the full belief, that, by persuading them to an honorable capitulation with Charles, he should save his beloved city. It is not our purpose to enter into a minute description of this first memorable seige of Rochelle, which has furnished themes for history and romance. La Nouë undoubtedly found he had undertaken too arduous a task, to serve two masters, and was finally glad to surrender his post, after contending against the infatuation and bigotry of the Protestant preachers, who urged him to give battle, saying, the Lord would perform miracles for his chosen people. La Nouë replied, that God had given us reason for a guide, and it was not to be expected that he would perform miracles, if we went in direct contradiction to the guide he had afforded us.

The Duke of Anjou, second brother to the King, had arrived at the royal camp to take com-

mand of the army. He was accompanied by a brilliant suite, the Duke of Alençon, his younger brother, the King of Navarre, the Prince of Condé, and the Dukes of Guise, Aumale, and Longueville. The Duke of Aumale was soon killed by a cannon ball, in a sortie. This event was pronounced by the Huguenots a judgment of God for the murder of Coligni.

At length Montgomery appeared in the bay, with a fleet in aid of Rochelle, containing a larger number of sail than belonged to the royalists, but vastly inferior in discipline and order, and made up of a motley gathering of all nations. Indeed, Elizabeth, by way of apology to Charles, declared she had sent only pickpockets and thieves, that she hoped would be condemned for piracy.

Byron had been willing to leave to the Duke of Anjou the success of arms at Rochelle; but that Prince now found himself embarrassed by the disaffection of his brother Alençon. Since the murder of Coligni, whom Alençon loved and revered, his interest in the reformed cause had been increasing; probably, his intercourse with Navarre and Condé had confirmed his views. These factions, with the courage, perseverance, and gallantry of the besieged, began wholly to dishearten the princely leader. Five times he bravely led the royalists to the attack, and they were as many times driven back. At length he

received a wound that disabled him for battle, and, in the mean time, the news was brought him, that he was elected to the throne of Poland.

Catharine, his mother, had long been negotiating for this honor. The bravery and skill of Anjou, so lately exhibited, endeared him to the French nation; and losing him as their head inclined them to conciliatory measures, and the royalists at length proposed terms of peace, wholly favorable to the Huguenots, by whom they were gladly accepted; for they afterwards confessed, that, beset by famine and sickness, they could not have held out three months longer.

Thus ended this memorable siege, which had been prolonged nine months. The royal army, composed of the best troops and chief nobility of France, had lost forty thousand men by disease and casualty. The expense was immense, and the King in reality gained not a single advantage. Such is war in its failure; it is only in its success that it is loaded with worldly honors.

Notwithstanding the bravery of the inhabitants of Rochelle, much of their good fortune was to be attributed to the local situation of the town, and the strength of its fortifications. Placed at the head of a noble bay, sheltered from every wind, and so spacious that it might contain all the navies in the world, it was yet protected by its own small harbour, which admitted vessels of

the heaviest burden. Two forts guarded its entrance, and between them a chain of prodigious strength was thrown across. On every other side were erected massive walls, flanked with lofty towers at short distances. To complete the security of the place, the tide flowed round it twice a day, and, when it was expedient, flood-gates were closed to retain the water. With the present relief of the brave Huguenots, we turn to another portion of our history, and once more enter the Louvre, the abode of Charles and Catharine de Medicis.

CHAPTER XII.

DEATH OF CHARLES THE NINTH.

The Louvre, at this time, was rather more like a fortress than a palace. It did not become the residence of the Kings of France till the reign of Charles the Ninth. Francis the First and Henry the Second had occasionally resided in it, and, as was natural, had added decorations according to their own taste. Francis often gave splendid entertainments in this palace; but the external aspect of it was not changed by the gallantry and festivities within. It looked more like a prison than a royal abode. It was composed of Gothic towers, surrounded with a deep and wide ditch, across which were thrown bridges and huge gates. Henry, his successor, usually resided at the palace of the Tournelles. It was there the tournament was held, which occasioned his premature death.

On that occasion, Catharine de Medicis, the cruel abettor of the massacre of St. Bartholomew, seems to have shown human feeling; but, taking into view the events of her life, we are

rather inclined to believe that superstition mingled with the horror with which she contemplated her husband's dead body, laid in state in the very hall where the event took place, and the gaudy and glittering hangings and ornaments, exchanged for funeral torches, black cloth, altars, and services for the dead. With a violence consistent with her character, she ordered it to be razed to its foundation, and all the grounds and gardens to be destroyed. From that time she had usually inhabited the Louvre. It was now particularly calculated for her purposes; its ditches, and drawbridges were soon to be in requisition. From the year 1564 she had been engaged in building the palace of the Tuileries, for her own particular residence.

It must be remembered, that she sprang from the family of the Medici, and inherited their taste for the arts. She was shocked with the barbarous specimens of architecture which she found at Paris, and determined to raise one magnificent edifice on the model of ancient Greece.

As soon as the Duke of Anjou had sufficiently recovered his health, splendid preparations were made for his coronation. At this time there seems to have been a change in his character; he grew languid and indifferent on the subject of his accession to the crown of Poland, and required the determined and constant energy of his

ambitious mother to spur him on. At the end of a few months, however, the new King of Poland took his departure, accompanied to the confines of Lorraine by his mother, Charles, and the nobility of the Court.

After the departure of Henry, Francis, Duke of Alençon, though still very young, began to claim, with the title of Anjou, the posts and honors of the kingdom, assigned to his brother. But he was an object of suspicion to the Court, on account of the favor he had shown to the reformed party, and his avowed love and regret for Coligni.

A treaty had been formed by Catharine for the marriage of the Duke of Anjou with Elizabeth, Queen of England. That wily maiden, after holding him in suspense for a long time, and exercising the experience of forty over the ambitious views of a youth of not much more than half her own age, at length wearied him out, and he gave up the pursuit.

When Alençon had pleaded hard for promotion, and the posts his brother had held before his election to the Polish throne, Catharine informed him, that, with that maternal love which had always actuated her, she had formed a plan for his advancement, that would raise him far above the King of Poland.

"What is it?" said Alençon, who was the

only one of Catharine's children that was not immediately under her control.

"The hand of the Queen of England," replied Catharine, solemnly; "though refused to Anjou, I have secret reasons for believing you will be a successful suitor."

The loud and uncontrollable burst of laughter which followed this grave proposal, which Alençon fully understood as a *ruse de guerre*, greatly incensed Catharine, and she immediately ordered the boy from her presence. He hastened to his confidential friend, Henry of Navarre, and disclosed the *secret of state*, with all the boisterous mirth for which he was distinguished, advising him to get a divorce from his sister Margaret, and tilt with him for his Protestant Queen.

Catharine had overrated the inexperience and thoughtlessness of Alençon. He saw at once, by this absurd proposal, that she merely meant to feed him with hopes, and he determined to throw off all restraint. The Huguenots were soon informed of his state of mind, and offered him the command of their party, telling him, that, by becoming the head of it, he would soon be more absolute than Charles could make him.

The plan was speedily laid, and, owing to the sickness of Charles, Alençon had opportunity for his operations. Catharine, however, was ever on the watch, and had placed vigilant spies about the

Court. She soon perceived that the mind of her youngest son was agitated by projects, and she cunningly drew from him observations, confirming her suspicions that not only he, but Navarre and Condé, were ripe for rebellion. Her first step was to arrest them all as prisoners of state, and confine them in the Louvre, causing the gates to be closed and guarded. Condé, by some chance, escaped. This was termed a conspiracy, and many were put to death.

Though the Huguenots were disappointed in the hope of securing Alençon for their head, yet, hearing of the severities practised at Court upon their friends and favorers, they again appeared in arms in many parts of France. La Nouë, who had honorably fulfilled his engagements with Charles, and at the same time was in the confidence of the Huguenots, took the command of one section of the army, and Montgomery of another. The latter was taken prisoner, and conveyed to Paris. Catharine no sooner understood that he was in her power, than she ordered his execution.

When Catharine found that Condé had escaped, she turned all her art towards Navarre, hoping to prevail on him to confess who were the chief contrivers of the plan. He at once refused to compromise any one, but offered to give his answer in writing.

Margaret, his wife, seems at this time to have interested herself in his cause, and, on this occasion, became his secretary. What he dictated she wrote with grace and skill. So far from giving them any new light, Henry turned upon his accusers, enumerated the injuries he had sustained, and deplored the loss of his dearest friends. Alençon, when questioned, appears to have met the accusers with scoffs and disdain; he told them he was willing to give them any information that would set their minds at rest, and was condemned for his boyish behaviour, as he actually exaggerated his own intentions.

Both of the Princes were made prisoners; but Catharine, to avoid any imputation of the kind, conveyed them with her (though sufficiently guarded) to the different palaces. At the Tuileries, she exhibited them both as equally her beloved children.

The life of Charles was now fast drawing to a close. His illness excited various suspicions in that superstitious age. Some affirmed, that magicians, by their arts, had produced his decline; others declared a poison was administered. As he labored under an affection of the lungs with some other diseases, probably his death was a natural one. Of his mental agony, there seems to be no doubt.

Let us, in imagination, behold him in his last

sickness, attended by a faithful nurse, who had borne him in her arms in his infancy. "Come nearer, nearer," said he to her, in a hoarse voice. "Do you see that ghastly figure? look at that wound! he is dying! it was I that shot him! O, I have followed wicked advice!"

"It was those that counselled you, that were to blame," said the poor woman, willing to offer consolation; "you never would have done such deeds of yourself."

"My God, pardon me!" he again exclaimed; "be merciful! where will this end? I am lost, — lost for ever!"

His eyes wandered round the apartment, as if following some terrifying object. They rested on his mother, who, at that moment, entered. He shuddered and closed them. For several days he refused to look upon her.

What are the pangs of approaching dissolution, the laboring breath, the icy limbs, the failing sight, compared to the overwhelming agony of remorse! In vain his affectionate nurse repeated again and again, "Sire, be the murders on those who forced you to them;" his own heart was his accuser, and lay open to him, at this solemn moment.

As he grew weaker, his agony became less acute. He asked his mother not to leave him,

held her hand fast in his, and died, on the 30th of May, at the early age of twenty-five.

By his will, his mother was left sole Regent, till the arrival of his brother from Poland, who was his lawful successor.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE NEW KING.

The King of Poland no sooner heard of his brother's death, than he determined to make his escape, and return to France. This conduct was every way disgraceful, and gives us the first idea of the part he was to act upon the theatre of life.

The greatest expectations were formed by the French royalists on the subject of Henry the Third. He was in the bloom of youth, having scarcely attained the age of twenty-three and had already signalized himself by his courage and noble bearing. He had acquired great military fame in the battles against the Huguenots. His figure was fine, his manner dignified and amiable, and his eloquence uncommon. He had been present at the massacre of St. Bartholomew, and, notwithstanding his youth, bore a part in those cruelties, which, among the royalists, won him applause. The nation were looking towards him as a hero and a monarch, that would heap glory upon them. Even the Huguenots entertained

hopes, that, by pursuing conciliatory measures, he would unite them to their lawful sovereign.

Perhaps he might have adopted such measures, but for the baneful counsels of Catharine. But she assured him, that it was his best policy to continue the war, and this unfortunate course was pursued.

It soon, however, became obvious, that Henry the Third was a totally different character from the Duke of Anjou. This change seems to be truly wonderful. That a bold, daring, high-spirited youth, should change his whole character at the age of twenty-three, appears incredible. The fact is asserted by every historian, and no attempt made to account for it. A simple and not improbable cause has been suggested. He had received a severe wound immediately before his departure for Poland, at the siege of Rochelle. It has been already mentioned, that his ardor for his new kingdom abated, and he was only stimulated to take possession of it by his mother. It would seem from the time of his wound and illness that his character changed, and, therefore, it may be attributed to physical causes. We all know how the nerves may be shattered, and what a total exhaustion of the constitution may take place from violent and sudden disease or accident. The mind loses its power and energy. The new King, instead of being interested in affairs of

state, intrenched himself in his palace, surrounded by parasites. He professed a sudden and violent passion for Louise de Vaudemont ; but she seems to have had but little power over him, and was only a beautiful pageant when he reclined in a barge, richly decorated, and sailed on the river Saone. Her virtue and good sense might have secured the lasting affection of a wiser man.

About this time, all Paris was in commotion at a pious procession, which walked through the streets. They were so completely disguised by their dress, that no individual could be known. Clothed in large sacks, with places cut for the eyes and the feet, and a large red cross on the shoulder, they patrolled all the principal streets, much to the edification of pious Catholics. It was soon known, that the King was the head and originator of this Order, which took the name of *Penitents*, from an Order of the kind in Avignon. It must have been amusing to see the King and nobles withdraw from their penitentiary sacks, and seat themselves at their luxurious feasts.

One of the most distinguished of the Court paid dear for this mummery. Cardinal Lorraine, not willing to be outdone by his monarch in acts of penitence, followed him, bare-headed, on a cold December evening, with "his feet shod in scanty sandals," holding a crucifix aloft. He took a violent cold, which terminated his exist-

ence in his fiftieth year. The night of his death is described as peculiarly tempestuous; a storm raged without, with uncommon violence; but, amidst the howling of the blast and the roar of the elements, the ravings of the Cardinal could be heard in the distant apartments of the palace. So dreadful were his imprecations, that some of his superstitious attendants maintained, that hosts of the spirits of darkness came to conduct the parting soul to their realms, with shouts of welcome.

The death of the Cardinal was a relief to Henry, who feared his influence, and had delayed his marriage with Louise, who was a relative of the Cardinal, lest it might increase the power of the Guises. By his death, this fear was removed, and the unfortunate girl was torn from her lover, to whom she was tenderly attached, and doomed to aggrandize her family by the sacrifice of her own happiness. It was strikingly characteristic of the King's present character, that, on the morning of his nuptials, he was so much occupied with his own and his bride's decorations, that the ceremony was not only deferred beyond the time appointed, but even some of the chantings were obliged to be omitted from the prolonged delay of the royal ceremony. The trappings and brilliant jewels of France poorly concealed the secret sorrow of the young bride, whose pale face and gushing tears told her tale of woe.

The Duke of Alençon had been quieted by the hopes of obtaining the crown of Poland, which his brother had relinquished ; but this nation were too much dissatisfied with the conduct of Catharine and Henry to receive a second monarch from them, and elected Stephano Baltori to that honor, a Hungarian of great fame and valor.

Alençon, thoroughly disgusted with the duplicity that had been used towards him by his nearest relations, determined to escape from the Court, where he was scrupulously guarded, with the King of Navarre. Late at night, on pretence of visiting a female friend, he left the Tuileries, where he was then residing, accompanied by gentlemen, who were in fact guards appointed by the Queen. The lady resided near one of the Fauxbourgs of St. Marceau. He desired his attendants to wait in the street, and entered the house. He passed through it, as had been previously concerted, and, issuing from a private door, made his way to the gate, where he met a horse in readiness, which he mounted and rode to Dreux, a city under his command. He then wrote a manifesto, inviting all discontented parties to repair to his standard, and a particular clause for the Huguenots.

The dismay of Catharine and Henry was extreme, when they learned the escape of Alençon.

Immediate search was made for him. "Dead or alive," said Henry, "he must be brought back; he is about to kindle the flames of war in my dominions." Finding him wholly beyond his reach, he offered bribes and the most urgent solicitations to him to return.

In the mean time, Catharine, fully aware that Navarre only wanted a similar opportunity to escape, turned all her attention towards reconciling him to his captivity. The most splendid and expensive *fêtes* were given, attended by the syrens of the Court; and Margaret is said to have willingly assisted her mother in the snares laid for the too yielding Navarre.

The Duke of Alençon (or Anjou as he was now called, having taken the former title of the King) had always been inaccessible to the flattery and beguilements of his mother. He had no taste for the more refined and studied licentiousness of Catharine's court, but sought his amusements elsewhere. He would not conform to the etiquette of court dress, now become necessary under the auspices of Henry the Third. The materials were most costly, gold, silver, and brocaded stuffs, and the fashion was said to be continually fluctuating. La Nouë complained, that all distinctive marks of dress were broken down. He says, coblers wear gilt swords and silk stockings, the last a piece of elegance that Henry

the Second never knew in his whole life. At any continuation of festivals, the noblemen and ladies were ordered by the King to appear in a new dress every day.

Francis the First, with his taste for chivalry, could not be unmindful of a becoming costume. He wore a hat, as he is often pictured, decorated with white plumes and precious stones, the brim turned up in front with a huge diamond. Henry the Second changed the pageantry of the hat for a bonnet or cap. Henry the Third substituted in its place a toque, resembling a turban. The toque was composed of velvet, richly adorned with jewels, and fantastically brought over one ear, leaving the other exposed, in which was hung an Orient pearl or diamond of great value. He always wore ear-rings, which, of course, became a universal custom among all classes, and even to this day is not wholly abandoned by Frenchmen.

White ruffs, curiously plaited, were worn in Charles's time, but Henry adopted the little Italian collars, turned over to show the neck. Gold chains were generally worn by the nobility, and were a choice present of Henry to his favorites.

Margaret of Valois was distinguished for the elegance of her costume, both before and after her marriage with the King of Navarre. Though

she required no aid of art, being singularly beautiful, yet, with the superfluity of modern invention, she often wore false hair and paint ; perhaps, however, as a disguise, for she sometimes had recourse to such subterfuges. She always travelled masked, but probably this was to defend her complexion from sun and wind.

Henry of Navarre wore at his nuptials a uniform of pale yellow satin, covered with the richest embroidery, wrought in relief, and decorated with pearls and precious stones. One of the Queen of Navarre's gowns was black satin, covered with embroidery, which cost from four to five hundred crowns.

It is amusing to observe in every age the ingenuity of dress in changing the human figure. It was the fashion to be tall, and those ladies, who were below the proper standard, raised themselves by what they called pattens, made of cork ; the petticoats being so extremely long as entirely to cover the feet. They were often raised by their pattens several inches above the ground. The mourning of that period was black, white, and gray, with violet or blue stockings. They were not allowed to wear precious stones, except upon their fingers ; but they might wear pearls on their necks and arms. Margaret was obliged to wear mourning for Jane, her husband's mother, and to give up her gemmed ear-rings ; but she

substituted in their stead pendants, in the shape of human skulls, made of ivory, and chaplets of the same.

We cannot but remark, how much earlier extreme luxury was introduced, than real comfort and convenience. When Henry changed his place of residence, it was necessary to remove the tapestries, and part of the furniture for his apartments, they were so scantily supplied. The want of neatness is spoken of by their own historians. La Nouë says, "They bring tapestries from Flanders, and beds from Milan, but the nobles ought to be ashamed to keep their rooms so filthy." The fauteuils, or chairs, for which the French are now so remarkable, were not then seen, even in the palaces of princes. They used a species of benches, and Brantôme, the historian, calls them chests or trunks. Under Henry the Third, arm-chairs were invented, but were confined to the Court.

Perhaps there is nothing which marks the progress of true refinement more, than the consistency, order, neatness, elegance, and comfort, of the mansions of the wealthy. With all the luxury of Henry's Court, there was a remarkable want of consistency in the arrangements.

The flight of Alençon was too important an event, not to rouse all the energies of the Queen-mother; and while she intrusted to Margaret the

care of amusing and beguiling Navarre, and making his imprisonment a pastime, she judged it expedient to follow Alençon, and endeavour to win him back.

Though there was but little true affection between Henry of Navarre and Margaret, his generous and open character, with his manly and noble disposition, won, in some measure, her interest.

Hitherto, theatrical exhibitions, though sometimes got up, were of the most puerile and ordinary kind ; but a company of Italian comedians had arrived, and a theatre was opened in the palace of Bourbon, near the Louvre. Margaret, delighted with this amusement, prevailed on her husband to accompany her. Peori, one of the principal actors, no sooner found that Navarre was present, than he secretly obtained an interview with the Prince, and informed him, that, on his way through the provinces, he and his company had been captured by the Huguenots, and had been ransomed by Henry the Third ; that he was intrusted with private papers, and took that opportunity to deliver them into his hands. Though of but little real import, as valuable documents would hardly have been intrusted to such a messenger, they were enough to rouse the sleeping desire of Henry to be once more among his people ; and, on his return, he communicated

to Margaret his resolution to escape, and conjured her, as she valued his peace of mind, to assist him.

"Now," said Margaret, "you have adopted the right method. Had you made me prime minister, as my mother has done, you would have secured me to your cause."

Catharine obtained several interviews with Anjou, and also with some of the principal Huguenots, and at length, by large concessions, obtained a truce from all hostilities for six months. On her return, she found the affairs of the Court in a deplorable state. The King had demanded supplies, and received an unceremonious refusal, with a spirited remonstrance, from the city authorities, upon the venality, the luxury, and the rapacity of the Court. Henry, though greatly enraged at this return, instead of the supplies he had exacted, was too well trained by his mother to discover his indignation, and civilly dismissed the deputies.

In the mean time, Margaret determined to effect her husband's liberation, and perhaps secure to herself a more entire independence. She therefore proposed to her mother, that herself, with the ladies of the Court, should join the hunting-parties of Navarre, which he was allowed, under a strict guard. This arrangement lulled the fears of the Queen-mother, who saw little danger of the young

Prince's escape, while attended by the beautiful *Daielle* and Canavalet, women by whose fascinations he was bound. A bad cold and fever confined Margaret to her bed on the day of one of these excursions, and, as had been previously concerted by him and the Sieur de Fervaques, accompanied by a few friends, Navarre set out in the morning, under pretence of hunting the stag. Having dexterously evaded those attendants who were not in his interest, he rode rapidly forward, and plunged into the river below Paissy; then, proceeding by a circuitous route, he reached his own government of Guyenne. Here, sheltered by thick forests, he felt a degree of security. The Duke of Sully, who was then a mere boy in his suite, followed him.

When he emerged from the wood and found himself on the banks of the Loire near the bridge of Saumur, he thanked God for his deliverance. "In Paris," said he, "they have made way with my mother; they have murdered the brave Coligni and our devoted friends, and, but for the mercy of Heaven, they would have done the same by me. I will never return with life, unless I return free."

"Is there nothing, Sire, that you leave behind with regret?" inquired Fervaques, alluding to the ladies of the Court.

"But two things," replied Henry, smiling;

"the mass, and my wife; the first, I must contrive to do without; my wife, I must see again."

It may be doubted, whether one held a much higher place in his esteem than the other. The conduct of Margaret had been such as to alienate her husband, and probably his absence was the thing she most desired, though she complained that he did not take leave of her, she being ill with a cold.

In passing through Tours, he made a public profession of the reformed faith, candidly avowing, that he had been present at the mass, and taken other steps, merely to save his life.

Navarre immediately held a conference with the Duke of Anjou, and also with the Duke Casimir, son of the Elector Palatine, who had formed a confederacy with the Huguenots. Condé, too, was amongst them, the friend and companion of Navarre, and was now at the head of a large number of brave soldiers. Since his escape, when arrested with Navarre for an alleged conspiracy, he had been active in uniting the scattered troops. His clear and cool judgment immediately perceived, that the only way to make Monsieur the Duke of Anjou useful to their cause, was to place him in powerful opposition to Henry, and he voluntarily surrendered his command to the Prince. A numerous army, certainly not less than fifty thousand men, were now

collected with Navarre, D'Alençon, and Casimir, as chiefs.

When we consider the youth of these generals, the ardor and impetuosity of their characters, the advantage they had gained over the French king, who had neither men nor money, and whose effeminate habits unfitted him for all exertion, we might augur the success of the allied forces.

CHAPTER XIV.

CATHARINE OF BOURBON.

Henry of Navarre's first thought when he found himself free, was, to have his only sister, Catharine, under his protection. Since the death of her mother, she had resided at the Court of France, and, though of a gay and lively turn of mind, had, by the counsels of her brother, declined mingling in the revels of the palace, devoting herself to innocent and useful pursuits, and the attainment of modern accomplishments. Secluded, however, as she had lived, the Count de Soissons discovered that the palace contained this treasure. He had first seen her rapidly passing through the apartments, and, at length, petitioned Navarre for an introduction. As he professed the warmest interest in the Huguenot cause, as well as personal friendship for the house of Navarre, the request was a natural one. Henry's nature was wholly unsuspicious ; and, though he might have been warned by the many weaknesses of his own heart, he did not, for a moment, suspect that he was presenting a lover to his sister.

Such, however, it proved to be ; and the Count, whether or not he surrendered disinterestedly his own affections, easily perceived, that he had won those of Catharine. This young Princess was not unworthy of the line whence she sprang, and inherited many of the virtues of her noble mother. Ardent and generous in her disposition, to love once was, in her full belief, to love always. The Count saw, that there was no necessity for bonds or oaths ; and when, in consequence of her brother's summons, which the Queen-mother had no pretence to resist, she took her departure from the brilliant Court of France, she felt that no human power could sever her from him.

The Count knew more of the policy of nations and kings. The young Rosney, Duke of Sully, was the messenger of Navarre, appointed to conduct Catharine to her brother. Previously to her departure, the Count obtained an interview. He found her radiant with smiles, and sparkling with vivacity. "Is it thus," said he, "you leave me ? How different are your emotions from mine. My heart dies within me when I reflect that you may be sacrificed to ambitious schemes, and even Navarre urge you to this self-sacrifice."

"Now, indeed," said Catharine, gayly, "I am angry with you ; you may, if you please, in lover-

like language, doubt *my* constancy, and imagine that all the world covets your treasure; but that you should for a moment suspect my high-minded brother of controlling my inclination, is unworthy of him and yourself. My mother, on her death-bed, left her injunctions to Navarre, that I should never marry but with my free consent. What wouldst thou have more," added she, leaning forward, and presenting her hand. "Farewell, faithless one; when we meet again, I will shame thee for thy unbelief." With a light step she quitted the apartment, as the Count, issuing from it by another door, joined the train who were assembled to take leave of the young Princess.

While Catharine, with the grace for which she was distinguished, bowed to one, kissed her hand to another, and lavished sunny smiles on a third, for the Count de Soissons, alone, was reserved that expression of sensibility, of tenderness, of confiding truth, that promises all. There was no gloom, scarce a parting regret, to cloud her fair white brow. A female friend and companion accompanied her. There had been no congeniality between the Queen-mother, Margaret, and herself. She was going to a brother, who had recovered his liberty and his kingdom, and she only waited for a propitious moment of rest, to tell him that her choice was made, and

ask his benediction. Such is the picture of youth, before stern reality has blighted its anticipations.

The state of the French nation, at this time, was truly forlorn. Henry would gladly have retired to a monastery, and spent the remainder of his days in licentious revelry and superstitious and fanatical atonements. In the midst of the civil war which hung over him, he was wholly engrossed by his dogs, and by his favorites, young men of low and dissipated habits, who flattered his foibles, and administered to his follies. The dreadful massacre of St. Bartholomew had driven from France many of its most valuable artisans and mechanics. The doctrines of the Reformation had spread among a race of independent, thinking men; and many such had fled from France, withdrawing the great wealth of the nation, their powers and resources. What the French nation lost, other nations gained. England, Germany, Switzerland, and Holland had afforded an asylum to a firm, active, noble-minded race of laborers and mechanics, and France had drained itself, not only of its blood, but of this its best treasure. What Henry could not comprehend, the vigorous mind of Catharine de Medicis at once perceived, that a civil war at this crisis would be ruinous to the royalists, and she considered that no promises or

concessions ought to be spared that might gain back her son, break the confederacy, and secure a peace. It is unnecessary to recapitulate the terms offered. Had they been observed, the war of the Huguenots would have been at an end. Little as the heads of the confederacy could trust to her faith, they were again induced to rely on it. She had the address to make them lay down their arms, and sign a peace, which was called "La paix de Monsieur."

A short time proved, that the conditions were not meant to be observed ; and Catharine plainly avowed, that they were only made to break up the confederacy, and withdraw her son from the dangerous alliance. She actually denied that she promised any thing.

In the evil which threatened Catharine, she seems to have lost sight of a still more fatal one, that was now forming in the heart of the kingdom. The young Duke of Guise inherited the talents and ambition of his father. He had studied the state of the nation, and saw that, exclusive of the Huguenot party, it was convulsed by different factions. He at once perceived, that, if he could unite these disaffected bodies, and place himself at the head of them, he might wield an engine, more powerful than royalty itself. While with consummate art he veiled the real design of this union, he caused it to be rep-

resented, that the time had arrived when all must form a defensive league for the crown, and the civil and religious rights of the nation.

It was not long, before the King received intelligence of the formation of the league, and its true import, which was, to create a power superior to all others, of which the Duke of Guise was to be the head. Though the league professed to guard scrupulously the Catholic religion, and crush all heretics, it was so worded, that it might direct its reforming powers to any object, however unconnected with religion. The confederates bound themselves, by solemn oaths, "to dedicate their lives and fortunes to the suppression of any opponents of the league, to obtain the fulfilment of its conditions, and to consider any one, who did not unite with them, as a traitor, and a renegade from God; and to assure its agents, that they might take all steps to enforce it with impunity; and, above all, they were to promise unconditional obedience to the chief, who had power to punish the negligent and refractory as he pleased."

A more arbitrary scheme could scarcely be invented. A vigorous king would at once have taken measures to crush such a confederacy; but Henry, trembling at the threatening form it assumed, had recourse to a step which betrayed his weakness; he immediately came forward, and

advocated the league, and not only signed it, but declared himself its head, to the exclusion of Guise.

This step, so decided, in which he bound himself not only to banish the reformed religion, but to produce a uniformity throughout the nation, convinced the Huguenots they had no measures to keep. Henry had refused to ratify the "Peace of Monsieur," and they now saw, in their king, merely the head of a cabal. Hitherto they had contended only for the toleration of their religion; but the present state of things changed their position, and they determined to form counter-leagues with England and the Protestants of Germany. Navarre was declared general, and Condé his lieutenant-general.

Two royal armies took the field; one under the command of the Duke of Anjou, now a bitter foe to the Reformation, the other under the command of the Duke of Mayenne, younger brother of the Duke of Guise. To the elder brother, Henry feared to give the command of so powerful an army.

The royalists were successful in their enterprise. The Huguenots, weakened by internal jealousies, distrusted each other. Many Catholics enlisted under Navarre. Indeed, his army was made up of all nations and religions, and of soldiers who fought for pay. The austerity of

the Calvinists poorly brooked this proximity. Some distrusted Condé, and one place after another surrendered to the Dukes of Mayenne and Anjou.

The King, instead of pursuing victory, yielded to the effeminacy of his habits and to his narrow finances, which could ill support a war, and furnish him with luxuries. He proposed a peace. Navarre was too wise to reject it, notwithstanding the remonstrances of Beza, the ancient friend of Calvin, who wrote an earnest letter to him, urging him to reject the terms offered. The treaty was signed at Bergerac. The news reached Condé at Rochelle, in the dead of the night. He would not wait till morning, but ordered it to be proclaimed by torch-light. La Nouë was despatched by Navarre to Languedoc; and when he arrived at Montpellier, he discovered two bodies of troops, just rushing to battle. He ordered his courier to blow a loud and fearful blast, and, galloping forward at full speed, dashed between the ranks, and, holding up the treaty, shouted, "Peace! Peace!"

The terms of this peace were far from satisfactory to the Huguenots; but, under existing circumstances, they were more favorable than could have been expected.

It may not be amiss, at this period, to give some account of the ninth national Synod of the

Reformed churches of France. The education of youth was there strongly enforced; but a rogue, deposed from the ministry for clipping coin, was recommended as a teacher, on account of his poverty and numerous family of children, though great watchfulness over him was enjoined. Frequent catechizing is recommended; short, plain, and familiar questions and answers, accommodating themselves to the capacity of the people. They were recommended to preach short sermons, and not dwell too long upon a text. Both sexes are required to observe great modesty in their manner of wearing their hair, and were forbidden to put into verse, or poems, Scripture stories, unless they confined themselves strictly to Scripture terms. Sumptuary laws were enacted, and endeavours made to restore the old Calvinistic, or, what the English call, Puritanic system, in its fullest extent.

Henry the Third, by this period of tranquillity, was left to indulge himself in his favorite amusements. The Court had become a scene of most disgusting exhibitions. *Fêtes* were given, in which the King appeared dressed like an Amazon, and sometimes clad in a female court-dress, his neck open, his throat encircled with pearls, and his hair curled in ringlets. His favorites were chosen according to his own caprice, from some imaginary attraction, without regard to birth or

character; and their vulgar insolence often occasioned fierce quarrels with the *noblesse*, in which the King always took their part. Three of his *minions* (for by this epithet his favorites were known), Quelvis, Mangiron, and Livarot, fell in duels. The King expressed the most violent affliction, took the earrings out of his dead favorites' ears, and placed them in his own. The contempt which the nation felt for him was ill disguised; and all turned their hopes towards the Duke of Guise, who was not slow to take advantage of their total alienation from the monarch.

Catharine, in the mean time, began to affect great regret, that her daughter Margaret, should be thus separated from Navarre, for they had never met since his escape; and, under pretence of conducting her to her husband, prepared for a visit to him. This step was acceded to by Margaret, as her stay at the court had become unpleasant, owing to the alienation which existed between her brother, the King, and herself.

Monsieur, Duke of Anjou, who had returned from his successful campaign against the Huguenots, now resided at the Louvre. He excited the jealousy of the King by his deportment, who conceived suspicions that he had designs on his life. There does not appear to have been any foundation for this idea, which was un-

doubtedly suggested to Henry by evil-minded persons, who hated Anjou. There was little to love in this Prince ; his personal appearance was repulsive, and, except his affection for the good and virtuous Coligni, which seems to have been sincere, notwithstanding it was attributed to political motives, we hardly find a redeeming point in his disposition.

The opinion the King of Navarre entertained of the character of Anjou ought to have weight, as he was a fellow-prisoner with him at the Louvre, and often his confident. "He will deceive me," said he, "if he ever fulfils the expectations conceived of him" (by the United Provinces, who had solicited him to take command of their army) ; "he has so little courage, a heart so double and malignant, that I cannot persuade myself that he will ever do any thing that is great."

The suspicions entertained by the King induced him to place a guard over his brother, to prevent his escape. This he however effected a second time, by the aid of Margaret. She let him down by means of ropes from the window of her apartment, on the second story, which overlooked the palace *fosse*.

This defiance of the King, with her imprudent and even shameless conduct, had long occasioned violent reproaches between them, where

both could retaliate on each other the most offensive charges ; but this last act, of contriving her brother's escape, rendered her abode at the palace extremely uncomfortable, Henry treating her with marked contempt, and forbidding her his presence. She therefore acceded to her mother's plan, of returning to her husband. For this purpose she had a splendid chariot built, gilt on the outside, and the inside lined with yellow velvet, edged with silver.

Though Henry received his wife with civility, he could neither love nor respect her. Catharine de Medicis brought with her a numerous suite, and no one doubted that her object was merely a political one. She endeavoured to prevail on Navarre to come to Paris ; but he wholly rejected the idea.

Though the visit was made in consequence of the peace, petty hostilities on both sides constantly took place. The Queen-mother held her Court near, and often both Courts were assembled at the same place. The most splendid festivals were given on both sides, and the utmost politeness and deference were observed within prescribed boundaries. Continual causes of discontent, however, were arising, from the intrigues of Catharine, and Navarre was not slow in making reprisals.

The two Courts met at Auch upon the occasion

of a splendid ball, given by Catharine de Medicis. Henry of Navarre had, from some circumstance, suspicions, which kept him alive to the Queen-mother's movements. That night he received intelligence, that La Réolle was delivered by the governor to the Catholics. He appeared as usual at the ball, and Catharine felt confident that he had no suspicion of her intrigues. He had, however, arranged his plans, and, late at night, while the revelry was at its height, privately withdrew to a neighbouring field, where, a number of men joining him, they marched all night to Fleurange, entered the gates, and took possession of the place. The next morning he sent the intelligence to her. "I see," said she, "this is in revenge for La Réole. The King of Navarre was resolved to have nut for nut, but mine is the better kernelled."

Whatever were her views in this visit, she determined, if possible, to accomplish them; and, while she joined in the splendid circles of the Court, with a spirit that even the young could scarcely emulate, on the other hand, she held private interviews with the Calvinistic ministers, and studied the Scripture vocabulary, that she might accommodate herself to their language. The unsuspecting ministers were some of them wholly astonished to find a woman renowned for her worldliness addressing them in their own

language. "Ye have come," said she to them, "as messengers of peace; the blessing of David, the Lord's anointed, be upon you. Declare your glad tidings, and I, as a mother in Israel, will listen." Some of the simple-hearted men were surprised, that such mistakes had gone abroad concerning the character of this mother in Israel. She accomplished, however, but little. Navarre was constantly on his guard, and with a suspicion wholly foreign to his generous and confiding character, kept up the closest inspection of her movements. At length, perceiving she could gain no advantage by remaining there, and could not succeed in persuading Navarre to return to Paris, she took leave of him.

The young sister of Navarre had been received on her return by the Huguenots with the warmest affection, which she repaid to its fullest extent. Under the protection of her brother she no longer checked her natural vivacity, and love of amusement, suitable to her age. Sully mentions, that she included *him*, though then very young, in all her parties, and kindly taught him herself the steps of a dance in a ballet that was performed with a great deal of magnificence. Yet, amidst the fascinations of a court, she remembered the early injunctions of her mother, and not only made an open profession of the reformed religion, but sought to lighten the burden of pov-

erty which fell on many of the aged ministers of the cause. Navarre had seen too much of the intriguing spirit of Catharine de Medicis, and of his wife's enterprising and unrestrained temper, not to dread that his sister should participate in any political cabals. Indeed, he entertained for her a tenderness that would willingly have shielded her from sorrow or disappointment. The Count de Soissons, soon after her return, repaired to Bearne and made known his pretensions to Henry, professing the strongest attachment to him, as well as to his sister. But, as he was a Catholic, and in the service of the King, Navarre did not yield a ready assent. Catharine, who possessed her mother's strength of feeling, informed him, without disguise, that the Count had won her heart, and besought him to yield his free and unqualified assent to their union. Henry affectionately assured her, that her happiness should be his first object, and, when fully convinced that the Count de Soissons would best promote it, with his own hand he would bestow her upon that nobleman.

"Remember," said Catharine, "my mother's last injunction, that I should marry with my own free consent."

"I do," said Navarre with a sigh, "but you forget one clause, — a *Protestant* nobleman."

"The Count is a Protestant in his heart," replied Catharine triumphantly.

"Then what prevents his renouncing the mass?" exclaimed Henry.

"Ah, brother," said Catharine, "can we ask that question? we who have been forced to draw near with our lips when our hearts were far away?"

"I assure you," replied Henry, his color heightening at this touching appeal, "that I want nothing but a fuller conviction of De Soissons' sincerity, to fulfil all you ask."

"Is it possible you can doubt that?" said Catharine, with vivacity. "I have ten thousand proofs of it!"

"Well," replied Henry, smiling, "I only ask *one*, a firm devotion to the reformed cause."

"And is this the only condition upon which you will give your consent? Supposing he is a Catholic at heart, which I am sure he is not, can you blame a nobleman who adheres to the religion in which he was born and bred, and which is the religion of his King and country?"

"Take care, my little sister," said Henry, "that in defence of your admirer you do not turn Papist yourself; but I will honestly answer your question, for it is a fair one; I should not blame such a person, but De Soissons does not take this stand; you say you believe he is a Protestant, and I will not disguise that he has given me hopes that he will join us with his party."

"If he should," said Catharine, "you will no longer talk in this cold manner; you will give your full consent to our union."

"My dear sister," replied Navarre, with earnestness, "though I am yet young in years, I have lived long enough to see myself disappointed in all my favorite prospects. I have but one treasure left, and shall I not guard it most carefully? The Count is discontented with the Court, and he earnestly desires to win you. I must find that he is worthy of you before I can yield to him the only treasure that remains to me. But trust to my true affection."

Shortly after this conversation De Soissons gave Henry intimation, that he was ready to join the Protestants, and requested him to send a body of troops to facilitate his passage over the Loire.

Catharine considered this step decisive for her happiness, and, in perfect security that no further obstacle could intervene, gave herself up to the unclouded anticipation of domestic enjoyment. Little as was the confidence between herself and the Queen of Navarre, she could not refrain from expressing her feelings.

Margaret smiled contemptuously. "When was it ever known," said she, "that a princess was happy? Had you been born in poverty, a poor outcast, toiling for your daily subsistence, or living indolently on roots and herbs, there

might have been a chance of your marrying the man of your choice. But a princess, the daughter of a Queen, look for happiness in wedded life!" and she shrugged her shoulders, and gave a sarcastic laugh.

"But surely something depends on ourselves," said Catharine timidly.

"Nothing," replied Margaret emphatically. "Our plans may be laid with all the skill of human wisdom; they may be so nicely adjusted in all their parts, that it shall seem next to an impossibility they should fail; yet, when we least expect it, they will be overthrown, and we be left among the ruins." A tear started to her eye, but even to the unpractised observation of Catharine there was in her emotion more of temper than feeling.

"I did not mean exactly that," said Catharine, "it is not *plans* I was alluding to, but our own truth and constancy. No one can compel us to change the object of our faithful affection."

"That may be true," said the Queen; "and yet motives may be strong enough to compel us to act as if we had."

"Never;" said Catharine with fervor, "nothing ought to compel us but finding the object unworthy, and then affection will die a natural death."

"If that is all," said Margaret bitterly, "it will die in infancy and never live to grow up."

Catharine turned slowly away; her tender and

feeling heart rejected the cold, sarcastic language of the Queen. She thought of her brother's lot, and lamented that he had had no opportunity of cultivating the highest and noblest propensities of human nature. "A wife unloving and unloved! Well may he say, he has been disappointed in all his favorite prospects. O," said she fervently, "may I never add a pang to those he has already endured!"

At this period the Huguenot cause was probably in its most flourishing condition. They had many learned and distinguished men on their side. The whole district from the Spanish frontier to Dordogne, a fertile and thickly-settled country, was peopled by the nobility devoted to the reformed cause; and the whole of Languedoc, one, if not the most, important province in France. At Marseilles reformed churches were established. Dauphiny contributed a gallant band of veteran Huguenot gentlemen, who had served through the war. In short, the South of France was filled with Protestants, zealous in the cause, and willing to contribute all within their power. The northern provinces were much less peopled with Huguenots, but in various places partisans were residing, who stood ready at the slightest warning to give their aid. While the chiefs of the reformers and the distinguished leaders have at all times been suspected of being actuated by po-

litical purposes in their defence of the Protestant cause, no such charge can attach itself to those who could gain by vigorous exertion and warfare, merely the enjoyment of their religion. At this time so large a body of true-hearted Huguenots could be collected as to be formidable to the throne. Added to this, a counter league was formed, of which Elizabeth of England was invited to become the head. The reformed party in the Netherlands were solicited to join; also the King of Denmark, and Protestants everywhere.

The pious and conscientious Catholics never omitted any opportunity of urging the conversion of Navarre; his reply to the Bishop of Rouen was full of dignity and truth. He had urged the suggestions of others, and Henry says, "Tell them who lay these suggestions before you, that religion is not to be changed as a man changes his shirt. It is graven on the heart; and, God be thanked, so deeply graven on mine, that it is as little in my power to lay it aside as it was to adopt it, as both processes depended upon the grace of God. You whisper that accidents may happen to the King and the Duke of Anjou. I never allow my imagination to wander so far forward on matters which I can neither foresee nor control; nor will I ever speculate on my own possible aggrandizement by the death of

those to whom I owe both life and service. But if God has so ordained (which I pray he may not have done), His providence, whenever he opens the gates, will smooth the path ; for it is by him that kings reign, and in his hand are the hearts of the people. Trust me, my cousin, the whole tenor of life will instruct you to cast all your cares on the guidance of God, who punishes no sin with greater severity than any abuse of the name of religion."

However dignified was this language, it is obvious that Henry of Navarre had forgotten the early counsels of his excellent mother, and that his union with Margaret, his residence at the court of France, and his association with the dissipated young men of the time, had produced a deterioration of conduct and principle. The Huguenots saw with bitter regret, that, in his love of pleasure, his loose morality, there was little remaining of the austere virtues of the early reformers, who resembled the Puritans of England. As yet, however, he was the zealous partisan of the reformed religion, and their hopes centred in him as their leader. His wife had again returned to Paris, and it was a matter of question on which side the wrongs were greatest. Her conduct, however, had wholly alienated her brother ; the most bitter remarks passed between them, and he seems to have hated her with his whole heart.

Though her beauty and accomplishments made her an object of admiration to the gay and dissipated society around her, she found her residence so uncomfortable from the aversion of the King, which undoubtedly her own conduct had brought upon her, that she determined to quit the Court, and once more return to her husband. The King had resolved to send her away, and readily acquiesced in this measure, saying, she would be much more properly placed near the inspection of Navarre.

"Most certainly," she replied, "for from him I shall experience no rudeness."

"Not if he know as much as I know, Madam"? answered the King.

"I fear no base insinuation with Navarre," she replied, "he has the greatness of mind that ought always to belong to a King."

"We will see," said the enraged monarch, and immediately despatched information to her husband, accusing her of the most disgraceful conduct. In the mean time Margaret quitted Paris, but the King, wishing to place a few more affronts upon her, sent messengers, and ordered her to be intruded upon even after she had retired to her bed, and, contented with this insult, gave her leave to proceed. Probably when he had recovered from his violent fit of passion, he saw the disgrace which would result to his own

family by any course of punishment Navarre might pursue, and he despatched another courier, to say that he had discovered the accusations against his sister to be false, and to request Henry to take no notice of them.

Navarre was indignant at this childish conduct; and, when he heard of the insults Margaret had received, he determined to demand an explanation. For this purpose he wrote to the King, to say, that if his wife had deserved the affront he had offered her, he should take measures to repudiate her; if she did not, it was for the interest of himself and his house that he should deliver up the authors of the slander, as he could not consent to receive her at the Court till this was done.

Henry probably entertained no doubt about the misconduct of his wife. He does not seem to have had a very nice sense of honor in this respect, and was willing to shut his eyes on her irregularities, perhaps feeling that he had but little right to reproach her; yet it became necessary, when the accusations were publicly made by her brother, not to tamely submit to a course of conduct that would draw upon him the contempt of the world. After some negotiations Navarre received the satisfaction from Henry that he demanded, and Margaret remained with her husband.

CHAPTER XV.

THE WAR OF THE THREE HENRIES.

The Duke of Anjou, after his second flight from France, had made unavailing attempts in the Netherlands, and a no less unsuccessful one upon Antwerp; but as it is the object of this history to abridge, or omit, as much as possible, accounts of events which do not immediately relate to the Huguenots, we shall not pursue him in his unfortunate career, but hasten to the period of his return to France.

The King seems to have become more affectionate towards his brother, who was his natural successor, as his hopes of leaving a lineal heir diminished. The Queen-mother received him with cordiality, and, as he arrived the 11th of February, 1584, at the beginning of the carnival, his safe return was included among the celebrations.

The King had now a companion of his revels, who was not less degraded or dissolute than himself. They rode together through the streets disguised and masked, and only betrayed by the

daring insolence of their demeanor, rushing into private houses, where parties were collected, and committing every sort of outrage and excess. At the procession of *flagellants*, instituted by the King, the two brothers appeared; wearing the garments of the order, they paraded through the streets, inflicting upon themselves voluntary stripes, and assisting in rendering the mummery still more ridiculous.

The health of Monsieur had become very infirm; his dead eye and bloated visage were sure indications of disease. At length, unable to keep up the appearance of hilarity, he returned to Chateau-Thierry, his own estate.

At this time Duplessis-Mornay, accompanied by Sully, arrived at Court on an embassy from Navarre. He had sent them to inform the King, that Philip of Spain had made overtures to him, and was willing to unite his arms with the Protestants. Sully, in vain, tried to procure an interview with the monarch. He was told, that he had retired to Vincennes, and was inaccessible to all but his *minions*, the name which distinguished his favorites. Duplessis was more successful in procuring an audience. The King expressed to him his wish to declare, publicly, Henry of Navarre his successor, but stated that it was necessary he should embrace the Catholic faith and renounce his heretical opinions. "The

situation of my poor brother," said the monarch, "renders it proper for me to appoint an heir to the throne of France, and most gladly would I name my well-beloved cousin."

The death of Monsieur took place soon after his return; he appears to have possessed originally some virtues of character. The Queen of Navarre, mother to Henry, cherished a maternal affection for him during her residence at the Court of Charles the Ninth, and the good and virtuous Coligni counted him among his devoted young friends. Navarre, however, who, at a later period had opportunity of knowing him intimately, being a fellow-prisoner at the Louvre, declared he was "not to be trusted." His life closed with disappointment and mortification; suspected by his brother, neglected by his mother, hated by the Huguenots for the double part he had played, and rejected by all, it would seem that he had little to make life dear. Nature is true, however, to her own laws; when the Queen-mother heard that he was attacked with a sudden and fatal illness, she hastened to him, and, notwithstanding her own health was much affected, watched over him, and received his parting breath. He died at the age of thirty.

Though he appears to have left no friends to mourn for him, and to have been little feared by his enemies, his death occasioned a great sensation.

It becamc evident that the family of Valois would be extinct with Henry, and the next in line was Henry of Navarre, the Huguenot chief, and hateful to the Catholics, who considered him a relapsed heretic. The crown, on the decease of the King, would go in the Bourbon line, as descending from Robert de Clermont, the youngest son of St. Louis. The Duke of Guise, to whom this succession would have been odious, took care to inflame the minds of the populace by every possible measure against the Huguenots. The King thoroughly hated Guise and the league in all its bearings. The reformed party were scarcely less disagreeable to him, but Henry of Navarre excited in him some feeling of kindness; while Guise had treated him with contempt, Navarre had uniformly shown him respect, and never lost sight of what was due to him as monarch of France.

Guise, as essentially head of the league, espoused the doctrine of the power and liberty of the people; he asserted *their rights*, while Navarre asserted the absolute power of the King in all things, except religious opinions. Henry did not cease to urge Navarre to change his creed, and the Duke D'Epernon was sent to him for this purpose; but, after many conferences, Navarre positively rejected the offer. Historians judge Henry of Navarre somewhat hardly on this occasion;

they ascribe to him political, rather than conscientious motives. The King was only thirty-three years old, and Navarre was thirty-one. Though some physicians prognosticated his early death, others declared that he might live many years under an alienation of mind, and, in that case, the King of Navarre was much better off, as head of a warlike party, and master of a noble province, than as heir-expectant to the crown.

In 1585 the leaguers published a manifesto most insulting to the King of Navarre, calling on all good Catholics to take arms against him in support of their rights. Henry of Navarre felt the utmost indignation at this manifesto, and, waving the privilege of his rank, solicited the King to let him decide this matter with Guise in personal combat, to avoid the waste of innocent blood, or with as many retainers on either side as his Majesty chose to appoint. Guise, though brave enough to have rejoiced in such a meeting of foe to foe, saw at once that he must not accept the challenge ; on the contrary, he professed a high personal respect for Navarre, and that he had no motive for his conduct but the safety of the Catholic religion.

Guise and the leaguers now prepared for open war. The King, weak and irresolute, deputed his mother to negotiate with them. Catharine, in this conference, consented to an edict, which

amounted to an entire proscription of the Huguenots, and the King signed a treaty with the leaguers. War became inevitable, and Henry of Navarre and the Prince of Condé were again in action. This war has always been denominated "the War of the three Henries," — Henry of Valois, of Navarre, and of Guise. The first was at the head of the party which attached itself solely to the royal authority. Henry of Guise was at the head of the zealous Catholics and the leaguers. Henry of Navarre was the chief of the Huguenot party. This was the eighth civil war which had sprung from non-conformity in religion. Navarre had applied to Elizabeth of England for aid, for which he afterward expressed his gratitude. Beza, who was yet living, though at an advanced age, undertook a pilgrimage from Geneva to the Protestant princes. The Germans were roused by the preacher's eloquence, and sent a very large auxiliary force to aid the reformed party. Notwithstanding the bad example set by the leaders of the Huguenots, the people seem to have retained their Puritanical principles. Navarre was once openly rebuked in the church, and humbled himself to their full content. In 1583 the Synod "lamented dancings and other *dissolutions*, which do sprout and grow everywhere;" they proscribed "painting, slashing, cutting in pieces, trimming with locks and tassels, or

unkerchiefed bosoms, or fardingales, or the like sort of garments, in which men and women do wickedly clothe themselves," and, "in case the delinquents shall be contumacious," they proceeded to excommunicate them. The good Duplessis, wife, and daughter, were excluded from the communion table because they refused to cut off their hair.

While the King was menaced with a foreign invasion by the Huguenots, and reduced to the most degrading servitude by the leaguers, he consoled himself at Lyons by adding to his collection of dogs. Amidst the poverty and bankruptcy of his treasury he expended a hundred thousand crowns on his puerile amusements, and travelled with a numerous train of men and women, apes, parrots, and dogs. "Never shall I forget," says Sully, "my interview with the King, nor the strange attitude and dress in which I found him. He had a sword by his side, a hood on his shoulders, a little bonnet on his head, a basket full of very small dogs hanging from his neck by a ribbon, and his attitude was perfectly still, there was not the slightest motion with head, hands, or feet. He had a great desire for pictures, cutting any that he fancied out of valuable books, without any regard to their use. The most costly and ancient missals were thus destroyed, and the use he made of this collection was to paste them on the walls of his oratory."

Guise, even knowing him as well as he did, could not believe that this apathy and frivolity were not, in some degree, assumed, and he suspected that he was in secret connivance with the reformed party. It was, therefore, determined that the Duke should act according to his own discretion, without waiting for the royal authority. This arrangement was perfectly accordant with the wishes of the multitude. Guise had become an object of idolatry, and concealed his ambition under the mask of zeal for the Catholic faith. Bold, energetic, decided, and always faithful to his own cause, he seemed to have all the essential qualities of a conqueror. The Cardinal of Bourbon, uncle to Navarre, was also a prince of the blood in a more remote line. Guise flattered him with hopes of succession to the crown, and, though he was an aged man, persuaded him that he might get a dispensation from the Pope, marry, and produce a royal race for the throne of France. The old man listened to these representations, and joined the league.

To Anne de Joyeuse, one of the favorites of the King, was given the chief command of the royal army. He had married the sister of the Queen, and the King celebrated the nuptials with the greatest magnificence ; and a splendid dower was given to the bride. The Duke of Joyeuse was the only one of Henry's favorites that might

have been selected for his virtues. His temper was liberal and generous, his valor tried, and his birth illustrious. The only drawback was a love of magnificence and splendor, that perhaps was the very quality which endeared him to his royal master. Both he and Guise were each at the head of a numerous army, and both confident of the success of their enterprise. Navarre made every exertion to collect a force in some degree proportionate to theirs. The Huguenots partook his ardor, and looked forward to the combat with that impatience with which the fiery racehorse waits for the moment of starting. The Count de Soissons had persevered in his suit to Catharine de Bourbon, notwithstanding the caution of her brother; but, as he had all the encouragement from the young lady that was necessary, his ardor did not abate. He complained to her of the coldness of Navarre, notwithstanding his professions of personal friendship, and inclination to favor the reformers. "Perhaps," said Catharine, "it is those very professions that produce the coldness; Navarre can ill brook *words* when *deeds* are so much wanted."

"Do you think, then," said the Count, "if I were to join him in the approaching crisis, that I might be sure of a speedy consent to our union?"

"I fear you might," she replied.

"You fear it? You are jesting."

"No, De Soissons, I truly fear it; my brother, though embracing the Huguenot cause from principle, mingles with it political measures. It is possible, that he might not be scrupulous about your motives, and would think the hand of his sister a slight reward for gaining an able partisan."

"If I were sure of it," said the Count, approaching her, "I would not delay another moment."

Catharine retreated, and, assuming an air of dignity which banished the usual vivacity of her manner, said;

"Would his consent be sufficient? Is there no one's else wanting?"

"My dear Catharine," said the Count, "what is the meaning of this sudden coldness? Can I suppose, after your acknowledgments of affection, that you would withhold your consent when his was gained?"

"You might," said Catharine, "if it were gained unworthily. You know how near to my heart is the Huguenot cause. Could I aid it by so doing, I would go forth, as my noble mother did, upon the ramparts, and breathe my spirit into the soldiers. But that time has passed; I have now, in the approaching combat, a woman's duty to perform, to administer relief to the poor

and faithful ministers of the Gospel,* and to lighten, as much as possible, the evils and sufferings which war will occasion. If you could go with me, heart and hand, in this cause, my vows would be answered ; but, when I hear you talk of joining my brother's army, to obtain his consent to our union, arming against the faith in which you were educated, without the conviction of its error, I do not recognise the man who won my heart ; and, poor as is the prize, he is unworthy of it."

" You strangely mistake me," said De Soissons ; " I know not what I said, that could thus rouse the spirit of your mother. I have had a long conference with the apostle Beza ; he is more confiding than you are, and commends my purpose of joining the Huguenot cause ; but believe me, Princess, dear as you are to me, and entwined with all my hopes of earthly happiness, had I not other motives than those you suspect, I would not depart from the faith in which I was educated."

Catharine was awed by a spirit so congenial to her own. "Forgive me," said she, extending her hand ; " I am growing suspicious ; I am surrounded by low and base designers, and am

---

* Catharine de Bourbon sold her jewels, and gave the money to the cause.

often obliged to listen, while my heart grows sick ; yet one hope remains to me, and I do not hesitate to say, it is founded on your truth and affection. If I were to find myself deceived in you, life would no longer be worth a contest."

"Now," said the Count, with a sudden impulse, "I may venture to confide to you my change of faith, for we feel and think alike. I am a convert to the Reformed religion ; your ministers have convinced me, that it is the true one, and, heart and hand, I can unite with Navarre."

Tears of grateful joy fell from the eyes of the young Princess, and she no longer felt it necessary to repress the tenderness with which her soul was filled.

"You will see me," continued the Count, "when we meet crowned with victory in the Huguenot cause, or hear of me, a prisoner or slain in battle. Yet, one request I would fain make, of but slight import as we feel, and yet important to my future comfort. It will nerve my arm in the battle, and restrain all undue rashness."

"Speak," said Catharine ; "what is this wondrous talisman."

"It is merely," replied he, taking a folded paper from his pocket, "to put your name to this contract, devised by the ingenuity of a lover

to soothe the anguish of parting. Cast your eye over it ; it is a mutual promise of marriage, such as we have given and taken many times ; but which I cannot receive from your lips, when far away."

Catharine, without hesitation, wrote her name, and, perhaps, felt happier for having done so ; and they parted, well contented with each other.

De Soissons at once allied himself to the Huguenot cause, and Navarre, too happy in any reinforcement, did not question the motives. His army, with all the aid he could procure, did not amount to more than half of the enemy's ; and he rejoiced to have among the chiefs De Soissons, fired with military ardor.

The post of Coutras was highly important to both parties. Navarre neglected not a moment to get possession of this place, and reached it just one hour before the Duke of Joyeuse with his army appeared in sight. Joyeuse sent a detachment to invest it ; but, after a skirmish, they retreated. During the early part of the night, on the 19th of October, 1587, Navarre succeeded in transporting half of his army across the river Doune ; but, receiving intelligence that Joyeuse was preparing to attack him, he resolved to give up the attempt of crossing the river, and ordered those who had gone over to return, determining to meet the attack at Coutras.

It will give some idea of the straitened resources of Navarre, when it is told that he had but three pieces of cannon for his field artillery. These he ordered to be placed on an eminence.

The fatigue of the Protestant army may well be imagined, when that of Joyeuse appeared in sight; and the contrast between the appearance of the two is vividly described by various historians. "On the one side, there was gilded armour, gloriously damasked, glittering in the sun; painted lances covered with ribbons, with their banderolles dancing in the air; rich coats of velvet, with broad lace, and galoons of gold and silver; . . . . . large and beautiful-colored plumes waving on their crests; . . . . . scarfs magnificently embroidered and edged with long gold fringe, and all these young cavaliers carrying the ciphers and colors of their mistresses, as if they were marching to a carousal, and not on the point of giving battle."

D'Aubigne relates, that, "on the Huguenot side, they arranged themselves in a line, and, in a deep and solemn voice, sung the hundred and eighteenth Psalm; then knelt while the minister, D'Amour, made a short but fervent prayer. It is said that this attitude was mistaken by the young cavaliers, who exclaimed; 'S death! they tremble; the cowards are at confession.' The venerable minister drew his sword at the

conclusion of the prayer, and mingled with the combatants."

The army led by Navarre, consisted of old soldiers inured to toil and labor, whose mien was fierce and menacing ; uncombed, ill-clothed, with their long buff-coats all bespattered ; over their coarse threadbare clothes, having no other ornament than their trusty bilbo by their sides, and sound armour on their breasts, mounted on travelling horses, without housings, &c. ; in short, the two armies presented another Alexander in opposition to another Darius.

To Sully we are indebted for a graphic account of this battle. "It began," he tells us, "before the artillery was fixed ; and the shock they received was so violent, that it threw them into great disorder. The Catholics shouted victory ; but, as soon as the artillery began to play, it put a stop to their impetuosity. The King of Navarre, the Prince of Condé, and the Duke de Soissons, the new ally, performed prodigies of valor. 'Come on,' said Navarre, to them ; 'we are all Bourbons, and I will show you that I am your eldest brother.' He wore a plume of white feathers on his helmet, that he might be distinguished. Once, when in imminent danger, his soldiers rushed forward to shield him. 'Stand off! I beseech you,' said he ; 'do not eclipse me.'"

In a moment, all was changed; the Catholic generals fell on the field of battle.

"What remains for us?" said St. Luc to Joyeuse.

"To die!" he replied.

Both he and his brother were surrounded by Huguenots, and fell, covered with wounds.

Henry strove to stop the carnage that ensued; he rushed from place to place, rescuing many from death. There is something truly noble in his conduct, after this first successful battle won by the Huguenots. He does not appear to have forgotten for a moment, that the sword was drawn against his own nation. He received the prisoners with a courtesy peculiar to him, and released many without ransom. To one, who asked what conditions he would now demand, he replied; "Just the same as I would have accepted after a defeat; — a renewal of the Edict of Poictiers." He wrote to the King, bitterly lamenting the loss of so many Frenchmen, and such a sacrifice of life; and, declaring that he had only taken up the sword in self-defence, expressed his obedience to his will.

After the battle, Navarre repaired to the Castle of Coutras, and if his mind indulged any disposition for reflection, it had admirable helps. That morning, he had seen the Duke of Joyeuse, the favorite of the King, at the head of a royal

army, glittering in military splendor, full of youth and ardor. In the large hall, where Navarre took his hasty repast, was now extended, on a bench, the body of the Duke, covered with a coarse cloth! It had been drawn from under heaps of the slain.

Sully, who was present at the battle, represents Navarre as losing the fruits of this victory, by the treacherous advice of Condé, seduced by his brother-in-law, La Tremouille. The unimpeached integrity of Condé must lead every one to doubt this view of the matter. It is more probable, that the coolness, which, from this time, arose between the two cousins, was occasioned by their different measures, rather than motives. Condé withdrew his troops, and hastened to make himself master of Saintes and Brouage; while Navarre, sick of carnage, and always bearing in mind that it was his own countrymen against whom he was contending, gladly sheathed his sword, and listened to the advice, or rather entreaty, of his new ally, De Soissons, to permit him to hasten to Bearne, where the Princess, his sister, then was, and lay his Huguenot laurels at her feet. Navarre felt bound, by gratitude for the all-important aid of the Count, to grant his request; nor must it be omitted, that the King himself felt more than common sympathy with him on this occasion. He was earnest to pre-

sent to the young and thoughtless Countess of Guiche the colors taken from the enemy, and had them set apart for that purpose.

Accordingly they took the road to Bearne, where the happy Catharine was waiting to receive them. Her lover had redeemed his word, and her brother came crowned with victory. Even the rigid Calvinistic ministers must have looked with indulgence upon the triumphal arches and tasteful preparations which the Princess, with the then beautiful Countess of Guiche, were preparing for the victors.

Margaret had retired from Bearne, and resided in a place that she had selected, where she held her own Court; indeed, it was now generally supposed, that a formal divorce would take place between the royal pair.

During the journey of the two cousins (De Soissons was a half-brother to Condé), Navarre felt suspicions arise, of the Count's sincere devotion to the Huguenot cause. Sometimes he thought he overacted his part, and then fell short of it.

It is amusing to observe how little *religious conversion* seems to have mingled in the views of the Huguenot leaders. Except in a few instances, of which Duplessis is a noble one, it appears to have been lost sight of in political motives. Nor can more pious zeal be attrib-

uted to the Catholic chiefs, for, though Guise, after a battle, dismounted at Nôtre Dame, on his return to Paris, booted and spurred, to offer thanks at the altar, worldly ambition was the incense he laid upon it.

Before the two allies reached Bearne, a letter was mysteriously put into Henry's hand. He retired to peruse it. It stated, that he had admitted a traitor to his friendship, that De Soissons had joined him merely at the instigation of political advisers and ecclesiastics; that the Count had taken a solemn oath, that, as soon as he had married the Princess, he would take her to Paris, abandon for ever the Huguenot party, and unite with Catholics in despoiling the King of Navarre of his possessions.

A letter like this ought not to have had weight without much proof. It was mere assertion; he had risked his life in the battle, and his love for Catharine, whatever motives mingled with it, could not be doubted. It was not strange, that De Soissons, the grandson of Condé, and the nephew of Coligni, should embrace the cause for which their lives were sacrificed. Catharine's hand, too, had been sought by many. While very young, she was destined for the Duke d'Alençon; against this she positively protested. Catharine de Medicis had some idea of forming a matrimonial alliance between her and Henry

the Third, but Catharine was refractory. Other matches had been proposed, and it was natural to suppose, that the success of the Count must have excited envy and ill-will, which might give rise to the letter. Though this mode of reasoning was perfectly natural, De Soissons had a more powerful antagonist operating against him, and this was the prejudice Henry began to nurture in his own breast. He now remembered how earnestly De Soissons had urged him not to pursue the victory, but go with him to Bearne ; and, though his own wishes had swayed him equally, he felt that resentment, which is often unjust, towards advice which he now perceived was injudicious. Though a poor dissembler, he refrained from expressing disgust or suspicion, and the Princess enjoyed a short, though complete, happiness in this apparent reunion.

CHAPTER XVI.

SUDDEN DEATH OF THE SECOND CONDÉ.

The year 1587 had now commenced. It had been looked forward to as the "grand climacteric of the world." Then, as in the present day, there were self-created seers, who predicted the day of final judgment, and the end of the world. The state in which France was placed, the constant devices of the league, the ambition of Guise, and the debility of the King, might rationally forebode some great political revolution ; but this was not enough for astrologers. There had been an earthquake, which had swelled the Loire far beyond its usual boundaries, and desolated Normandy. Meteors had blazed in the heavens, and tempests and whirlwinds had raged upon the earth. In January, 1588, a new phenomenon made its appearance. Paris, at noonday, became all at once darkened, and the fog was so impenetrable as to make torches necessary.*

* We are reminded of the "dark day" in New England, which occurred in 1780.

The year opened with dark omens ; many attempts were made to persuade the King to establish the Inquisition in the principal cities for the disposal of heretics, and to refuse quarter to any that might be taken prisoners

Over the Huguenots a heavy calamity impended, and this was the sudden death of the Prince of Condé. His wife was suspected of poisoning him ; we enter not into this sad detail ; it may be studied out, by those who have the inclination.

This was a gloomy period for the King of Navarre ; his conduct had been severely censured by his friends and allies after the battle of Coutras, and in Condé he had lost his best and truest friend. Even the Duke of Guise shed tears when he learned the death of his brave foe. "The earth," said he, "covers not a nobler heart."

Navarre uttered no violent exclamations of grief, but he was, for a time, inconsolable ; he retired to his cabinet, exclaiming, I have lost my right hand. The slight alienations and jealousies which had arisen between them came with bitterness to his recollection. How do such petty rivalships vanish before the stern summons of death. Once or twice the King was heard to exclaim, "My friend, my brother!" As soon as he had acquired a degree of composure, he wrote

the following letter, addressed to Corisande, Countess of Grammont,* which shows his suspicions.

"One of the greatest misfortunes that I could possibly apprehend has occurred. The sudden death of Monsieur the Prince of Condé. I lament his loss for that which he would have been, and for what he was. . . . . This unfortunate Prince, on Thursday, tilted at the ring, and supped in good health. At midnight he was seized with vomiting, which continued till near morning; he remained in bed the whole of Friday; at night he was better and supped, slept well, rose on Saturday morning, dined standing upright, and after dinner played at chess. Suddenly he left his seat, and walked backwards and forwards in his chamber, conversing first with one and then another. Suddenly he exclaimed, 'Bring me my chair, I feel great weakness;' he was scarcely seated, when he became speechless, and immediately after surrendered his soul.

"The marks of poison instantly became manifest. It is impossible to conceive the astonishment this circumstance has created throughout the country. I shall set forward by break of day to make diligent investigation of the affair. I foresee, that much trouble will attend this business; pray God

* Copied from Henry's "Memoirs."

ardently for me ; if I should escape the like, it will be through his protection ; I may perchance be nearer it than I think. I shall remain your faithful slave. Good night, my soul ; I kiss your hands a million times.

"March, 1588."

Whether the horrible accusation against his wife, Charlotte de la Tremouille, princess of Condé, was true or false, she never was acquitted in the minds of his friends. After six years' imprisonment, the Parliament of Paris pronounced her innocent.

There is something fine in the character of Condé. He was remarkable for his perseverance, intrepidity, and probity. His life was an eventful one ; obliged early to fly from Noyers with his father, he beheld him perish at Jarnac. He afterwards received the last breath of his mother. He fought bravely at Moncontour, and we have seen him with difficulty escape being massacred at St. Bartholomew. More than once he traversed the whole territory of France as a fugitive, and was captured twice, his rank remaining unknown. At the battle of Coutras he was dismounted by a blow from a lance, and rose with redoubled vigor. Generous in defence of others, powerful in his own, an enemy to all deception and falsehood, pursuing a straight-forward path,

it was, at last, his melancholy fate, to perish by poison in the bosom of his family.

Guise had left Paris for Picardy when a new conspiracy arose in the kingdom. They organized a body called the Sixteen, or *les Seize*. Those, who were thus designated, were low and seditious men, though appointed as leaders. Notwithstanding they were very secret in their measures, the King gained intimation of it, and he assembled about four thousand Swiss to join his body-guard, and transported large convoys of arms from the arsenal to the Louvre. The *Seize* perceived, by these measures, that their plot was discovered, and they urged the return of Guise, requesting him to become their head. In the mean time the King sent a prohibition to him, expressly forbidding his return to Paris.

Heedless of these commands, and spurning an authority he despised, Guise entered Paris at noonday, May 9th, 1588. His presence was greeted with rapture by the people, multitudes followed his steps, and "Long live Guise, the bulwark of our religion, the pillar of our faith," was shouted by the populace.

Henry was too much intimidated to take any effectual steps. He received Guise, who entered the palace unarmed, in his usual manner. On the third morning after his arrival, Henry began to take active measures. A list was circulated,

in which the chief Romanists were marked for execution, Guise the first. The Swiss soldiers were stationed to protect the King, and the populace were led to believe, that a general massacre was intended. The shops were instantly closed, and barricades formed across the streets at the distance of fifty paces from each other. For some time no violence on either side was attempted, but at length a shot was fired, and the Swiss soldiers and populace were engaged in battle. Before evening Guise, though scarcely seen during the battle, was the undisputed master of Paris. The night was passed in alarm and watchfulness, and lights were placed in every window. Catharine de Medicis, ever on the alert, now determined to have an interview with Guise ; for this purpose she proceeded to the Hôtel de Guise. She was obliged to walk, and be lifted over the barricades. While going through this process, some friendly person whispered her, that the King would be made prisoner in a few hours. She employed the man who gave her the information to warn Henry to escape, while she kept Guise in conversation. Henry profited by this information, and hastened on foot to the Tuileries by a back passage, and, mounting a horse, rode full speed to Trapes.

The news of his flight, and the battle of the Barricades, reached Navarre while at Bearne.

His heart was filled with indignation at such an outrage offered to the King, and, calling a council, he sent his secretary to assure him, that he might immediately command his person and troops.

CHAPTER XVII.

DEATH OF TWO OF THE HENRIES, AND OF CATHARINE DE MEDICIS.

The day after the news reached Bearne, De Soissons entered the apartment of Catharine with an air of unusual excitement. "You have heard," said he, "what has taken place at Paris; the streets barricaded, the Swiss guards all massacred, and the King obliged to fly."

"I have," replied Catharine, "and am rejoiced to find, that Navarre has adopted the resolution of supporting him against the league."

"I knew you would approve this measure, and I now come to inform you, that my intention is the same as his."

"You go, then, with my brother?"

"Not so, I shall precede him; a King moves with less rapidity than a private gentleman, but I carry with me the same anxiety that I have so long endured. I see no more prospect of our union."

"This is hardly a time to talk of it; my brother's perplexities are great; on him devolves

the responsibility of the success or failure of our glorious cause. But, as it is only the peaceful possession of our rights, and the privilege of worshipping God according to our consciences, that we ask, I am sure *he* will, in his own good time, grant our petition, and send peace and rest to his faithful children. Whenever that period arrives, how gladly shall we exchange the cannon's roar, and the shrill voice of the trumpet, for the soft music of the harp. Then I, even I," she exclaimed, "now a Princess in bondage, will go forth like Miriam, with the song of triumph in my mouth." She drew her harp towards her, perhaps it was a woman's device to calm the agitated spirit of her lover, or perhaps her heart, like that of the Jewish prophetess,* was "wrapt into future times"; rapidly she struck the strings and poured forth the following strain.

"The earth is trembling, the mountains melt,
The rain 's descending, the clouds are rent;
Come forth, come forth, the battle 's begun,
Come forth with thy chariot, *Mighty One!*
Onward is rushing the countless throng;
The noise of archers, the battle-song,
The warhorse's tramp, there 's death in the gates,
The sign has been given, the angel waits,
The fleeces are dry, the dew 's on the ground,
Give ear, O ye princes! salvation is found.
Come forth, come forth, the battle 's begun,
Why stays thy chariot, *Mighty One?*"

---

* Deborah.

The Count observed the kindling of her eye as she struck the strings ; her figure, so feminine, seemed to have gained new expression ; it was no earthly one ; and, little as he partook of her inspiration, he felt that it was an unseasonable time to urge his suit. At length he said, "I have placed the written contract, that is the stay of my hopes, in the hands of our mutual friend, the Countess of Guiche. Promise me, that you will not withdraw it, and that, whatever may be the plans of others, our engagement shall not be cancelled."

"I believe," said Catharine, smiling, "I might venture, but I do not much like your fancy of binding me by contracts and promises. Is it not enough for you to know, that my affection rests upon your own truth ? I, once for all, solemnly assure you, that you alone can sever the bond which binds us."

"This would be sufficient," said the Count, "if I were not too well acquainted with the snares which may be laid for you."

"Ah," replied Catharine, "I fear you are but half a convert to our faith, or you would put your trust in Him who has saved me from such wretchedness as has threatened me in past times. It was not through my own strength that I escaped, as a bird from the snares of the fowler, when under the direction of the Queen-mother.

"I fear Navarre's influence ten thousand times more than hers," said the Count.

"And why should you *fear* it?" replied Catharine, coldly. "I do not understand this distrust that pervades your mind, but you are just now agitated at this news, as we all are, and the world looks dark to you; my harp has not chased away the evil spirit that hovers over us. Shall I try it again?" Her fingers passed lightly over it.

"Lady, Lady, art thou waking?
The bright-eyed morn
Has left her bed,
And o'er thy head
The day is breaking.
From thy casement gently bending,
Listen to my vow!"

Suddenly the string snapped. "Ah," said she, pushing it from her, "it will not just now bear so low a strain."*

When De Soissons took leave of her, he hastened to Sully, and informed him of his intention of offering his services to the King of France.

"Does Navarre know this?" said Sully.

"No, I wish you to inform him. I have broken the matter to my sweet little fanatic, and she receives it as I could wish."

* Catharine produced several poetic productions, which are handed down to posterity. — *Memoir of Henry the Great.*

"Navarre will, perhaps, receive it otherwise," said Sully.

"Perhaps so," replied the Count; "he likes no partner in his ambition; but why should he not leave the same right to me that he asserts for himself?"

"But you have already pledged your services to *him*; he has a right to command them."

"The King of France did not require them at the time I offered them to the King of Navarre," replied the Count; "but I wish you to accompany me; will you agree to it?"

"I will think of it."

Sully repaired to the King, and informed him, as he felt bound, of De Soissons' proposal. "Navarre," he says, "was sensible of the indignity offered him in this procedure, but upon the whole, concluded that it was best to dissemble his resentment," and even urged Sully to go with him. It was all-important to the King to truly understand De Soissons' character before he committed his sister's happiness to his keeping. Nor was this all; the letters he had received, and his own observation, had led him to believe that the Count was playing a double game, and he was well pleased to have Sully, in whom he could confide, near him.

Sully, in this, as well as in other instances, does not seem to have thought it disgraceful to

feign friendship, while he was acting the part of a spy to serve Navarre.

We are often led to reflect upon the code of morals, which seems to have been adopted in those times. Whether society has, in reality, grown better, or only comprehends better what is high and honorable, we have gained something. In accordance with the plan arranged between Navarre and his devoted friends, Sully returned to the Count, and, according to his own declaration, affected a zeal for De Soissons, that he did not feel. They now travelled together, and, during the journey, Sully was much dissatisfied with the conversation and manners of the Count. It is seldom that a spy disappoints his employer. He accused his fellow-traveller of insufferable vanity, a trait in which any one, who reads the entertaining memoirs of Sully, will not think the Count enjoyed exclusively. There are weaknesses that, when mutual, wholly unfit companions for harmony ; vanity, and likewise selfishness, can bear no fellowship, for they are monopolizing. One charge, however, unless his prejudices deceived him, is of a more serious nature. He declares, that De Soissons insensibly mingled a vein of gall and bitterness against the King of Navarre, that discovered the hatred and antipathy he bore to him. This, while he was seeking a union with his sister, and professing friendship to

him, is not to be excused. De Soissons was sanguine, that, in the desperate situation of the King of France, the first comer with a goodly number of aids and retainers, would be received with magnificence and honor. On arriving, however, he found himself wholly mistaken. The King depended on Navarre, and, probably remembering the desertion of the Count, received him ungraciously. Henry was under great terror and depression, and finally became apparently reconciled to Guise, who was undoubtedly his most bitter enemy. That this reconciliation was the effect of terror, and owing to the influence of the Queen-mother, is the only excuse to be suggested for the King. They formed a treaty, called the "Edict of Reunion," and Guise was sanctioned by legal authority in the measures he had taken. This edict required an oath from the King, that, if he should die without male issue, no successor should be admitted, that did not profess the Catholic faith. Two armies were levied against the Huguenots. Guise was appointed Lieutenant-general, and the old Cardinal de Bourbon was declared first prince of the blood. Guise was received by the King, and entertained at his table. We feel both contempt and pity for the abject monarch.

Persecution was again revived in the city of Paris. Huguenots were again brought to the stake, and the league flourished.

Although the King saw himself reduced to despair, he dissembled his feelings, and even affected to smile at his recent disgrace. Probably dark thoughts were brooding in his mind, and there were some that understood the stealthiness of his purpose. On the morning of the 23d of December Guise received a message from the King, requesting his personal attendance, as he wished to consult with him on matters of importance. The Duke had received repeated warnings of intended treachery, but his heart was fearless ; he disregarded them, and said, " They dare not attempt my life." He entered the ante-room to the King's apartment, and took some slight refreshment while he was announced. The usher returned and said, the King was ready to admit him. With a firm, confident step he moved forward ; a small corridor was to be passed through before he reached the King's chamber ; he raised the hangings to enter it ; at that moment a poniard entered his throat. The blood gushed from the wound ; he tried to speak, and laid his hand on the hilt of his sword ; base assassins gathered round, and he fell dead, covered with numerous wounds.

The King seems to have felt a childish exultation when he beheld the dead body of his enemy, now stiff and powerless. He hastened to the apartment of his mother, who was confined by

illness, and informed her of the deed, and that he alone had planned it. Catharine simply asked him, if he had weighed the consequences, and taken all necessary precautions. He replied, that he had; "Then I pray God to prosper you," said she. The mother and son thus parted; he went to his *mass*, and she was left to reflect, that the most important step of Henry's life had been taken without her knowledge or concurrence. The King seems to have discovered some gleams of his early character after this event; he ordered the arrest of many of the leaguers, and acted with an energy that was once expected from the Duke of Anjou.

Catharine de Medicis, who has borne so conspicuous a part through our history;— she, who had at one time shared the confidence of Condé and Coligni; who had favored the Huguenot party, and betrayed it, and counselled the massacre of St. Bartholomew;— she, who was an obscure and neglected wife during the life of her husband, and had followed, without resistance, the car of her rival, Diane de Poitiers;— *she*, the proud daughter of Lorenzo de Medicis, who could make human passions subservient to *policy*, was now stretched on the bed of suffering. Time had robbed her of her personal charms, and that scourge of the human race, the gout, was racking her bones and sinews. Surrounded by mercenary

attendants, she saw her sun of glory extinguished before it went down. How many reflections must have thronged upon her mind! like the ghost of Banquo, how many murdered friends must have risen one by one before her. The daughter-in-law of Francis the First, the wife of Henry the Second, the mother of Francis the Second, of Charles the Ninth, and Henry the Third, all Kings of France, and in whose dynasty she had borne a part, was now to be stripped of her honors, to surrender her noble palaces, which she had built with true Italian taste and magnificence, and occupy as narrow a space as the lowliest child of want, who petitions for his daily fare of bread. "No one," says an historian, "concerned himself either with her illness or her death, and, when her eyes were closed, she was spoken of no more."

But is this true? Has not her memory come down to *us*? Do good or evil deeds thus pass from the face of the earth? Who hears the name of Catharine de Medicis, that does not connect with it emotions such as few other women have excited? With strong powers of mind, with great personal beauty, she seems to have wanted *a heart*. Her principles were never guided by her affections, her errors were never those of weakness, her vices never proceeded from self-gratification, nor her virtues from

benevolence. She had been building a splendid mausoleum for herself, her husband, and her children; but the town of Blois could not furnish spices and drugs for her embalming; no one was interested in securing her a last home in the mausoleum she had erected, and she was carried by torch-light to a hastily made grave, in the corner of the church. She was seventy when her death took place.

Such a character as Catharine de Medicis is not likely to be passed over; it is almost unique in the history of woman. After the death of Francis the First, and Henry the Second, her husband, she reigned supreme by the power she obtained over her sons. It has been said, that those only can govern others, who can govern themselves. Catharine had practised the art of self-control most fully, and admirably acquired the most difficult part of the lesson of governing. She seems herself divested of human passions, but using and operating upon those of others for her own purposes. Even her sons became mere instruments in her hands, and were played off one against the other, made friends or enemies as suited her political schemes. Margaret of Valois, with as little principle as her mother, had more heart, more impulse, and sank deep in vice, that Catharine was never impelled to practise. She has been accused of inordinate ambition; there

seems to be no striking proof of this, unless we call the love of *sway*, ambition. To *manage* became her ruling passion, and every thing was sacrificed to it. She has been termed a monster of cruelty; but she was merely indifferent about human life, she took no pleasure in torturing her victims; if she could only obtain her end by sailing on a sea of blood, as a matter of course, it must be shed. Her love for the fine arts never seems to have softened or moulded her mind; she had few of the weaknesses of humanity, and still fewer of its virtues. The odium of the St. Bartholomew massacre has been wholly attributed to her. It is not material, whether she planned it, or merely prepared her son for the deed. It was one that she considered expedient, and that was sufficient. The only feeling she seems to have discovered, was when Coligni fell into her toils; she shed tears, and probably regretted that it was *expedient* to take his life. — The Cardinal of Guise, brother to the Duke, was arrested immediately after the assassination, and met with the same fate. Henry, dreading the effect of a public funeral, ordered the bodies to be consumed.

It may well be supposed, that the death of the Duke was a matter of thanksgiving to the Huguenots. He had, like his father, been their constant and untiring foe. Beza rejoiced, that

to this great event the reformed party had not been accessary. La Nouë thanks God, that the deed has been done, and yet the hands of the Huguenots have not been polluted "with blood, their hearts with vengeance, nor their consciences with perfidy." Henry of Navarre did not thus receive the news of the murder. He remembered when Guise had been his school-fellow and playmate, and, when grown to manhood, had shared the same rivalships, and contended for the smiles of the same court beauties; and, though they had since often met in battle, he mourned the premature death of his early friend and companion.

The Huguenot arms had been successful, but at length a truce was agreed to between the two Kings. It was proposed, that they should meet and arrange the treaty, that they might unite their arms against Mayenne, who, after the death of Guise, proclaimed himself head of the League.

The noble manner in which Henry of Navarre confided in the King of France, and placed himself in his power, has been as much commended as the Duke of Guise's confidence has been blamed. It is, undoubtedly, events like this, which often make success or failure the test of wisdom or folly.

Henry the Third's character inspired no confidence. The Huguenots were silenced by the

heroism of their King ; but, as he drew near the place of rendezvous, they urged him to give up the hazardous conference with a man, to whom assassination was merely an expediency.

When they arrived at a particular place, Navarre checked his speed. It might be, that the beauty of the spot, though late in the autumn, brought deeper thoughts to his heart. It was near a mill embowered in trees, and watered by one of those mountain streams, that restore verdure and beauty wherever they wind their course. He dismounted, and, seeking a solitary nook, threw himself on the velvet carpet spread by nature. Let us hope that the heart of the Huguenot chief rose to *Him*, who had created such living beauty from inanimate objects. At length he joined his waiting and anxious followers, his decision was made. "On, on, my friends," he exclaimed, "we must hesitate no longer."

When the two Kings met, the throng was so great that they could not embrace for several minutes. Navarre had crossed the Loire for this meeting, and had given his word to his followers, that he would not trust himself with his late enemy during the night ; he, therefore, recrossed the river, but the next morning returned, attended by a single page, and presented himself at the quarters of Henry, to assist at his levee.

The confidence was not abused. The King

of France, for once, trusted his true friend. Navarre thus wrote to Duplessis.

"The ice is at last broken, not without many warnings, that, if I hazarded the conference, I was a dead man. I crossed the river after having commended myself to God, who in his goodness hath not only preserved me, but has occasioned an appearance of extreme joy on the part of the King, and of unparalleled enthusiasm on the part of the people. There were shouts of *Vivent les Rois*, which gladdened my heart, and a thousand petty incidents well deserving note. Send on my baggage, and order the whole army to advance."

It is gratifying to note any expressions in Navarre's conversation or letters, which are in unison with the cause for which he professed to bear arms, or the religion in which he had been educated. We confess, that in this tumultuous and varied history we are tempted sometimes to lose sight of it, and forget that the war of the Huguenots was a *religious war;* that it was for the exercise of their own opinions they were contending, their own altars they were defending. The time, however, was rapidly approaching, when new motives were to be openly acknowledged.

The consternation which the death of the Guises created would have been a favorable moment to have resumed the authority of a monarch. But Henry seems to have been as much astonished as his subjects; and, satisfied with this bold step, he returned to his usual habits. The Duke of Mayenne, brother to the Guises, determined to revenge their death, and easily stirred up the Parisians to open rebellion. Sixtus the Fifth refused to grant the King absolution for the assassination of the Guises, and menaced him with excommunication. Nothing could have been more deplorable than his situation. The League embraced almost the whole of his empire; he had neither money nor resources, and on the aid of Navarre he must have essentially depended. He seems to have been roused from his habitual indolence after this interview, and actually raised a body of cavalry. The Duke of Epernon brought a supply of twelve hundred troops, and Henry of Navarre, at the head of the Huguenot army, began his march to Tours. In the mean time Mayenne, who had succeeded his brother Guise, made a sudden and wholly unexpected attack on the quarters of the King. Adversity seems to have roused some of the qualities that marked the former Duke of Anjou. He betrayed no agitation, but calmly issued his orders. The

arrival of Navarre relieved him from his danger, and Mayenne retreated. The Royalists and Huguenots, uniting their arms, gained great advantages, and the Leaguers at Paris began to tremble. Navarre, with the resolution and bravery which always marked his character, urged an immediate attack upon the Capitol. It was well known that the King had determined to take ample vengeance upon the Parisians for their rebellious conduct, if they again fell into his hands. The situation of the Leaguers seemed hopeless. Fortune, as if weary with persecuting Henry, was now loading him with success, and he was on the point of gaining a victory, that would have seated him on the throne more firmly than ever.

On the 31st of July a young monk, who appeared to be about twenty-three years of age, arrived at the royal camp. He informed them that he had a message of the most confidential nature to deliver to the King. The King had retired, and it was too late for an audience. On the ensuing morning, at an early hour, while the King was still undressed, he ordered the Monk to be brought to his apartment. The young ecclesiastic entered with the meek and devout attitude of his order, his hands crossed upon his breast, and his eyes cast down. Henry, always disposed to favor the monastic order, received him with kindness. The monk approached, and

presented a letter ; while the King was reading it, he took a knife from his sleeve, and plunged it into the vitals of the King. Henry drew out the knife and struck the assassin with it in the face. The monk was put to death by those around the King, and but little more known of him, than that his name was Clement, and that he was a gloomy fanatic, who believed himself commanded to execute this deed. It is conjectured, that he was worked up to this degree of madness by the Duchess de Montpensier, and perhaps Mayenne. When it was ascertained that the wound was fatal, Henry received the information with calmness, sent for Navarre, and ordered the nobility to be admitted. He embraced Navarre again and again, entreated him to become a convert to the Catholic religion, and declared him his successor. At the time of his death he had not completed his thirty-eighth year, and had reigned fifteen.

We cannot dismiss Henry the Third, the last of the race of Valois, without a summary of his character. It is seldom that such an entire change is seen in one being, as took place in Henry from the time of the last battle he won as Duke of Anjou, to the end of his disgraceful career. It is said, that his Polish subjects were attached to him. They probably had not time to discover that the brilliant fame he brought with him, was all of glory that remained. His disgraceful flight

from Poland, on the news of his brother's death, must have reconciled them to his loss. His conduct, as King of France, requires no comment. Weak and prodigal, indolent and hypocritical, governed by favorites, whom he never hesitated to betray, occasionally siding with all parties, and despised by all, because faithful to none, we look in vain for redeeming points. The assassination of Guise is the only vigorous step that he took, and the only one that a wise King (setting aside the atrocity of the murder) could have devised. It became necessary that Guise should fall; in no other way could the peace of the kingdom be established, or the throne rendered secure. It was the only alternative left for him. It may be doubted whether he saw the event in all its political bearings, as he seems to have relapsed into his usual supineness after the deed was accomplished, and to have taken but little advantage of it. Probably his great object was to get rid of an enemy who had become intolerable to him. Notwithstanding his feeble and uncertain conduct afterward, great effect was produced. The League, which had been so formidable, was robbed of its vital principle in Guise, who might have been called its soul. Henry's union with Navarre, prompted by fear and, we are willing to think, some degree of affection, had placed him in a favorable position. The nobles began to

return to their legitimate King, a powerful army had flocked to his standard, and, but for his death, Paris was on the point of being subjugated. It might be supposed, that Henry of Navarre, whom he declared his successor, and who was in the vigor of manhood, illustrious in war, beloved by his private friends, surrounded by devoted adherents, and eminently gifted in all that wins confidence and admiration, would have been hailed by the royal army as King of France. But there were many obstacles in the way. The heads and generals of the army were his equals, many of them his companions in arms. While Henry the Third wore the crown of France he was their King, much as they despised him. Henry of Navarre was to be made King of France from the Bourbon line, and, though his succession was a law of the kingdom, they were not prepared to recognise him. A general sentiment against him seemed to prevail, and they declared they would not submit to a heretic King. After much deliberation, an embassy waited on Navarre, to inform him, that the time had come when he must decide between being only King of Navarre or King of France; that he must embrace the Catholic faith, if he hoped for the succession, or must continue to endure the miseries and sufferings he had endured as King of Navarre, for there was not a noble that would not rather throw

himself upon his sword than be instrumental to the ruin of the Catholic church.

The reply of Henry is full of dignity and feeling; he touchingly reminds them of the recent death of their King, whose ashes are not yet cold; and of his earnest wishes in his favor. He described their situation when he joined his forces to theirs, and finally declared, that all those who pleased were welcome to quit him, and that he should still find among the Catholics those who loved France and honor.

The Swiss at once declared for the *Bearnois*, as they called Navarre, and demanded a sight of him. Henry dressed himself in a violet suit, belonging to Henry the Third, who was in mourning for his mother, (it is said, his poverty prevented his having a new suit,) and in this gave them audience. The Marshal de Byron declared himself in his favor; and at length the royal army, with some exceptions, agreed to swear allegiance, if he would submit to receive instructions from the Catholic priests within six months.

There is little doubt, that Henry saw the peace of France could only be secured by this promise. Nor will those, who understand his political situation, much doubt what would have been the result. The King was thirty-six; for thirteen years he had been fighting for the reformed faith.

It is hardly to be supposed that he expected any new lights to be thrown on the subject ; he had been forced once to profess it, and then he abjured it. The Protestants believed that it was only an evasion ; whereas the Catholics considered it as a virtual obligation to enter their ranks.

The state of Henry the Fourth's affairs was so desperate after the death of Henry the Third, that many of his friends and faithful servants advised him to fly and seek refuge in England with Elizabeth, who had professed a warm friendship for him. "No," replied he, "though I am a king without a kingdom, a husband without a wife, and a warrior without money, while I continue at the head of so many French warriors, advising me to fly is offering counsel which it is impossible for me to follow."

CHAPTER XVIII.

NAVARRE PLEDGES HIMSELF TO HOLD A CONFERENCE WITH THE CATHOLICS.

We quit, for a moment, the present hero of our narrative, Henry of Navarre, to return to his sister, Catharine of Bourbon. She had looked with intense interest upon the events that were passing, and which she saw would so deeply affect all her future life. We can hardly imagine a more powerful concentration of interests. Her brother, her guardian and protector since his escape from the Louvre, the Chief of a cause, which she fully believed involved not only her religion, but the salvation of her soul, was now called to renounce this precious faith by every argument that could speak to his worldly ambition, or his political patriotism. Her lover, likewise, to whom she was attached with a fervor and constancy, that made affection a part of her existence, — how would all these changes affect him? She knew of Navarre's displeasure at his haste in offering his services to Henry the Third, without even consulting *him*, to whom he had a short time

before pledged his allegiance. Catharine thought it wrong, but love has its own theory of morals. And she attributed this assumption of independence to loyalty for the King of France, to patriotism, and, above all, to the generous indignation, which filled her own and Navarre's heart, for the insults offered to the unfortunate King. Once destined to be his bride, she had seen the best part of his character, which at the time was happily contrasted with the dissolute boldness of the Duke of Alençon. To a young and gay girl there might have been a charm in royalty, but Catharine was born to live in the strength of her affections. Henry was too far from the *beau idéal* she had formed of him who was to be all in all to her, to wish to be Queen of France, if she must share the throne with such a partner ; and she wholly declined the union, even before the Queen-mother had changed her purpose, and determined to marry the pure, the innocent, the virtuous princess to her youngest son, the dissipated Alençon. On this subject Catharine listened to no negotiation. She had but one answer, "*Never ;*" and, while she felt pity and compassion, such as angels feel for a sinning race, she would not suffer the subject to be mentioned to her. It was at this crisis, that De Soissons accidentally met her in one of the apartments of the Louvre. Navarre had coun-

selled her to retirement, and he never saw her with Catharine's train of beautiful and accomplished ladies, without manifest displeasure. He was accustomed to say, with his lax morality, "They are good enough for *me*, but not for *you*." De Soissons became the companion of her walks; and, in his gentleness, his delicacy, and the refinement of his manners, she found her *beau idéal*. Years had passed on, and her heart was sick with delay; yet her affection was in its first and earliest strength, and was now supported by her maturer judgment. She could not conceal from herself that Navarre was wholly averse to the union, and had permitted, and, perhaps, secretly encouraged offers that had been made to her, and negotiations from crowned heads. James of Scotland, the Duke of Lorraine, the Prince of Condé, and the Prince of Anhalt, had made their pretensions. Philip of Spain proposed an alliance, which Catharine had not the trouble of rejecting, as Navarre peremptorily declined all negotiation. The Duke of Savoy had solicited a union, but to this the Huguenots were decidedly averse. It was the general opinion of Catharine's friends, that, if she did not marry De Soissons (and this was understood to depend on the consent of her brother), she would never marry. The spring of life had passed away with the lovers, but their constancy remained unim-

paired, and it was evident that Catharine attributed to unreasonable expectations and unfounded prejudices the constant delay of Navarre. Then it might be truly said, she had never cherished "the little purple flower, which maidens call love in idleness." She was surrounded by numerous and powerful claims, and all of her thoughts, that she did not give to her lover, were given to her people and their ministers. The venerable Beza, who had been the friend and solace of her mother, received a degree of filial affection from the daughter. La Nouë, Duplessis, D'Aubigné, and all the distinguished Huguenots of the time, were her constant associates and correspondents; and hopes and expectations were absorbed in high thoughts and useful purposes. In the mean time the breach was widening between Navarre and the Count, who he believed was secretly operating against him, and favored all views but his.

Madame de Montpensier, the sister of Guise, shared the restless spirit of her brother during his life, and breathed vengeance after his death. She heard the news of the King's assassination with undisguised joy, and employed priests to canonize Jaques Clement as a saint and a martyr. She distributed green scarfs among the chiefs of her faction, and called it mourning, in ridicule of that worn by the Royalists. Philip of Spain

promised Mayenne aid, if he would remain firm to the cause of the Cardinal de Bourbon. After a few days, though still imprisoned, the Cardinal was proclaimed King of France, under the title of Charles the Tenth.

Mayenne, it will be recollected, was the brother of Guise. He was naturally tardy in his movements, and suffering from constant indisposition ; but on this occasion he, and his sister, Madame de Montpensier, made such vigorous exertions, that all voices in the capital were united against the heretic King. The son of the Duke of Guise had been imprisoned after his father's assassination, and was kept in close confinement. Those who were round him saw the outbreakings of a spirit, which they predicted would, one day, revenge the murder of his father.

It is not our intention to enter into the numerous battles of Henry. They are fully detailed by Sismondi, the latest historian of France, and Davila, the early one, while Sully gives his own personal observations. The outline of Navarre's history, with the immediate events relating to the reformed party, is all that comes within our plan.

Sixtus the Fifth had excommunicated Henry the Third, and was equally indignant at Navarre. Yet he seems to have expressed great doubts of Mayenne's success, and even foretold his failure.

"How can it be otherwise," said he, "when the Chief of the League spends more hours at his table than the *Bearnois* allows himself in bed."

Henry, by his bravery at Arques, completely routed his opponents, and opened to himself a path to the gates of Paris. But here a formidable army presented itself. The Leaguers could bring ten to one in battle against Henry's forces. One of the prisoners taken at Arques, observed to the King, that he had but a handful of soldiers in his camp. Henry replied with his usual spirit, "You have not yet seen all my forces; you do not reckon, in your account, God and the good cause, which are on my side."

After repeated victories he found himself obliged to withdraw to Tours, leaving Mayenne in possession of the capital. This, however, was a short-lived triumph to the head of the League. A new faction had arisen, under the name of *the Seize*, and Mayenne found he had to contend against enemies within as well as without the city.

A battle took place; and the army of the League was headed by Mayenne. The disproportion on the side of Navarre was that of ten thousand to nineteen thousand. While the King buckled on his helmet, he said to those around him, "If you lose sight of your standard, bear these white plumes in view; they will ever be

found in the path of honor and duty." The battle was won by the *white plumes*, and the white standard of the Guises, embroidered with black fleurs-de-lis, was no longer a guide to the Leaguers.

Sully tells us, that, wherever the battle raged, there towered the white plumes; and frequently Henry hazarded his life in a manner that filled his adherents with despair. Once, when the peril he incurred was represented to him, he replied, "I cannot do otherwise; it is for my glory and crown that I fight; my life and every thing else ought to be of no consideration to me."

It is remarked of Henry, that, with all his courage and fearlessness, there was no foolish rashness; he always did what was wisest and bravest, even though it might not chance to be the safest course. The various successful battles which Henry won, enabled him to lay siege to Paris. When the siege commenced, the city was well fortified, though poorly garrisoned. It contained about two hundred and thirty thousand souls. The only method of conquering the city, and reducing it to submission, was by famine. Henry, who considered Paris as *his* capital, was loth to endanger it by an assault, that might lay it in dust. The death of Cardinal Bourbon, whom the Leaguers had proclaimed King, to the exclusion of Navarre, made no change in their meas-

ures. The siege was continued till famine appeared in its most distressing forms. There are few that, from description, can form any idea of the horror of starvation. It is best understood by the expedients to which they had recourse, of robbing the charnel-houses of their contents. Henry, who regarded them as his own rebellious subjects, at length yielded to the pity and compassion which were evidently traits of his character, and suffered his soldiers to barter food for their useless gold. He even received within his lines the old and imbecile, who had been suffered to leave the city. There has been much discussion on this subject. This leniency has found severe military censors, and it has been said, that necessity obliged the King to raise pay for his troops by selling provisions. But may we not believe that compassion alone was his motive? Thirteen thousand had died a death of lingering agony, and still the leaders, perhaps the only ones that were not suffering famine, refused to capitulate. Let us believe, for the honor of human nature, and for the consistency of Henry's character, which contemporary historians describe as compassionate and feeling, that mercy was at least with him a kingly attribute, and that he listened to its pleadings.

The aid Mayenne received from the Duke of Parma at this time, obliged Henry to withdraw

to Senlis, and give up the siege of Paris. He dismissed the greater part of his army, probably for want of money to retain them, and kept only such as he considered absolutely necessary. Since the death of Henry the Third, Navarre was no longer fighting for the reformed religion; he was now contending for the crown in right of succession, for the kingdom of France; and, though still preserving his Huguenot subjects and allies, a large number of the Catholic nobles, as well as soldiers, had enlisted on his side. Out of Paris the League was generally held in detestation, in the city new factions were constantly arising, and all seemed tending towards its dissolution. Another event took place, which weakened the influence of Mayenne. The young Duke of Guise, who had been confined in the castle of Tours since the murder of his father, made his escape, and the new party of the *Seize* at once espoused his cause. The King of Spain too was greatly disposed to aid him, and there was a probability, that he would select him as a husband for the Infanta. All these circumstances operating induced Mayenne to open a negotiation with Henry, but, as the first preliminary to his ascending the throne of France was *immediate* conversion to the Catholic religion, the King would not listen to it, though he uniformly declared, that he was willing to receive instruction.

The Catholic nobles, who were in favor of Henry's succession to the throne, began now to exhibit much impatience at his delay on the subject of *instruction*, or it might be truly termed *conversion*, for all foresaw this would be the final result. For half a century war had sheltered itself under the name of religion, and in the earlier stages it better deserved that name. But the enmity and rivalship, which had arisen between the Bourbons and Lorraines had gradually changed the whole aspect of the civil wars, and religion seemed little more than a watchword. Henry of Navarre, as the head of the reformed church, was viewed with enthusiasm by his countrymen and subjects. Regarding him as more than a mere earthly hero, they viewed his head encircled, not by a crown of fading laurels, but by a wreath of immortal stars. To have abandoned this cause, but upon *conviction*, would have satisfied neither party. It became, however, sufficiently evident, that the sword of civil war would never be sheathed under a heretic king, and there is little doubt but the reformed party, as well as the Catholics, began to contemplate this measure as certain. As to Henry's own view of the matter, there seems to be no word on record, which would lead us to assert, that he regarded the matter lightly ; even with his confidant and counsellor, Sully, he never talked of it as *merely* a political

measure. There is little reason to believe that religion was the great principle of Henry's life; his deviations from morality are wholly opposed to Christian precepts; but he had been educated in the Protestant faith, and had fought for it, and probably all his serious convictions were on that side. But these "were few and far between." His life had been a busy one, divided between perils and amusements, and the facility with which he abjured his faith, after the massacre of St. Bartholomew, is contrasted by the firmness of his cousin, the young Condé. Upon the whole, we willingly admit, that Henry could not pretend to *Christian* excellence. It is affecting, at this period, to compare the brother and sister. The Princess had been surrounded by parasites, and in the pernicious intercourse, which she was in a manner compelled to keep with Margaret of Valois, and the Countess of Guiche, the *chère amie* of Henry, a mind less pure might have contracted spots and stains, but not so with Catharine. With a firm and lofty purpose she trod the crooked path before her, her eye fixed on the bright vista to which it led, far, far, beyond. There she beheld the saints of old, prophets, apostles, and martyrs; and there too, her mother, the noble Jane d'Albret, released from mortal struggle, and holding in her hand the palm of victory. But poor Catharine was not

thus released, and while her eye was fixed on heaven, her heart wandered to earth. De Soissons was still her first and only choice, and she rejected, with indignation, every rumor that interfered with the *beau idéal* she had formed. Catharine was naturally enthusiastic, and she loved through the medium of her imagination. Of all modes of loving, this is the most incurable; it resists arguments, even facts, like the retina of the eye, which retains the dazzling brightness of the setting sun, after the glorious orb has sunk behind the hills. Navarre had expressed his doubts of De Soissons' fidelity to himself. Catharine calmly answered, that *she* had *none*. Margaret whispered her fears of his constancy; Catharine was silent, but in her expressive glance might be read, "Those *fear* who *betray*." Both Catholics and Protestants talked of his ambitious projects, and Catharine's lip slightly curled, as she thought how little they could gauge his mind and heart.

In those days of free and licentious intercourse, the calm dignity of De Soissons' manner had a peculiar charm for the Princess. Sully, who certainly did not love him, says, that nature had made him directly opposite to the King; that he resembled him neither in humor nor in frankness; that he endeavoured to impose upon the world "an assumed seriousness for an air of grandeur;

labored to appear impenetrable, and mistook the frozen countenance, which false gravity wears, for dignity." We may make much allowance for this description, and even believe, that, in an age where vice scarce condescended to wear the mask of hypocrisy, the Princess must have found a charm in the very manner that Sully condemns.

The step which had incensed Navarre most fully against the Count, was the secret journey that he took to Bearne, in order to persuade the Princess to marry him without the knowledge of her brother. Though Catharine rejected the proposal, she could not view it in a criminal light, for she very naturally believed, that love, and not ambition, had prompted him to this measure.

The first decided step, which Henry took against De Soissons, was to remove him from the government of Poitou, in consequence of intelligence that he received of the Count's being engaged in a plot to exclude him from the throne, in the hope of being himself elected king, as prince of the blood. This intelligence, whether true or false, confirmed Henry in his determination not to give his consent to his sister's marriage ; but he had yet hopes of convincing her of the Count's unworthiness, and persuading her voluntarily to relinquish him. Happily for Catharine she participated little in political intrigues,

and was easily reconciled, by such slight reasons as Henry chose to allege, for the removal of her lover from Poitou.

As the great crisis of Navarre's life drew near, it absorbed for a time with Catharine all other thoughts. Her clear and discriminating mind perceived, that the decision was approaching. Perhaps it will not be difficult to share and understand her feelings. The Protestant faith had been deeply woven into her heart and life; from her high rank she had been resorted to by the distinguished heads of the party, and had shared, with Navarre, the title of protector to the helpless and poor. She had felt something of royal pride at her station, and yet more at that of her brother. She had seen him young, beautiful, and brave, enduring all hardships and dangers, to win the crown of immortal life; all this was for religion, the *true religion*, as she believed, and now was he to lose his heavenly crown for an earthly one? She saw the temptations and difficulties which surrounded him, and probably had an instinctive feeling, that the *conference*, which he had pledged himself to hold, would end in his adoption of the Catholic faith.

CHAPTER XIX.

RESULT OF THE CONFERENCE. — PLOT AGAINST THE PRINCESS OF BOURBON.

Philip of Spain wished to place the Duke of Guise on the throne, and promised him the Infanta ; but the League had become so much weakened in numbers, that they declared it necessary to postpone any new attempt. Henry now found that the discontent of the Catholics was breaking through all bounds ; every attempt was made by his enemies to excite the populace against him, and even the nobles declared that they could no longer support the delay. Thus urged, the King announced, that, on the 15th of July (1593), he would attend a conference at Nantes, for the purpose of instruction.

The feelings of the Huguenots may be imagined, as they saw the crisis approach. Duplessis wrote an affecting letter to him at this time.

" I am not ignorant," says he, " of the troubles to which your Majesty finds yourself exposed, for I have always foreseen them. The first thing

requisite is to pour out the soul in contrition before God. . . . . The next thing, after having done our utmost, is to trust ourselves with confidence to his hands, well assured that no human conspiracy can avail against his blessing." He adds, that "he will find a number of faithful friends to abide by him through every storm, and at every disadvantage."

Whatever were Duplessis's fears, he does not appear to have relinquished his hopes, that the King might still adhere to the reformed faith. At length the morning arrived, and Henry wrote to the fair Gabrielle d'Estrées, informing her, that "on the Sunday following he should take the first leap."

This declaration proves that he had already determined on his own conversion. From six o'clock to eleven he listened with profound attention to expositions on various points from the learned doctors and bishops. He declared, that his greatest doubts arose from three essential articles of the Romish faith; auricular confession; the invocation of saints; and the spiritual authority of the Holy See. On these subjects he gradually professed himself freed from all doubt by the profound arguments which were advanced. They then began to speak of transubstantiation. But, probably fatigued with the debate, he cut them short, by saying, that, on this subject, he

never entertained any doubt, but believed as they did.

The joy was general among the nobles, when Henry announced the day on which he would seek reconciliation with the Church. Every preparation was made for the august ceremony; it was to take place at the Cathedral of St. Dennis, as the Church of Notre Dame was closed by order of Mayenne. The church or abbey of St. Dennis was a religious structure, venerable for its antiquity and sanctity, and peculiarly sacred as being the repository of the royal race of Kings of the Capetian line.

"On the day appointed Henry presented himself, dressed in white, before the portal of the edifice, attended by the Princes of the blood, nobility, and gentry; he was followed by the guards, superbly accoutred. The Archbishop of Bourges, surrounded by prelates, met him at the entrance. Holding in his hands a book of the Gospels open, he demanded of Henry who he was, and the nature of his errand. 'I am the King,' he replied, 'who desire to be received into the bosom of the Catholic, Apostolic, and Romish Church.' Throwing himself on his knees he then 'protested to live and die in its defence, renouncing all heresies contrary to its doctrine.'" *

* Wraxall's History of France.

Some difficulties had arisen about the confession of faith, which the King was expected to subscribe, but he now presented it signed with his name to the Archbishop. Shouts of congratulation rose from the multitude, as he again kneeled, repeated his oath, received the sign of the cross, and kissed the altar. A solemn *Te Deum* was chanted in the choir. The Bishop of Nantes performed mass, while Henry sat enthroned under a canopy glittering with fleurs-de-lis of gold and jewels. Money was scattered to the people among the cries of *Vive le Roi*, and the King dined in public. In the evening fireworks were exhibited, and splendid festivities took place. A truce for three months was concluded with the chiefs of the League. The news of Henry's apostasy, for such they termed it, filled the reformed party with grief and mortification. Duplessis, well knowing that Catharine would need support and consolation under this heavy affliction, hastened to her, and even ventured to insinuate, that the King might again return to the true faith. But Catharine rejected this idea. "Let me, at least, have the consolation of believing," replied she, "that he has acted from conviction."

"Write to him," said Duplessis.

"Alas! what can I say? he has placed a gulf between us, that neither can cross."

She did, however, write the King a tender and

affectionate letter. "Man," said she, "cannot judge your motives; God alone sees the heart. Though now of a different faith, we are still children of the same family. There is but one God and one Saviour, and at the throne of heaven our prayers must meet."

Duplessis, at the same time, wrote a most vehement letter to the King. He expressed his apprehensions, that the advisers, who had been powerful enough to silence his conscience, might also extinguish his good inclinations towards the people who once had the honor of calling him their protector; that it was improbable, that he, who had not feared to offend God, would be more careful in giving offence to his subjects, since the step from pure religion to idolatry was far more wide than that from idolatry to persecution. He told him, that he expected the Pope would send him a consecrated sword, as a preliminary to absolution, requiring him to extirpate the heretics, once his friends, and now his most faithful subjects, and condemn them to the flames as a *feu-de-joie* for peace.

The answer of the King to this bitter epistle is truly mild and patient. "Come immediately," he says; "I have loved you better than any man in my kingdom, come, come." Repeatedly he wrote to urge his coming, which Duplessis seems to have wished to avoid. "Come, come, he

writes again, come with all speed, for I want you, for reasons I cannot write; make haste, if you love me."

Among the most distinguished of the Protestants, Duplessis had always been peculiarly regarded by the King, who relied upon his truth and sincerity. For a long time he was confident that Henry never would abjure his faith on any terms. Shame, sorrow, and involuntary alienation, kept him from the court when the news arrived; but Catharine, who saw how much the reformed party stood in need of a zealous friend, urged him, at last, to repair thither, and present a memorial, exhibiting the various causes for fear and complaint existing with the Protestants. "We have been told to wait patiently," said he. "Have we not waited more than fifty years?" Henry continued to show the utmost confidence in Duplessis, and seemed even more attached to him than ever. But it was only a few of the sturdy champions of reform, with the venerable ministers, that assumed this language. The greatest number of the Huguenots expressed the utmost joy at the elevation of the King, and the prospect of peace, and fully believed that new honors awaited them. Too many followed his example, and abjured the faith of their fathers. Maximilien de Bethune (Duke of Sully), who claims the honor of first suggesting to the King

his change of religion, was his friend and zealous adherent. At this time he was thirty-three years of age, and the King forty ; though he always professed the reformed religion himself, he was earnest for his master's abjuration, as the only measure that could secure peace to France.

The King had appointed Chartres as the place in which his coronation was to be performed, and he wrote to Sully to meet him there. Sully obeyed the summons, and found with him De Soissons and Montpensier, the son of his former violent enemy, Madame de Montpensier, the sister of the Guises. With the success of Henry her opposition to him vanished ; she was one of the first to hail him King, and perform the part of a parasite. The Duke, though several years younger than Catharine de Bourbon, had solicited her hand. Henry was favorable to this alliance. He liked him as a man, and in his wealth and possessions saw affluence for his sister, that he had it not in his power to bestow. Added to this, his dislike of De Soissons made him eager to place her beyond his reach, for he could not but know, that the constancy of their attachment had survived all obstacles. It was greatly the wish of Henry to conciliate the two Princes, De Soissons and Montpensier, and this was not an easy matter, as they both claimed precedence in rank, both were competitors for the same

posts of government, and, above all, for the same mistress, the Princess Catharine.

It was to reconcile these two rivals, that he had sent for Sully, in whose address and knowledge of character he placed implicit confidence. It is probable, that the King felt more fully than ever the importance of preserving peace among his subjects. It is evident, that De Soissons had not been charged with any very heinous treachery towards Henry.

Sully acquitted himself with his usual dexterity in reconciling the rivals to an appearance, at least, of harmony. The great cause of their enmity, however, still existed. Montpensier had conceived an attachment for Catharine equally as strong as that of De Soissons. When we recollect that time had been gradually stealing graces from her person, we have the strongest evidence, in the various attachments she continued to inspire, of the fascination of her manners and character. We have already spoken of the freedom which prevailed among the highest classes of society. A race of dissolute monarchs had succeeded each other, and the Court of Catharine de Medicis had become a proverb for its immorality. Catharine de Bourbon in this high-born circle stood alone. Uninfluenced by the worldly counsels of the Queen-mother, unmoved by the ridicule of the fair votaries of pleasure, uncor-

rupted by the flatteries that were poured into her ear, she steadfastly preserved the simple habits of the early reformers, and their somewhat Calvinistic modes of dress. She accommodated herself to the rules of the Synods, and wore her hair as they prescribed, even when the ladies Duplessis rebelled. Her dresses, though of rich materials, for she encouraged home manufactures, were neither flounced nor furbelowed ; she wore no cloth of gold, nor edgings of pearls and silver. The healthy simplicity of her life discovered itself in her pure, transparent complexion, the delicacy of which was heightened by the lawn kerchief that, in spite of Margaret of Valois' ridicule, shaded her neck. Contrast is often sufficient to seize the imagination. The chevaliers of the Louvre, without fully understanding what captivated them, yielded their homage, and the Duke de Montpensier was among the most zealous. Sully adroitly flattered both of the pretenders, and put them in good humor with themselves. He mingled, in his discourse with the Duke, anecdotes of Catharine, and described her early gayety, and love of society. " I was an awkward boy," said he, " when she first admitted me to her parties at Bearn. I remember well a ballet, that she got up, in despite of the Synod, and, when she insisted on my taking a part, and I confessed I did not know how to dance, the

Princess kindly taught me the steps herself, and she danced like an angel." *

With the Count he did not allude to Catharine, but talked of the favor of Henry, and promotion at the Court, and, in short, satisfied all parties. The King was so well pleased with the manner in which Sully conducted this negotiation, that he gave him another, much against his inclination, and this was to persuade the Princess to give up De Soissons, and also destroy the written engagement which had passed between her and her lover.

Sully was fully aware of the difficulty of attaining this object with a woman who could neither be flattered nor bribed into inconstancy. "I must stipulate one thing, Sire," said he, "that no suspicion be given her on the subject, and I must manage it wholly in my own way." To this the King at once assented, extremely glad not to appear in the matter.

We can scarcely repress indignation at the plot against Catharine's peace, contrived by this able diplomatist. He went to Bearn, where she was residing, and found that the Count had preceded him. It was evident, that the harmony and mutual confidence of the lovers was unimpaired. Sully says, "I found myself in the greatest per-

* Sully's "Mémoires."

plexity, how to accomplish my purpose. I knew it would not be easy to obtain the writing from a woman of her character, and still less to make her accede to the King's wishes, — to renounce the man she loved, and bestow herself on one whom she disliked. There was no possibility of succeeding but by artifice."

Let us now listen to Sully's reasoning on the subject. "What though, in deceiving her, I consult not her heart, at least I consult her interest, and prevent the misfortunes which the accomplishment of her wishes might bring upon the King and kingdom ; and I flatter myself, that she will, one day, thank me for preserving to her the friendship of her brother, which she would lose by marrying the Count. The impossibility of succeeding except by stratagem determines me. As for the Count, I want nothing of him, and feel no attachment for him. The respect due to him ought to be laid aside, when it opposes public utility, and what the service of the King, my master, requires of me." *

Such was the reasoning of the great man, which seems to us hardly plausible, even when judged by the ethics of that period.

As the Princess lived much in retirement, and had held no Court since the *conversion* of the King,

* Ibid.

it was not easy for a man of the world, like Sully, to gain access to her without exciting some suspicions. Her life was passed in reading, and in performing kindly offices to those about her; the brightness of it was gathered from her intercourse with the Count, in whose long-tried affection she found a solace for every evil. That De Soissons was ambitious, and might have formed hopes offensive to the King, is very possible, though history is by no means clear on the subject. Davila merely says, "that the Count de Soissons had gone over to the King of Navarre, and borne arms for him; but, having afterwards repented following the party, by reason of its weakness and other respects, returned unto the King's obedience, by whose persuasions he very submissively asked pardon of the Holy See."

Catharine did not consider this step an unpardonable one, and only felt her happiness impaired by the evident alienation between her brother and lover.

Sully, aware of the state of her feelings, prepared his plan. A young man by the name of Du Perron was considered one of those tattlers, that are found in every age. Sully, after flattering him to a degree of intoxication, informed him, in strict confidence, that the King wished to conclude the marriage between his sister and the Count de Soissons; that he thought it

was time the affair was brought to a close; and that there were only some very slight circumstances, which prevented his publicly announcing this intention.

The young gossip, as Sully had intended, communicated the important secret to two of the Count's intimate friends, also to the Princess herself, and the Countess of Guiche. The consequence was exactly what Sully expected. He went to take leave of Catharine, and saw in her manner an unusual degree of cordiality. The Countess of Guiche was also present. She soon introduced the subject of the King, and turning to Catharine, said, "This is the man who is best able to serve you."

The Princess does not seem, for a moment, to have lost her dignity or self-command. Addressing Sully with great sweetness, she said, "You know, that both the Count and myself have always esteemed you, you would greatly oblige me by restoring us to the good graces of my brother, the King, which I understand," she added with an insinuating smile, "have been a little alienated from us." Sully thanked the Princess for the honor she did him, and added, that, if he were sure of the discretion of those who heard him, he could inform them of many things which would not be indifferent to them. They gave him their promise of secrecy. The

diplomatist asked three days' delay, and took leave. Catharine threw herself into the arms of her companion, who participated with her in her happier prospects. Sully had adroitly conveyed the idea, that the King wished to bring the marriage to a conclusion, and that it remained with herself to remove the slight obstacle.

At the end of three days he again visited the ladies, but affected great reluctance to speak. After much urgency he told them, that he had prevailed on the King to open his heart to him upon the marriage in question, that he found he had no repugnance to it, but thought it a very proper one, and that, since he had no children, he should be rejoiced to adopt those of his sister, whom he could look upon as his own ; that the sweet and peaceable disposition of the Count was greatly to his taste, but he confessed, that the Count's attempt to deceive him, and obtain his sister without his consent, still prevented his hearty concurrence to the union. Both Catharine and the Count, who was now present, greatly regretted that such an attempt had been made. Sully assured them that the evil might be easily remedied ; that, if they would relinquish the written agreement they had mutually signed, and throw themselves entirely on the King's favor, and, moreover, bind themselves by another, not to marry without his consent, there was no doubt

but the King, in three months, would cement the union.

The contract they readily offered to resign, indeed it could not have availed them much; but they were unwilling to submit to a second, such as he had suggested. At length, however, he obtained one, releasing each other from all engagements, and submitting themselves wholly to the King, only annexing one condition, that it should not go out of Sully's hands, not even to the King. To this he gave his word of honor, and the writing was delivered, signed by both, and sealed with their arms.

Such was the consummate artifice used, which we have drawn from Sully's own confession. More cruel or disgraceful conduct could hardly be imagined. Well might he say, "The remembrance of the affair was always disagreeable to me." His *word* of honor he seems to have considered sacred, though there was little honor in his conduct. The King entreated him to give to him the second writing, but he retained it in his own hands according to his promise.

We must now quit Catharine, who had fallen into the snare so dexterously laid for her, and pursue the coronation of the King. His *sacre* was to take place at Chartres, but Davila tells us, there was a great difficulty about the *oil*. The true oil for the anointing of the King was kept

at St. Amhoul, in the cathedral of the city, and was brought down from heaven by an angel, purposely for the consecration of King Clovis. There arose also a competition among the prelates, who should perform the ceremony. At length, however, all was settled, and the vial of oil was brought in procession, under a rich canopy of state, set round with lights, and guarded by a troop of horse, and with that oil they anointed the King of France. Henry's abjuration of the reformed religion seems to have been complete, and his adoption of the Catholic equally so, Sully declares, "upon conviction of its truth."

CHAPTER XX.

HENRY THE FOURTH ENTERS PARIS. — SUCCESS OF THE PLOT AGAINST THE PRINCESS.

Mayenne was still at Paris, but wholly unable to support his position, and, on the 6th of March, 1594, he quitted it; and on the 22d, Brissac admitted the royal troops, and the capital, so long in possession of the League, was transferred to a new master. The entrance of Henry the Fourth resembled a triumphal one, rather than the reduction of a rebellious city. He immediately proceeded to Notre Dame, through an immense multitude, to return thanks to Heaven for its signal favor. Never did the judicious and noble character of Henry appear to more advantage than on this occasion. Courteous in his manners, punctual to his engagements, affectionate to his subjects, Paris exhibited the singular contrast, in one day, of a place entered by what they had considered hostile forces, and of a peaceful and well-ordered city. The Bastille, and Vincennes, were immediately surrendered to him; and we behold Henry of Navarre, whom

we have followed through so many vicissitudes, firmly seated on the throne of France.

At this period the following description is given of the King's person by a French writer. "Le roi avoit alors quarante-un ans. Les fatigues de la guerre avoient encore basané son teint du Béarn et des montagnes, sa barbe étoit épaise et crêpue ; ses cheveux blanchis sous son casque d'acier, surmonté de quelques plumes flottantes ; il avoit de petits yeux brillans, cachés sous des joues saillantes ; un nez long et crochu, pendant sur de fortes moustaches gris ; son menton et sa bouche sentoient déjà la vieillesse au milieu de la vie. Il portoit sa cuirasse de guerre sur son coursier caparaçonné de fer comme en un jour de bataille."

This description, which evidently is not a flattered one, still brings the figure of a warrior and chief before us, and agrees with the celebrated historical picture, of his entering Paris, by David.

It must not be supposed, that Henry was now at liberty to sit quietly crowned with the laurels he had won. Still one half of the kingdom was in arms, and Henry, on the loss of Amiens, exclaimed, "We must resume the King of Navarre, we have played the King of France too long."

He took the earliest opportunity of requesting

his sister's presence, and received her with the most affectionate cordiality, assuring her he would never interfere with her religious worship. Catharine had too late detected the dissimulation of Sully, and, though she acquitted her brother of being concerned in the artifice, she perceived that her prospect of being united to De Soissons was more remote than ever. It was in vain the Count urged, that, as the last contract was drawn from them on false pretences, it ought to be considered legally void. She replied, "My oath was taken before God, not man, and he has not absolved me from it."

The Duke of Montpensier, who had fully proved his attachment to the King, was still in high favor with him, and more earnest than ever for a union with the Princess. In a conversation with Sully (whom we are tempted to call the King's gossip), he declared that his love for Catharine was not in the least abated by her coldness, but that he despaired of obtaining her heart, or of supplanting the Count de Soissons in her affection. When this conversation was repeated by Sully to the King, he determined to make one more effort in De Montpensier's favor, and rather injudiciously charged his favorite with this commission. After what had passed, Sully declared that he thought it presumptuous to embark in this attempt, and, probably heartily

ashamed of his previous conduct, entreated the King not to expose him to added hatred from the Princess and Count de Soissons. The King, who, in affairs of this kind, seems to have had but little tact, only replied, "A good master and a bold servant." Sully took the precaution to demand his commission in writing, and a letter of friendship to Catharine, from her brother. To the written commission Henry was extremely reluctant, but finally accorded it.

Poor Catharine seems doomed to have been the sport of imposition. She was at Fontainebleau, and thither Sully repaired. She had before, by a line from the King, understood he was to be there, and, with the sanguine feeling of an innocent heart, imagined that he came to inform her that her brother had relented. Sully, probably from reluctance to open his disagreeable errand, did not allude to it for the first two days, and they passed with an appearance of civility on the part of the Princess, who considered politeness due to the friend and chosen servant of her brother. On the third Sully broke the ice. This time he does not appear to have had recourse to dissimulation. He stated to her, that the Count's conduct had wholly alienated the King, and that he had determined never to give his consent to their marriage. The indignation of Catharine was justly roused. She reproached

Sully with his former treacherous conduct, and represented its baseness in glowing colors. The negotiator seems to have been astonished at what he might naturally have expected, he still, however, proceeded to profess unbounded respect and earnest desire to serve her, but begged her to hear his statement of the Count's treatment of the King. Thus urged, Catharine was silent, though unable to command those emotions of anger and disdain, which flushed her face, sparkled in her eyes, and, as Sully proceeded, gave a hue of deadly paleness to her countenance.

The accusations against the Count, though not amounting to any thing treasonable on his part, were, if she believed them, sufficient to alienate the King. There is a conviction in truth, which it is difficult to resist. She remained silent, that deadly sickness of the heart coming over her, which the unworthiness of any one we have thought highly of naturally inspires. Sully perceived that her confidence was shaken, when he brought proof after proof that the Count's conversion to the reformed faith was a mere artifice to obtain his purpose, and that he had since made the most humble atonement to the Holy See. Encouraged by his success, he proceeded to say, that "the measures he had before taken were wholly for her benefit, knowing the Count's unworthiness." Then her anger found vent in words.

"You do well," said she, "to remind me of the duplicity and falsehood of your conduct. I regret that the King has such an agent, and it is the only way that I can account for his opposition to my wishes, unless," added she ironically, "he loves me so well, that he cannot resolve to get rid of me.* I reject your base insinuations against the Count. I spurn them, and request you to leave me. You have made me miserable enough." The tears, notwithstanding her efforts to suppress them, fell from her eyes, and the energy with which she had spoken yielded to the tender recollection of her lover.

"Ah, Madame," replied Sully, "how deeply I regret causing you so much pain, but, indeed, there is a way that may yet set all things right, and repair past errors."

Again her tender recollections yielded to her anger, and she spoke with the bitterness of a wounded spirit. "Pray, Sir, have the kindness to inform me how these errors may be repaired."

"By the Count de Soissons' undoing all he has done," replied Sully. "But I perceive that, in my endeavours to serve the King, and those who are dear to him, I have incurred your everlasting displeasure. I will, therefore, obey your commands, and leave you."

---

* Anquetil's "History."

He was, by this time, fully convinced that it was useless to propose an alliance with the Duke de Montpensier, and he rose to go.

"Nay, Sir," said Catharine, by a powerful effort recovering her self-command, "it is not necessary that we should dwell on this painful subject; rather tell me, how is the health of my brother, the King? Does he give no more time to sleep?"

"His habits are still the same," replied Sully; "he thinks less of himself than others. He is never angry or impatient, but even his enemies are astonished at the sweetness and gentleness of his disposition."

"He was ever thus;" said the Princess, "woe is me, that it has been my unhappy fate always to oppose his wishes, or sacrifice my own. I will see you to-morrow," she added with dignity, "at present I am weary."

Sully, though heartily tired of his commission, and convinced that he could not accomplish any thing, went to the Princess at the hour appointed the next day. She received him with cold civility, and saved him the trouble of speaking by beginning herself. "You have spoken what you call truths to me," said she, "and now I request you to hear some in return. You have more than once insinuated that you could set matters right. I decline your interference, and

will do my best to enlighten you as to your own character and conduct. No doubt you imagine that you have acted the part of a politician, in reality it has been that of a parasite, and base deceiver. You have attributed to the Count, and, I dare say, to myself, motives which only a heart like yours could conceive. For once you have failed in what you pride yourself upon, *knowledge of the world*, and have been guilty of the folly of a boy, in thus rashly meddling with the affairs of people so far above you. Remember, Sir, that you are but a private gentleman, subsisting on the bounty of the Princes of Navarre, and wanting in gratitude for past benefits."*

Perhaps Sully might have endured this language more meekly had there been no witnesses; but Catharine, fired with a sense of her own wrongs, determined to humble him, and was attended by gentlemen and ladies of her train. Her purpose seems to have been completely answered for the moment, for Sully immediately began to exculpate himself. "Indeed, Madame," said he, "your Highness has greatly mistaken my conduct; as to what I have said of the Count de Soissons, I am myself convinced of the rectitude of his intentions."

---

* This account is taken from Sully's "Memoirs of Himself," and also Anquetil's "History."

"It matters not, Sir," replied she contemptuously; "he is as indifferent to your opinions as I am."

Sully could ill support this degradation, to which, probably, his own conscience added peculiar stings. He had, for a moment, lost his self-possession, but he quickly recovered it. "Your Highness is pleased to reproach me," said he proudly, "with being a private gentleman, and unworthy to approach you; but I must beg leave to remind you, that though, by the prodigality of my ancestors, I am not possessed of the estates to which I have a claim, yet that above a hundred thousand crowns have been carried by the daughters of my family into the houses of Bourbon and Austria. I acknowledge that my present visit to you would have been impertinent, if I had not been commissioned by the King, your brother, to whom I have never been indebted for pecuniary benefits; on the contrary, he has sometimes done me the honor to have recourse to me in his necessities." He then drew the King's letter from his pocket, and put it into her hands.

Had Sully ended here, it might have saved the concluding scene; but, encouraged by the astonishment the letter produced, he presumed to add, that, as his Majesty held the place of father to her, and was likewise her master and king, it

became her to submit to his will, and, no longer listening to the Count, to resolve to accept a husband that her brother might select, or expect to lose his favor ; that, in the ample provision the King had made for her, he had consulted his own heart rather than the laws and customs of Navarre.

The Princess scarcely waited to hear the end of his sentence, but, expressing her indignation at his insolence, retired to her cabinet.

The day after these circumstances took place Sully set out for Paris, to meet his courier, whom he had sent from Fontainebleau to the King, with an account of his failure. Instead of his own messenger returning, he recognised one of Catharine's attendants. The young man gave him a letter, sealed with the Princess's seal. He opened it, and found it was from Henry, and, though addressed to him, had passed through her hands. Instead of the commendation and praises the trusty knight expected to receive, it contained a stern command "to make apologies to the Princess for his behaviour," adding that "his Majesty could not suffer one of his subjects to affront a Princess, and his sister, without punishing him immediately for his fault, if he did not repair it by submission."

Sully was greatly surprised, and appears to have considered the King's displeasure as de-

cided. "I had served him," says he, "with unwearied zeal for four-and-twenty years; it was with the greatest reluctance that I had consented to this commission, and the King now said much more severe things to me in his letter, than any I had said to the Princess."

He seems to have been wanting in that knowledge of human nature in which he prided himself, in supposing that he might take the same position with her, as her king and brother. On this occasion he again had recourse to artifice, and feigned a severe illness. The good-natured Henry, unable to hold out, sent him his pardon, and a reconciliation took place.

It must be acknowledged, that the charges Sully had brought against De Soissons, corroborated by proofs that he had it in his power to give, had sunk deep into Catharine's mind. Circumstances, one after another, crowded on her recollection. For things that had perplexed her in his conduct she now found a clue, and the illusive confidence that had sustained her for so many years was fast fleeting. This appears to have been the bitterest period of her life. She sent for De Soissons, and had long conversations with him. The conviction grew in her mind, notwithstanding all his palliations, that she had been deceived; that his renunciation of the Roman faith had been only a pretence, and that he had

engaged, even in the early part of their attachment, to make his union with her subservient to the Catholics. He could not conceal, in this revelation of his character, his bitter enmity to her brother, nor suppress his too well-founded sneers at *his* conversion.

Even Sully observes, that "the Princess had but one fault, too great vivacity of temper; in all things else she was noble and generous."* The minister does not seem to have comprehended, that this vivacity of temper arose from a sense of justice and truth, and was founded in deep sensibility.

The mist was dispelled, which had, for so many years, obscured her perception of De Soissons' true character. She saw he was a shortsighted politician, a man of the world, without high and honorable principle, changing with the times, and using religion as an engine for his ambition. It was not *deeds* of which she accused him, there had been nothing *treasonable* in his conduct; but the high and holy ties which bound her to him were broken, he was a different character from what she had believed. He was no longer the being that she had loved. "I have told you often," said Catharine, "that you alone could sever the bonds between us; you

* Sully's own words.

have done it, and we must part. Difference of religious belief would not have separated us. I should have cherished the hope that we might, in time, have united in one faith. We must part! find a wife among the daughters of your own people, and leave me to mine."

CHAPTER XXI.

EDICT OF NANTES.

Resolutely as Catharine pursued the course her conscience marked out, her health, for a time, sank under the struggle. Henry was incapable of appreciating the depth of her feelings, but he seems to have watched over her with fraternal affection, and tried to rouse her from the languor and depression that assailed her. He heaped worldly honors upon her, and promised her the full and entire liberty of worshipping in the reformed faith. Catharine was first awakened from the apathy that had taken possession of her mind by a letter sent to her from the Synod of Montauban.

"To you, Madame," said they, "we now look for our sole *illustrious* patronage. Continue firm, we entreat you, in the true faith; let not the persuasions of the King, nor the arts of the Romanists, prevail. Write to us, we beseech you; give us comfort and assurance."

"It is time," said Catharine when she received this letter, "that I shook off this sloth. I must be up and doing."

She immediately wrote to Duplessis, with earnest protestations of unshaken fidelity.

"All I see, all I feel, but the more confirms me in my convictions. May God never withdraw from me the light of his countenance. I can poorly express what I have endured for months past. It seemed as if the very fountain of life was dried up. I should have comfort in conversing with you on what I cannot write. You know well the pain my brother's abjuration has given me. But I have a strong hope, that, when the present unsettled state of affairs has passed away, he will, through God's grace, repair the breach, which, for the good of his people, he has now suffered to be made in his conscience. Do not believe any thing you may hear against me. If they still say I have been to mass, receive my denial in one word, that I have never been there either in act or thought. Neither does the King request it; he leaves me free in the exercise of my faith; of this I hope soon to give you a proof; and, depend upon it, I will not go to mass till you are pope in very deed." *

* Duplessis was said to be the pope of the reformed religion. And Henry afterwards alluded to it in a subsequent dispute with Du Perron.

From this time Catharine shook off the languor that had assailed her, and again health and animation returned. Perhaps the strongest proof she could give of the healthy state of her mind, was the pardon she accorded to Sully. For his wife she conceived a warm friendship, and at length included him in it. She had generosity enough to excuse his unworthy conduct to herself, when fully convinced that it arose from devoted zeal to her brother.

Henry solicited her to reside with him in Paris. This she deemed inexpedient for her and himself; but, wishing to fulfill the promise she had made Duplessis, of a decided proof of her constancy to the reformed faith, she accepted his invitation, and entered Paris with a large suite, in which were included several Huguenot preachers, and her own chaplain, La Faye. Immediately after her arrival the reformed worship was publicly celebrated, and the communion administered to three or four hundred professors, by her appointment, at St. Germain's.

During her visit to the King, who was residing at the Louvre, she had her regular worship, and permitted members of the reformed faith to meet, without distinction of rank. The Cardinal de Gondé was sent to Henry, with a formal deputation of the clergy, to complain of this strange desecration of the palace. The King angrily

replied, "that he thought it much more strange, that such language should be held to him in his own palace concerning his own sister." Catharine, after this proof of her fidelity to the Huguenots, gladly quitted the palace of the Louvre, which brought to her mind the most painful recollections, and retired to Fontainebleau.

Henry's situation was by no means enviable, though firmly seated on the throne. Both parties watched him with jealousy. The Huguenots were dissatisfied with his edict of 1577, because it did not grant enough, and the Catholics because it granted too much. Catharine's gentle but determined influence often did great good in allaying the unreasonable demands of the Huguenots. She represented to them the difficult situation of her brother, and how much they would injure their cause by rashness and complaint. It was not long before the Princess excited the suspicions of the Romanists, and their spies were placed about her. Jane, her mother, had assumed the part of an influential leader. Catharine was not called to the same exertion, had it been in her nature, but it certainly was not. She was a true woman, shrinking from observation, fervent in her affections, enthusiastic in her religious belief, and investing all around her with the beautiful creations of her own imagination. Though never lowering herself in any respect from her

high station, she would, probably, have been happier in a less conspicuous one. In her youthful days, and in the light gayety and trusting fondness of her heart, she often playfully said, "At any rate I must have my Count." Yet we have seen, that she could offer up her strongest affections on the altar of duty.

The King wisely forbore to urge the suit of De Montpensier, and the Princess was again tranquil and almost happy. But this tranquillity was interrupted by an attempt to assassinate her brother. The blow was aimed by a young fanatic, by the name of Chastel, who struck the King with his dagger as he was stooping forward. Fortunately the dagger entered his lip instead of his throat. Upon examination it was supposed that the society of Jesuits were the instigators of this attempt, and a process was instituted against them, which ended in their expulsion.

Henry seems to have believed that they were concerned in the matter, for he said, with his usual vivacity, pointing to the wound, "I have heard from the lips of others how little that reverend society love me, but I now learn it from my own."

Catharine sent a despatch to Duplessis, informing him of the attempt. He wrote both to the King and to her. His letter to Henry is written in the spirit of sincerity. He intreats him to

view "the hand of God in all events, and constantly trust in his protection." In his personal remonstrances, after his arrival, he takes a moral tone of reproof, that gives the highest idea of the King's candor and good-nature. His conduct was but too open to reprehension, and Duplessis was never faithless to his duty. He had positively declined Henry's invitations to the Court, from his disapprobation of what he must have witnessed. D'Aubigné, who was as firm to the Huguenot cause as Duplessis, and condemned the abjuration of the King in bitter language, does not seem to have ventured to extend his reproofs to his private conduct, even at this critical time, when Henry was smarting from the wound he had received. "Sire," said D'Aubigné, "you have as yet renounced God only with your lips, and therefore it is on those he is contented to strike; but, if you renounce him with your heart, it is to your heart the blow will be directed."

It is highly creditable to the King, that he turned to these two distinguished sons of the reformed church in hours of peril. When dangerously ill he had recourse to D'Aubigné for religious comfort; yet he was strictly observant of the mass, and of all the forms of the Romanists. Soon after this attempt at assassination the Pope was prevailed upon to grant Henry the ab-

solution for past heresies, which he had long been demanding, and which had hitherto been denied.

The Protestants still continued to hold their national Synods, and Catharine had sermons regularly preached by the reformed ministers, at which all classes of the same faith assembled. This occasioned some disturbance, and fanatical women accused her of distributing meat to the poor on good Friday.

It will easily be believed, that the Huguenots found a zealous friend and advocate with Henry in the Princess. There was now the most perfect harmony between them, and the King often consulted her on the Huguenot affairs ; it was his earnest wish to do all for them he could, consistent with what he owed to his Catholic professions. When Catharine took up her residence at her own hotel, she had worship performed every Sunday, at which usually there were seven or eight hundred Protestants present. But, though this toleration existed at Paris, a melancholy outrage was committed at Poitou. While a congregation of about two hundred were convened on the Sabbath, a garrison at Rochefort poured its soldiers upon them. All the Protestants were murdered, even the helpless infant brought for baptism. One little boy, when they approached his mother, offered them all the money he had, if they would not take her life ;

it was eight sous. Henry severely punished this outrage; but the Huguenots were loud in demanding an edict from the King, that would protect their rights, and allow them to educate their children; and for this purpose they framed a petition. The remonstrance was long, fervent, and impressive, and was aided by the tears, the prayers, the entreaties of Catharine. The result was the celebrated edict of Nantes, in 1598. This secured to the Huguenots an access to high offices in judicature; and schools, hospitals, and charitable institutions, were indiscriminately thrown open to followers of either faith. The whole edict included ninety-two articles. It was not till 1599, that the forms were completed, and the Parliament of Paris consented to acknowledge and register the reformed party as an established body of the State.

The influence of Catharine was fully recognised by the Huguenots in this favorable edict, and the enthusiasm they had felt for the brother was transferred to the sister. She made a visit to Angers, and, while there, three thousand persons received the communion with her. The Princess, in this benign disposition of affairs, seemed to have attained all she now expected of earthly happiness. On one of her visits to the Louvre, she became acquainted with Charles, Duke de Bar. He was the son of Lorraine, her former

wooer. It would seem, that the admiration which animated the father had been entailed, with his fortunes, upon the son. From his first introduction he zealously sought her society. Catharine was then in her fortieth year, and, though looking nearly as well as ever, imagined, as those do who have experienced disappointed affections, that the season had passed for feeling or inspiring emotion. Not so the Duke; the few years' difference in their ages was to him no obstacle, and, to the surprise and regret of the Princess, she found that she had new difficulties to contend with. He was a man who had passed the first season of youth, and stood high with both parties. Henry saw at once the advantages that would accrue from the union, and warmly seconded his suit. Even De Soissons, who had wooed and won another lady, expressed his hopes that he might succeed. Catharine rested her opposition to the marriage on the difference of their religion, but, at length, weary of opposing, she wrote to the Synod, that, without aid, she could no longer contend against two so powerful opponents, as her brother and Lorraine. The Synod were most willing to enter their protest against it, and judged the marriage utterly unlawful, prohibiting all Protestant ministers from performing the ceremony, on pain of being deposed from the ministry.

The Duke expressed the most earnest wishes for the conversion of the Princess to the Catholic faith; and the King, in the hope of effecting it, gave orders that a solemn discussion should be held on the chief points of difference between the the two churches, in the presence of his sister. Catharine, willing to show her disposition to oblige him, consented to it, but claimed the privilege, probably not so remarkable then as it would be now, of retiring to her bed to hear the discussion, with the curtains closed round it, that she might not be exposed to observation. Dr. Duval was matched against Tilenius, of the reformed church. The two champions resorted to scholastic subtilties, and heated themselves to no purpose. Sully gives an amusing account of their final reference to him for the victory, but he declined hearing the arguments.

The Princess declared herself unconvinced, and the Pope refused to grant a dispensation, so that the prelates could not perform the marriage ceremony. At length, however, Catharine yielded to the solicitations of her brother, and, probably, the secret inclination of her heart, and the service was performed hastily and unceremoniously in the royal cabinet.

However averse the Huguenots were to this connexion, they had no reason to regret it. She continued firm in her belief. "There is nothing,"

said she in a letter to Duplessis, "that I find hard to resist, but the affectionate and gentle persuasions of my husband." He, on his part, was exposed to continual persecution for having married a heretic. In all things but religion there was a perfect agreement between them, and, by the additional wealth he conferred upon his wife, she was enabled to make her charities still more extensive among the impoverished Huguenots.

The treaty, always distinguished by the name of *l'Edit de Nantes*, was not concluded and signed by the King till nearly a year after it was framed; it was signed the 13th of April, 1598, and composed not only of the ninety-two articles, but fifty secret ones beside.

Thus terminated the struggle, which had for so many years deluged France with the blood of her own children. Sismondi says, "No epoch in the history of this nation better marks the termination of the old world and the beginning of the new." From this time an era begins, wholly detached from the one that preceded it; a new impulse of mind, a new system of monarchy, and a new history of France. It may not be amiss to review the period through which we have been passing. The actors, with whom we have been conversant, have, one by one, vanished, and but few remain that have taken part in preceding transactions. Henry the Fourth,

though comparatively young in years, is the link which connects the old with the new. When he entered Paris he was in the prime of life, having just completed his forty-first year. Though born to hereditary honors he had been accustomed, from infancy, to roam fearlessly among the Pyrenean mountains, careless of danger in its natural forms. Scarcely inferior to the chamois in activity, he leaped over the frightful ravines, scaled the loftiest summits, and looked with a steady eye on the rapid torrents roaring below. He heeded not the vicissitudes of the seasons, and, when hungry or thirsty, shared the viands of the lowliest peasant, and drank from the mountain spring. Trained to war by the skilful and brave Coligni, present, at the age of fourteen, at the battle of Moncontour, he could with difficulty be prevented from mingling in the fight. We behold him, after the massacre of St. Bartholomew, a captive at the Louvre, enslaved by his own love of pleasure, through the artifices of Catharine de Medicis, and compelled to profess a religion contrary to his conviction. Nor was this the most fatal stab to his honor and happiness. Margaret, his wife, seems to have interested herself in completing his degradation. At length, however, he burst the ignoble bonds, and escaped from the Court of France. Though often in arms, he was, in truth, a fugitive and an

exile in a remote corner of the kingdom beyond the Garonne, and frequently persecuted by the Guises. Nearly destitute of territories or revenues, (for his ancient patrimony of Navarre was constantly the prey of the Spaniards,) he stood forth the distinguished leader of the despised Huguenots. His Court, whether held at Pau or Nerac, was crowded with gentlemen and adventurers, attracted by the courtesy, the valor, the amenity of Henry's bearing. His very faults were imitated and admired ; his modes of dress, of living, and of exercise became those of his followers. The energy of his mind found an agent in the health and activity of his body ; in the camp he was indefatigable, indifferent to accommodations, patient of hunger, and asking but short intervals of sleep. Tolerant in his religion, not an instance of persecution is recorded against him ; in victory he was as merciful to the Catholics as to the Protestants, who were his own subjects. Though possessing the highest ideas of royalty, he assumed nothing for himself. Sully's "Memoirs" give us the portrait of a distinguished individual, rather than of a sovereign. Cheerful and frank-hearted, he was never depressed by adversity, or elated by good fortune. Observant of his promises, faithful to his word, superior to all art and duplicity, economical without meanness, forgiving under injuries, he, at that period, seemed

to bear a new character among the race of men. His education had been a first object with his noble mother; he was conversant with the Greek and Latin classics, and, though not studious, was well acquainted with literature.

Thus far we might present to the New World a hero scarcely inferior to our Washington; but the parallel line suddenly diverges. Let us not pursue Henry to the retreats of private life, let us not plead the profligacy of the age, the pernicious examples of the Louvre, or the faithlessness of his wedded wife; but let us turn to the spotless warrior and chief of our own Protestant race, and thank God that such a model remains to us.

Many of Henry's striking observations have become traditionary in his own land. When the Duke of Savoy inquired of him what might be the revenues of the kingdom, Henry replied, "Whatsoever I require, because, in possessing the hearts of my people, I can command every thing; and, if I am permitted by the Almighty to exist two years longer, it is my intention that each peasant in my kingdom shall, every Sunday, have sufficient means to put *la poule au pot*" (the chicken in the pot). This saying is still used for indicating comfortable circumstances.

Henry's observations were often touching, and discovered deep reflection. "Much is said respecting my prosperity," said he; "yet, if those

who pay me these compliments had uniformly been near my person from the period of my royal father's death, they would have found that there was much cause for modifying their remarks, and that my disappointments have counterbalanced my prosperity. It is not from my avowed enemies that I have suffered most, but the ingratitude and abandonment of many of those who called themselves my friends and my allies, or my subjects and servants."

CHAPTER XXII.

THE DIVORCE AND SECOND MARRIAGE.—DEATH OF CATHARINE, THE PROTESTANT PRINCESS.

The rapidity with which political events have passed has scarcely permitted a moment's pause for domestic affairs. Margaret de Valois had long since been sequestered in the Castle of Usson, and not only Henry, but the French nation, became earnest for a formal divorce. To this Margaret seems willingly to have assented, and Henry, in a confidential conversation with Sully, discussed the various matches which were considered eligible.

"That I may not draw upon myself a misfortune," said he, "which with justice is said to exceed all others, a disagreeable wife, it is necessary for me to find a woman that possesses five or six things, for instance, beauty, prudence, gentleness, wit, riches, and royal birth." The Infanta of Spain, Arabella Stuart of England, the Princesses of Germany, all were reviewed by Henry, and

all rejected. Others were then suggested by Sully, but none was satisfactory. At length he ventured to suggest marrying his favorite, the beautiful Gabrielle d'Estrées, whom he had created Duchess de Beaufort. Sully remonstrated with spirit against this disgraceful alliance, but Henry seemed determined to persevere. When Margaret heard that her rival had been mentioned by the King as her successor, she declared, that, rather than be thus disgraced, she would protest against the divorce.

To divert the King's mind from this headstrong purpose, he was persuaded to make an excursion through the different cities. Wherever he arrived, long speeches and addresses were made to him, of which he was heartily weary. One of them repeated often, "O very benign, very merciful, very great King." "Add too," said Henry to him, "*Very weary.*" Another began his address with "Agesilaus, king of Lacedæmon," "*Ventre, saint gris,*" exclaimed Henry impatiently, "I have heard that people spoke often to this Agesilaus, but always when he had dined, and I have not." To another he said, "Pray reserve the rest for another time;" but, finding he persisted in going on, he added, "Well, I am going, and you must say the rest to Master William." This was the court fool.

Henry seems to have possessed the art of being playful and familiar without impairing his own dignity, or giving offence. There is little doubt but Gabrielle had determined to be Queen of France, and probably would have effected her object had she not been suddenly summoned to her last account. Her death was so violent and unlooked for, that, as usual, suspicions of poison were promulgated. She was seized with strong convulsions, and, though the King was summoned, she died before he arrived. The grief of Henry was creditable to his heart. He dwelt upon the good qualities of his friend, upon the sacrifices she had made for him, and demanded from the Court all external signs of respect to her memory. He wore mourning, and the courtiers did the same; but there were none that did not view her death as a fortunate circumstance, Henry excepted, who, in the deepest solitude, bewailed his loss, and strove to support himself with calmness when in public. "Do not think," said he, "that it is merely a beautiful woman I regret; place my attachment to its right account, to sympathy of mind and disposition."

Those who take pleasure in studying out the worst parts of character, will remember the intimacy that he afterwards formed with Catharine Henrietta d'Entragues, to whom he gave a written contract of marriage. The divorce between

Margaret and her husband was sanctioned by the Pope, and a negotiation formed for an alliance with Mary de Medicis. She was spoken of for her beauty, and the peculiar *modesty of her deportment;* such was the successor to Henry's favor. The marriage took place at Florence by proxy. Henry had great apprehensions for his future happiness, and seems to have merely *submitted* to the transaction. The experience he had had of matrimony was unfavorable to happy anticipations, and his Florentine bride he had never seen.

It was several weeks after the marriage by proxy, before Mary arrived at Lyons, where she awaited the arrival of the King. He embarked on the Rhone, and met her there. Whatever might have been his feelings, he was never deficient in courtesy or good manners, and he welcomed the Queen of France as became its King. The marriage had been performed at Florence with extreme magnificence. The Cardinal Aldobrandini officiated on the occasion. Accompanied by a splendid retinue she coasted the Genoese territories, and arrived at Marseilles just sixty-seven years after Catharine de Medicis, conducted by Pope Clement the Seventh, had arrived at the same city to marry the Duke of Orleans, afterwards Henry the Second.

The King sent many of the first nobility to

meet her, nor were they wanting in congratulations ; for this union was looked upon as the confirmation of national prosperity. When Henry arrived from Savoy, equipped as a soldier, the ceremony of the nuptials was performed with the greatest gayety and splendor.

But little more than a year after this marriage took place, we behold France in a state of perfect tranquillity. We have traced it through civil wars, through domestic and foreign commotions. Henry, who had spent the best part of his life in a camp, was now to devote himself to the arts of peace, to the improvement of the nation, and to the habits of Catholic devotion. Soon after the entrance of his wife to Paris, he accompanied her on a pious excursion to Orleans. Though France was sometimes threatened by coming storms, Henry, by his wisdom and vigilance, dissipated them. He now showed himself an able statesman and politician. Sumptuary laws were judiciously enforced, which his own example rendered easy ; public abuses were remedied, and usury was banished. To complete the happiness of the nation a son was born to them, afterwards Louis the Thirteenth. When the infant was presented to him, the King took him in his arms and invoked upon him the blessing of Heaven ; then, placing his sword upon the child's head, he supplicated the Almighty, that he might " never use it but for

His glory, and the salvation of France." The multitude crowded round to behold the royal offspring, and when Henry perceived that the attendants tried to prevent them, he exclaimed, "Let them approach; this infant is the property of every individual."

This was the first lineal successor to the crown for more than forty years (since Henry the Second). His birth caused general rejoicing, and the King, overcome with emotion when he first received the intelligence, knelt and offered up his prayers and thanks.

It might be now supposed, that Henry was in possession of what a heart so affectionate as his must have coveted, domestic and conjugal happiness. But the consequences of our errors and follies are entailed upon us. Henrietta d'Entrague, better known as the Marchioness of Verneuil, had always refused to surrender the written contract of marriage that she held from the King, and even behaved with the greatest degree of insolence, publicly asserting, that she was the true Queen of France, and Mary de Medicis a usurper. Such observations were repeated to the Queen by her Italian confidants, whom she had brought with her, and also information was given her of the contract held by the Marchioness.

The Queen did not patiently receive this communication, and Henry soon found, that "the

gods make scourges of our vices." Between the two he was driven almost to desperation, and seems to have lost all heroism before the angry rivals. The Marchioness knew the power her beauty and fascination gave her. Mary had all that could be derived from legal ties, from her claims as the mother of the Dauphin, and as Queen of France. An event took place at this time, which brought affairs to a more decided crisis. One evening, as the King and Queen were returning from St. Germain to the Louvre, the horses, in crossing the Seine at Neuilly, took fright, and leaped over the side of the boat. Henry received no injury, but the Queen narrowly escaped being drowned, and was rescued only by her long hair, by which she was dragged from the water. Henry's tenderness and good feelings were fully awakened towards his Queen by this alarming accident, and there was a short period of mutual confidence. The Marchioness was soon informed of this unpropitious state of things, and, having secured an interview with the King, exerted all the malignancy of her wit to make the *river-scene*, as she called it, ridiculous. Strange to say, Henry suffered himself to be amused, and in a short time Mary was in possession of all that had passed. Her indignation knew no bounds, and she demanded of the King an annihilation of the contract, which the Marchioness

still held. Henry, fully convinced that this was the only way of securing a tolerable degree of repose, at length compelled Henrietta to surrender it. She did not submit to this requisition without the most violent transports of rage, and heaping upon the King, who was unwise enough to continue his interviews, the most vehement reproaches. Henry, in his account of the conversation, afterwards, to Sully, says, "Her language concerning the Queen was so contemptuous, that I could scarcely refrain from *striking* her, and was actually obliged to quit her abruptly, lest I should commit some excess of anger."

When Sully expressed his own indignation at the conduct of the Marchioness, the King began to make excuses for her, from her strong attachment to him; praising her wit and vivacity, and her desire to please him. "I find nothing of this," said he, "at home. I find no disposition in my wife to amuse or interest me. When I enter her apartment she receives me with a cold and indifferent air, and I am driven to seek a pleasanter reception elsewhere."

He seems to have had an earnest desire to be on better terms with his Queen, whose conduct was often injudicious, she reproaching him both in public and private. She undoubtedly felt a strong and sincere attachment to her husband, but her mind was narrow, and her wrongs were great;

and she did not consider his general indulgence towards her wishes, the outward respect which he always demonstrated, and his occasional sacrifices, any compensation for his want of fidelity. Henry in vain strove to attribute the irritated state of her mind to her Italian confidants; conscience, if it speaks in a low, small voice, is articulate and clear, and makes itself heard by the mentally deaf.

Meanwhile the angry Marchioness resolving to be revenged, entered into a conspiracy against the King with her half-brother, the Count d'Auvergne. Many were drawn into this plot, which was happily defeated, and the conspirators, after having been tried and condemned, were finally pardoned.

In 1604 the death of the Duchess de Bar took place. We escape for a moment from the busy scenes before us, to follow her to her last, peaceful home. Her life was clouded by disappointment; but after her marriage she seems to have enjoyed as much happiness as usually falls to the lot of women. She is spoken of as a rare example of conjugal affection, and, notwithstanding the difference of faith between herself and her husband, there was on other subjects the utmost union. Their opposition in religious opinions was a cause of deeper regret and anxiety to him than to her, as he considered her salvation

greatly endangered by her heresy. It has been previously mentioned, that she acknowledged that her greatest trial was in his gentle but earnest persuasions. She persevered, however, to the end. She was carried to Vendôme, and buried in the tomb of her ancestors, by the side of her noble mother, Queen Jane of Navarre. Henry was deeply afflicted by her death. Her affection for him through all her trials had never been diminished; and the pangs of disappointment he had occasioned her as to the prevailing traits of her character, love and religion, came with bitter regret to his own heart.

He received letters of condolence from all the crowned heads in Europe. Even the Pope sent his nuncio, to make his "compliments of condolence," and express to him his Holiness's fears for the salvation of the Princess, who had died out of the bosom of the Church. Henry replied with warmth and some degree of indignation, that he considered it inconsistent with the goodness of God, to suppose that he could not open the gates of heaven at the last moment. "I have not," said he with emotion, "that bitter pang added to what I now feel; not a doubt with regard to my sister's salvation exists in my mind." His touching exclamation, when informed of her death, shows the state of his feelings. "All! all! mother and sister!" How many painful

reflections must have thronged upon him. *They* slept together in one faith, and he, the hope of both, had deserted their cause. He remembered the bright and sparkling gayety of his sister's youth, and saw it wasted before long-delayed and frustrated expectation ; yet she had dearly loved him to the last, and died with blessings on her lips. What was the poor tribute of external mourning in which both his and the Queen's household were clad ! there was that within which could not be expressed.

The munificence of the Duchess towards the Huguenots had involved her in debts before she left Paris, which she had made arrangements to pay, when her sudden death took place. Her marriage jewels she had consigned to her creditors. These were redeemed, after her death, by her husband and the King, and her affairs were finally settled.

It may be mentioned, as a curious circumstance, that her debts scarcely exceeded eight hundred pounds sterling ; though at that time they were regarded as so considerable, that the King did not think proper to take some valuable pictures she possessed into his possession till they were all cleared. Her brother delighted to load her with benefits, and had given her a palace at Paris, a chateau at Fontainebleau, and another at St. Germain. The palace in which she principally

resided was, after her death, bought by the Count de Soissons. There is something striking in this last demonstration of first and early attachment. Indeed the Count appears, through life, to have preserved the recollection of this period, and never forgave Sully so freely as Catharine had done for his interference.

The death of Catharine was deeply felt by the Protestants. Nor was it long before they realized how much they had owed to her protection. The King, at her solicitation, had permitted her to have regular worship at her residence ; and, though contrary to the Edict of Nantes, suffered thousands of the reformed to congregate there. After her death the strict letter of the Edict prohibited the reformed service at any spot within five leagues of Paris. It was not till some time after, that Henry permitted them to meet at Charenton, within two leagues of Paris. On the first Sunday a congregation of three thousand persons attended.

It must not be supposed that the Huguenots were idle during the course of political events. A conference was held at Fontainebleau between Duplessis and Du Perron, each a staunch supporter of his separate faith. The King, on this occasion, was thought to have exhibited undue partiality to the Catholic champion, and Duplessis was treated with neglect and harshness. Du

Perron came forward under great advantages, for though, like his King, educated in the Protestant faith, he had, like him, abjured it, and become a convert to the Catholic doctrines. Henry must have felt a secret leaning towards such a champion, celebrated for his learning, distinguished for his eloquence, and of unquestionable morality. As a theological disputant he had acquired celebrity among the Protestants, and formerly held able controversies at Paris in favor of the reformed religion. He now entered the lists against it, and labored with the utmost assiduity in making converts to the Catholic faith. When called to appear as the antagonist of Mornay Duplessis, the public interest was greatly excited. The latter had been the counsellor, the friend, and companion of Henry, and the constant adviser of Catharine of Bourbon. It was a trying situation for the King, and probably he would gladly have prevented the controversy; but it was injudiciously urged by the Protestants, and even by Duplessis himself, who stood on equal ground with Cardinal Du Perron in birth, talents, and learning. He had travelled through various countries, Switzerland, Germany, Italy, and England, during the reign of Elizabeth, who received him with the greatest cordiality. At the Court of Navarre he had been distinguished by the Protestant nobility, and obtained such

supremacy, that he was styled by the Catholics "The Protestant Pope." After Henry abjured, we have seen, that Duplessis retired from the Court; but, when urged to take the lead in a religious disputation, he did not shrink from the controversy. Buoyed up by his unshaken integrity and his conviction of truth, and expecting a candid hearing from his former pupil, Henry of Navarre, he probably anticipated victory. If human pride mingled with his anticipations, and prompted his purposes, he was doomed to receive a painful, though perhaps salutary lesson. The particular cause of the present controversy was an elaborate treatise Duplessis had written on the Eucharist. Sixty-one disputed passages were submitted to the council, and he was to prove the truth and antiquity of the doctrines there maintained, and cite his authorities. This conference has interested religious polemics, but can excite no curiosity among promiscuous readers; it is only the result that is at present important. The King, with a brilliant assembly, appeared in the council-hall, and the commissioners, after each of the disputants had spoken, passed judgment on nine of the disputed passages, pronouncing them impositions and without authority.

Duplessis found himself in wholly a new situation. Henry, with all the generosity and nobleness of his nature, had often been humbled by

his reprehensions. It is too accordant with human nature not to suppose, that the King was willing the uncompromising judge should be brought nearer to his own level. It undoubtedly appeared, that great laxity had been used in these articles, and imaginary passages had been attributed to some of the fathers. Duplessis pleaded, that he had given the *spirit* where the letter was not exact, and repelled with indignation any accusation of fraud. Many passages, however, were ranked under that head, and the controversy was suspended till the next morning. Duplessis appears to have been deeply wounded by the whole proceeding. His natural hesitancy in speaking, which, perhaps, arose from the depth of his feelings, was unfavorably contrasted with the fluent elocution of Du Perron and his impetuous oratory. He retired for the night, exhausted and depressed, and before morning was attacked by fever and acute bodily pains.

The King, who probably had found the conference equally fatiguing to himself, at once decided that it should be ended. That evening he gave invitations for a banquet in the council-hall, "in order," as the light-hearted monarch expressed himself, "that he might sup on the field of battle." He discovered no relenting towards his early friend, and Duplessis suffered greatly from this total alienation; but his influence with

the Huguenots remained unimpaired. This controversy took place in 1600, several years before the death of Catharine, Duchess de Bar. Her sympathy and esteem greatly mitigated the mental sufferings of Duplessis; indeed, this admirable woman, without compromising her loyalty to her brother, always contrived to administer comfort and strength to her "own people," as she emphatically called them.

Henry, however, expressed his determination to abide by the Edict of Nantes, and the Protestants felt strong confidence in his good-will. A national synod had been holden by them at Gap, in Dauphiny, calling the Pope "antichrist, the son of perdition." At this synod they also appointed D'Aubigné historiographer to the reformed churches.

This meeting, and the abuse lavished upon the Pope, were truly injudicious; but Henry, though much offended, does not appear to have withdrawn in any degree his protection.

In 1605 the Jesuits, who had been banished the kingdom, were restored, and permission was given to demolish the monument perpetuating the attempt of Chastel upon the life of the King. We cannot but reflect, with admiration, upon the tolerant spirit of Henry, so unlike the age in which he lived.

In 1609 the King received a letter, informing

him, that the Huguenots were secretly taking up arms, and that Duplessis was the great instigator of this conspiracy.

We have seen Sully often in a light that cast deep shadows over the brightness of his character. It is grateful to observe the part he took on this occasion. He risked something of his own popularity in undauntedly declaring, that the whole letter was a vile slander, and standing forth as the champion of the rejected Duplessis. The King demanded his proofs, and Sully was not slow in collecting them. This was the more generous, as the two distinguished men had always been hostile to each other. Duplessis could not forgive the minister for the part he had taken in the abjuration of Henry, but he at this time spoke with the utmost gratitude of his ready interference. The King's suspicions were effectually removed. Duplessis, after experiencing all that the world has to bestow of vicissitude in human opinion, retired to his chateau of La Forest, in Poitou; there, among true friends, and surrounded by the venerable groves of his ancestors, he breathed his last, in 1623.

His long life carried him far into the reign of Louis the Thirteenth. A historian, whom we have often quoted, says, "No brighter example than that which Duplessis' life affords is exhibited by history. His lot fell upon evil times, and was

cast in a perverse generation ; and of the passions and intrigues which distracted his country he was seldom permitted to remain a calm and unconcerned spectator. More than half a century indeed was spent by him in active collision with turbulent events, and in unremitting endeavours to direct and guide them to the advantage of his brethren."*

The influence of his mind over the Huguenots can hardly be estimated. He stood alone, and must always continue to do so, in their annals.

The death of his antagonist, Cardinal Du Perron, took place at Paris, in 1618. His memory is dear to the Catholics ; he was one of their ablest defenders during the reign of Henry the Fourth, and was universally esteemed for his erudition and his integrity. Both long outlived the monarch whom they had both effectually served at different periods of their lives ; and they also lived to realize that princes, however great, must fall like men.

---

* Smedley.

CHAPTER XXIII.

DEATH OF HENRY THE FOURTH.

Notwithstanding a few interruptions, the Huguenots might be said to enjoy great repose. In 1607 a union of the two churches was projected. D'Aubigné met these proposals with sarcasms, and all hope of persuading the Reformed to unite with the Catholic Church were abandoned. The King had it greatly at heart to make converts of the Protestants; how much the salvation of their souls was his object, we must leave others to judge. He endeavoured to bribe and persuade Sully to abjure as he had done; but, though he had advised Henry to this measure he firmly rejected it for himself; and, ambitious as he undoubtedly was, and vain, and self-sufficient, as we have seen him, he positively refused all bribes, and remained true to his professions, much to the chagrin of his royal master. Henry had been greatly indebted to the Duke of Bouillon, one of his early friends in his adversity, and, on his accession to the throne, he made him

Maréchal of France. Subsequent circumstances, which had implicated him in the fate of the unfortunate and guilty Biron (upon which we have not touched) induced him to quit France. He had been one of the Huguenot leaders, and was powerfully supported by them. Though his conduct was unjustifiable, the King, upon his submission, received him into favor.

In the year 1606 Henry beheld himself in possession of a prosperity, which left him little to wish for his kingdom. James the First had succeeded Elizabeth on the throne of England, and was no competitor in power or talents. Spain had yielded to the vigor and watchfulness of Henry, and slumbered in peace. The family of Lorraine, once so powerful, now sued for protection.

France was at peace abroad, but at home, at his own Court, all was in commotion. The great monarch, the arbiter of Europe, was made wretched by the consequences of his own misconduct. The resentment and jealousy of the Queen were constantly augmented by her Italian confidants, Concini and his wife Leonora, to whose influence she seems implicitly to have yielded herself. The King, justly dissatisfied with the power they possessed, was eager to banish them, but had not resolution, or perhaps possessed too much respect for his wife, to insist upon their

departure, and, therefore, intrusted the negotiation to Sully, who wholly failed in it. The palace of the Louvre was a scene of perpetual altercation, and it was evident to all France that, in case of Henry's death, the Italian and his wife would rule. There are strange inconsistencies in character; Henry, so brave in war, so decided in public affairs, was weak and timid when called to act in private life, for he was humbled by the consciousness of his deviations from virtue. He would have done wisely had he sent back these base incendiaries to Italy, but he seems to have been incapable of pursuing any conduct which appeared arbitrary to the Queen.

We pass over the last cause of unhappiness to Mary in the King's attachment to Charlotte de Montmorency, afterwards Princess of Condé, though the story is one of thrilling interest. The Prince, compelled by Henry's infatuation, to escape by flight, took his wife on horseback behind him, and obtained shelter with Albert and Isabella at the Court of Brussels. This is said to have been the origin of a projected war against Austria and Spain, for which a powerful league was formed by Henry. Mary had a strong predilection for the house of Austria, and saw, with concern and disapprobation, the King's alliance with the heretical States of Germany, who had joined the league. Instigated by the Italians,

she accused Henry of making the Princess of Condé the sole cause of the war, and though he patiently strove to explain to her its political bearing, and the vast schemes he had formed of dividing Europe into fifteen States, and forming from their union a "République Chrétienne," which should enjoy perpetual peace, Mary considered the whole as an artifice. Sully, however, fully admits that this was a plan long concerted by Henry, and even mentioned to Elizabeth of England. The execution of his designs would necessarily require a long absence from his kingdom. Mary, at the instigation of Concini, insisted on being declared regent during this absence. Henry assented; she then proceeded to demand a formal coronation, to make her person more sacred. The King, at first, declared that it was impossible, both from want of time, and the expense that must be incurred. Mary, however, persisted, and Henry, as usual, yielded; and on the 13th of May, nine years after her marriage, the coronation took place at the church of St. Dennis. However unwillingly the King had acceded to this demand, he appears to have finally consented to it with his usual courtesy. He assisted at it as a private spectator, and, though then fifty-six years of age, inspired general admiration by the charm of his manner, which, through life, seems to have possessed an

uncommon power of captivation. On this occasion he was frank, social, and dignified, and Mary was said to have exclaimed to Leonora, in Italian, "If he were mine alone!" It is difficult to say, whether this cheerfulness of manner was assumed by Henry, or whether his natural buoyancy had banished the gloom which hung over him. Whatever was the cause, all the French historians agree in describing him as haunted for several days by the most terrible apprehensions. Sully speaks fully on the subject, and, if we credit him, we cannot doubt that the King's mind was unusually agitated. He even burst into exclamations of grief and regret. There are certain instinctive perceptions, which can scarcely be accounted for. Perhaps we derive them from a natural chain of thought. Henry knew that his motives for the vast enterprise he was about to undertake had been misrepresented. Condé had taken refuge with Fuentes, his mortal enemy. Nor can we doubt, that many tormenting self-accusations rose to his mind. He was one of those

"Who know the right," "and yet the wrong pursue."

Perhaps the depression that weighed upon his spirits was partly made up of remorse, and, let us hope, of repentance;

"Conscience does make cowards of us all."

On the morning of the 14th of May, 1610,

Henry busied himself in preparations for his departure. After having dined, he lay down with the intention of getting repose ; but, finding himself unable to sleep, he went into his oratory, and passed so long a time in prayer, that his attendants ventured to interrupt him, and inform him that the carriage he had ordered was ready. He seated himself in it with seven noblemen. It was a fine day, and the curtains were drawn up, not only on account of the beauty and warmth of the weather, but to enable the King to see the preparations making for Mary's entrance to the city. The street through which they were passing was narrow ; they met two carts, one laden with wine, the other with hay ; the greater number of attendants passed beyond the carts to give more room to the royal coach ; two footmen only remained, one was occupied in clearing the way, and the other stooping to adjust a part of his dress. At this moment Ravaillac, stepping on a stone as the carriage halted, and placing one foot on a spoke of the hind wheel, struck the King on his left breast. The instrument glanced on one of his ribs ; the assassin repeated the blow, and the knife entered his heart ; the blood rushed impetuously upwards and suffocated him in a moment. The noblemen present, having got out of the carriage, caused the curtains to be lowered, and it was ordered back to the Louvre. A cloak

was thrown over the King, and, that his death might not be suspected, a surgeon and restoratives were ordered. The effusion of blood was so great, that the carriage, and even the street, were stained with gore. The Queen was in her closet when the sad news was brought to her, and rushed out, wild with terror. "Great God," she exclaimed, "the King is dead!" The Chancellor, who was present, said, "The Kings of France never die! We must take care that our tears do not ruin our affairs; we have need of remedies, not of grief."

"I ran to the King's closet," says Bassompierre, "when I heard the fatal news, and saw him extended on his bed. M. de Vic, Counsellor of State, was sitting upon the same bed, and had laid the cross of his order upon his mouth. Milan, his first physician, was sitting by the bedside, weeping, and the surgeons stood near to dress the wound. The windows were open, and once we mistook the low sighing of the wind for his voice, but in a moment the physician cried out, 'Ah, it is over; he is gone!' M. Le Grand, as soon as he entered, kneeled at the side of the bed, and took his lifeless hands and kissed them. As for me, I threw myself at his feet, which I held, weeping bitterly, and embracing again and again. And there he lay, still and motionless; he who, but a few hours before, was the life of

every circle. It seemed as if all waited for him to break the silence ; not a sound was uttered. The children of the King were brought into the chamber, and no one was suffered to approach them. Every measure was taken to deceive the people till the Queen's regency was declared, lest there should be some popular commotion. About nine o'clock in the evening a number of the nobility rode through the streets, and, as they passed, said to the people, 'Make way for the King.' It being dark, the people thought he was amongst them, and cried aloud, 'Vive le Roi.' It was only in the quarter of the Louvre that the truth was known. At night the dreadful farce was continued ; they dressed the King, and washed him with the same ceremony as if he had been alive ; one gave him his shirt, another held the *serviette* or napkin, and a third stood ready with his robe-de-chambre."

Thus ends our narrative of Henry of Navarre. We feel as if the spirit of history had taken its flight, and a solemn awe is creeping over us. Never was there a more sudden transition from life to death.

It did not appear that Ravaillac had any accomplices ; probably, at the present day, the verdict would have been insanity. It is not wonderful that the indignation of the whole kingdom should have been poured on the vile assassin.

Nor is it necessary to sum up Henry's character. Sully has done it; "He was candid, sincere, grateful, compassionate, generous, wise, penetrating, and loved his subjects as a father."

However heavy the calamity of Henry's death might be to the French nation at large, it fell with peculiar force upon the Huguenots. While he abjured their faith for himself, he protected it for *them*. His noble demeanor to the Parliament of Paris cannot be forgotten. "You see me here, in my cabinet," said he to them, "not as the kings, my precedessors, were wont, in royal robes and in a habit of ceremony; nor as a prince who gives audience to ambassadors, but dressed in my ordinary garb as a father of a family, who would converse with his children." When some opposed, "I know," added he, "there have been parties in the Parliament, and that seditious preachers have been excited. I will put good order into those people without waiting for it from you. I will shorten by the head all such as venture to foment faction. I have leaped over the walls of cities, and shall not be terrified by barricades. I have made the Edict,* let it be observed. My will must be executed, not interpreted. I am King; as such, I will be obeyed."

However despotic may seem this language,

* In favor of the Protestants.

SEATTLE GENEALOGICAL SOCIETY
P. O. Box 54
Seattle, Wash. 98111

it was adapted to the genius of the Parliament. They retired and obeyed.

The restoration of the Jesuits was an instance of the King's magnanimity, never to be forgotten. He felt that their learning, and superior skill in the science of instructing youth, were invaluable to the nation. Low motives may be attributed to him, as they have been, of fear and policy, but a man is to be judged by his general character, and Henry knew neither fear nor art. The only instance of injustice in Henry's conduct towards the Huguenots, was contributing to the polemical defeat of Duplessis, and the triumph of his enemy; and probably some emotions of disgust might have prompted to this from the high tone assumed by the Protestant champion. Perhaps it was not till after his death, that they were fully aware how truly his protection had been afforded to them. The Huguenots had universally and constantly declared their allegiance to the King; and when Gonthery, a Jesuit, mentioned the Protestants as "vermin and vipers," and said that "the race might easily be exterminated, if every one would clear within their own space," Henry expressed his indignation at such language. Duplessis' reply to this torrent of abuse was calm and dignified. He said, that the Protestants honored the King, not because he was sanctioned by the Pope, but in his own right of succession, and for

his own virtues; as such they should always continue to honor and serve him with true loyalty. Henry, like all earthly monarchs, often found his brow encircled by a crown of thorns. Independent of domestic unhappiness, under which his *truant* heart quailed, were the painful conspiracies that occurred during his reign. Charles de Gonrault, Duc de Biron, was Admiral and Maréchal of France. Henry distinguished him by his favor, and sent him ambassador to England and other courts. During the civil wars he was highly useful to his master; but the taste for pleasure that he contracted, and the restlessness of his ambition, led him into conspiracies with Savoy and Spain. Probably his inordinate love of gaming proved his ruin. He was beheaded in 1602. Other conspiracies were equally painful to the King; that of the Count d'Auvergne, the Maréchal de Bouillon, and, above all, the one instigated by Henriette d'Entragues.

The history of the Huguenots is so intimately connected with the early part of Henry's life, and with the greater part of his reign, that it would be difficult to separate it from that period. Though embracing the Catholic doctrines, he never ceased to view with indulgence the reformed religion, or to remember that it was the faith of his maternal ancestors.

CHAPTER XXIV.

SKETCH OF THE AGE OF HENRY THE FOURTH.

It cannot be uninteresting, to those who have followed us in this history, to give a slight sketch of the age of Henry the Fourth. The historians of that time were Brantôme, D'Aubigné, Davila, and De Thou. L'Etoile ought not to be omitted, who seems to have been the journalist of the period. Casaubon, Scaliger, and Pasquier, may also be included. Sully's writings, making due allowance for his vanity, are, perhaps, the most valuable. He tells us what he saw, what he said, what he heard, and what he did ; and though we cannot always trust to his inferences, probably we may to his facts. He certainly gives us a vivid picture of the first sovereign of the Bourbon line. The oratory of that day was said to be pedantic and strained, and Henry himself to afford the best specimens ; he spoke in a brief, energetic, and simple manner, mingling familiarity with dignity. His language came warm from the heart, and was delivered in an animated and graceful manner ; it was a style wholly his own ; all acknowledged its power and excellence, but none attempted to imi-

tate it, for they felt that it was a natural gift, and not to be acquired. Of the poets of that period we have but few specimens. Malherbe has been highly estimated, and by succeeding critics compared to the English poet, Gray ; but the genius of the two languages does not admit of the comparison. Regnier was another poet. Du Bartas was the most admired of his time, and particularly favored by Henry, but he has sunk into oblivion. France, at this period, boasts of no distinguished artists in painting or sculpture.* Vouet flourished under the reign of Louis the Thirteenth, and had given early specimens of his powers in painting during Henry's life. Poussin was his successor, and for a little while his contemporary. Sully patronized medals, and annually presented them to the King, as we find from his own account ; and they possessed a degree of excellence. The French Drama was yet in a rough form, and derived all its polish from the imitation of the Italian theatre. Romances were generally stories of rural lovers, to whom druids, vestals, and nymphs lent their aid.

The Court of Henry, till after his marriage with Mary de Medicis, was held without form or

---

* It will be remembered, that Leonardo da Vinci expired in the arms of Francis the First, but the nation seems not to have caught inspiration from the pencil of the great artist.

splendor. Though, at the time his sister Catharine resided there, some advances were made in refinement, it was not till the arrival of Mary de Medicis that luxury and elegance were introduced. When Henry entered Paris, in 1594, with Gabrielle d'Estrées, he wore a gray velvet suit, very plain, though shot with gold, a gray hat, and white feather. At his nuptials with Mary he was dressed in white satin, embroidered with gold and pearls, and a *toque* or Italian turban, which Henry the Third had introduced, sparkling with jewels. Gabrielle does not appear to have been behind Mary de Medicis in elegance of apparel; "she was carried in an open litter by the side of Henry, and wore a robe of rich black satin, covered with 'pearls and jewels of such lustre, that they dimmed the torches.'" They entered by torchlight. The scene was noble and imposing. Gabrielle was remarkable for the beauty and brilliancy of her jewels; her taste in dress was usually fine; yet, on particular occasions, Brantôme says, "she heaped jewels upon herself in such quantities, that she could scarcely stand under their weight." She was particularly fond of taking them from her dress, and presenting them to those around her whom she wished to recompense, giving them, by so doing, as her vanity led her to suppose, additional value. It must be remembered, however, that these munificent gifts were replaced by the exchequer of France. Margaret of Valois,

Henry's former wife, had very costly dresses; and, seized with a sudden fit of devotion, she presented one of them to the church, adorned with gems of great value. Mary de Medicis introduced a more prevailing extravagance; all who entered her presence were required to be sumptuously clad, and even Henry seems to have conformed to her wishes in this, as well as in many other respects, which did not agree with his own habits or taste.

In the annals of France but little mention is made, at this period, of the art of medicine. In England, at an earlier period, we find celebrated physicians. The King, from his royal dignity, was supposed to inherit the faculty of curing the *King's evil* by his touch. Immediately after his entrance into Paris numbers resorted to him. With his usual good humor he did what was required of him, though probably he had much doubt of his own miraculous power. The fondness for play, which easily degenerates into the habit of gambling for immense sums, prevailed during Henry's reign. Sully gives an account of the King's losses, and his promises to abstain for the future.

The prevalence of banditti ought not to be omitted. Throughout the vast tract of France, extending from the river Loire south to the Garonne, life and property were insecure. In 1602 the evil increased to such a degree, that mercantile transactions were wholly interrupted. It

would seem that effectual measures ought to have been taken by Henry to extirpate these robbers, but they pursued their depredations for several years. By degrees some light was thrown on the subject. The heads of the banditti were four brothers, by the name of Guilleri. They retained under their command four hundred desperate followers. Their retreat was a fortress among the rocks, inaccessible to those not acquainted with its modes of entrance, which were subterraneous. This garrison was near Niort. The Guilleris grew, at length, so audacious as to affix inscriptions by the high roads, announcing their *principles* and objects in these words. "Peace to gentlemen; death to provosts and archers; the purse of merchants, life safe if delivered without opposition. Let the officers of police keep out of the way; their graves are dug." It was not till the year 1608, that measures were adopted for attacking the Guilleris in a regular manner. Orders were given by Henry to the Governor of Niort to collect a sufficient number of troops for the desperate enterprise. An army of four thousand men collected, with pieces of artillery. They stormed the castle occupied by the banditti. When the case became desperate, the robbers sallied forth, sword in hand, and endeavoured to fight their way through the enemy. They were overpowered after a desperate resistance. One of the brothers was

taken alive, with about eighty of his accomplices. We need not look further for the cave of Gil Blas, or for the Rolandos, and Abaellinos, of romance.

In the course of the preceding narrative we have often mentioned Theodore Beza, the distinguished Protestant minister, the friend of Jane d'Albret, of her daughter, Catharine of Navarre, and the biographer of Calvin. This venerable old man was seized with an illness in the eighty-seventh year of his age. He possessed the force and vigor of his mind to the last moment of his life, and died exhorting all around him to preserve their faithfulness to the reformed religion, and to make its truth and beauty clear by the holiness of their example. It is a tribute to Sully's character, that Beza expressed the utmost confidence in him, and dedicated a book to him, called "A Treasure of Piety." He did not die till 1605, and lived to see the lives and property of the Protestants amply protected by Henry the Fourth. He had passed through the most sanguinary period, and had beheld the Huguenots slaughtered in every direction, and their extermination declared "a holy war in God's service." Montluc, who seems to have been sincere in his religious devotion, considers all heretics as subjects for death or torture. Nor do we find any noble instances of toleration on the Protestant side for Catholics, till Henry of Navarre set the example. It is circumstances like those which

followed his flight from the Louvre, after his renunciation of the Catholic religion, when he procured the freedom of worship for the Catholics at Rochelle, the *Huguenot asylum*, which brings the conviction, that *his* mind was in advance of the age. We might dwell upon his clemency and humanity ; but enough has been said to interest those who love to contemplate the bright side of human nature. Henry the Third, perhaps, afforded more patronage to learning than Henry the Fourth. Notwithstanding his dissolute life, Davila says he was in the habit of reading the works of Polybius and Tacitus.

The most celebrated seminary in France was the College of Navarre, at Paris. Henry the Third, Henry the Fourth, the Duke of Guise, and all the children of the nobility, were educated there. The College of Guienne received the youth of the southern provinces. Andrew Govea was the president. Under Henry the Fourth, almost all controversies were carried on in Latin. He honored and cultivated literature, but had not the enthusiasm for it of Francis the First. His restoration of the Jesuits, before alluded to, was from his firm conviction, that they were the best instructers of youth; and, in his desire for promoting learning, he forgot that they were his personal enemies. The plague, or an epidemic as fatal, frequently ravaged Paris, which was probably owing to the defective police. Though

usually confined to the lower classes, it sometimes reached the Louvre. In 1606 Margaret of Valois lost three of her household, and retired to one of the villages for security.

These sketches, slight as they are, show us the progress, that has since been made in the great and populous city of Paris.

Henry the Fourth prohibited duelling under pain of death and confiscation of property, for the seconds as well as the principals. His patronage to men of letters was surprising for the period. "I would rather," said he, "that my table should be curtailed in its expenditures, in order that men of letters, and those who read to me, may be nobly remunerated." His love and respect for literature seem to have been hereditary on the maternal side. Margaret of Valois, his grandmother, sister of Francis the First, was an author, and also Jeanne d'Albret, his mother. His sister, the Duchess of Bar, had the art of extemporizing with her harp. That Henry composed verses, there is proof in the lines and music addressed to "La charmante Gabrielle."

"Charmante Gabrielle,
Percé de mille dards,
Quand la gloire m'appelle
A la suite de Mars,
Cruelle départie!
Malheureux jour!
Que ne suis-je sans vie
Ou sans amour?

Partagez ma couronne,
Le prix de ma valeur ;
Je la tiens de Bellone,
Tenez de mon cœur.
Cruelle départie !
Malheureux jour !
C'est trop peu d'une vie
Pour tant d'amour." *

Peter Mathieu had been employed by the League, and had insulted Henry by a tragedy called the "*Guisade.*" The King, however, bore no ill-will to him, and, when in want of a historian, selected him to record his own life.

Mathieu spoke of Henry's predilection for the fair sex ; "*Ventre saint gris*," said Henry, using his favorite exclamation, "What need is there to mention that ?"

"It is my bounden duty," said the historian ; "my office is to record facts, and I cannot omit it."

"True," said the King, after a pause, "it is requisite you should speak the whole truth ; for, were you to remain silent as to my faults, no one would credit the rest. Be it so ; let them stand on record, that my son may learn to avoid them."

He purchased Catharine de Medicis' library, which was left in Italy, united it to the Royal Library, and made acquisitions of Spanish and Arabic writings.

---

* Copied from "Henry the Great, and his Court."

Many amusing anecdotes and sayings are recorded of Henry the Fourth; and they have value, as giving insight to his character. Sully tells us, that, some days before the battle of Ivry, Henry left the army and went *incognito* to Alençon; he alighted at the house of an officer, to whom he was much attached. The officer was with the troops. His wife received him as a friend of her husband's, of high rank, and treated him with the best she had. Henry, however, was very quick-sighted, and he soon perceived some anxiety on the brow of his hostess. "Has any thing unpleasant happened, Madam?" said he; "I see some embarrassment; speak frankly, I beg of you."

"I will honestly tell you, Sir," said she; and then went on to inform him, that the whole village could furnish nothing for supper. "One of our neighbours, it is true, has a fat turkey, but he will not part with it unless he may come and partake with you; a most unreasonable condition, as he is nothing more than an obscure mechanic."

"Is he a good companion?" said the King.

"O, certainly, Sir, we have none so pleasant or entertaining among us. Besides, he is an honest man, a true Frenchman, and a zealous royalist."

"O, Madam, let him come, by all means; I feel an excellent appetite, and, even if he is a little fatiguing, I had much rather sup with him than not sup at all."

The man came in his Sunday clothes ; the turkey was excellent, and the King was much amused by the mechanic's conversation. When supper was over, he suddenly threw himself at the King's feet, asking pardon of his Majesty for the plan he had laid, to secure an interview, having recognised him as he entered the village. The hostess was greatly overcome, when she found she had been entertaining royalty, and also threw herself at the monarch's feet.

" There is only one way, Sire," said the mechanic, " that you can wipe off the stain of supping with a man like me, and that is, by granting me letters of nobility."

" Thou ? " exclaimed the King with surprise.

" Why not, Sire ? though a mechanic I am a Frenchman ; I have a heart, and feel worthy of the honor, if for no other reason than my love to my King."

" Very well, friend," said Henry, " what will you have for your coat of arms ? "

" I desire no other than my turkey."

" Be it so, then," exclaimed the King, bursting into a hearty laugh ; " thou shalt be a knight, and bear the turkey for thy coat of arms."

His descendants, in 1761, still bore the hereditary title, and held the property attached to it in the neighbourhood of Alençon.

END OF VOL. I.

THE HUGUENOTS

IN

FRANCE AND AMERICA.

VOL. II.

THE

HUGUENOTS

IN

FRANCE AND AMERICA.

By
Hannah F. Lee

"One look, one last look,
To the cots and the towers,
To the rows of our vines,
And the beds of our flowers;
To the church where the bones
Of our fathers decayed,
Where we fondly had deemed
Our own should be laid.

"Farewell, and for ever!
The priest and the slave
May rule in the halls
Of the free and the brave.
Our homes we abandon,
Our lands we resign,
But, Father, we kneel
To no altar but thine."

MACAULEY'S "Moncontour."

VOL. II.

CONTENTS

OF

VOLUME SECOND.

CHAPTER XXV.

PAGE

Regency of Mary de Medicis. — Sully retires from the Ministry 1

CHAPTER XXVI.

The Duchess of Montbazon and the Order of La Trappe 14

CHAPTER XXVII.

Revocation of the Edict of Nantes 35

CHAPTER XXVIII.

The Huguenots in America. — Bishop Cheverus . 54

CHAPTER XXIX.

Further Records of the Huguenots in America . 72

CHAPTER XXX.

Records continued. — Sketch of a Huguenot in America 98

CHAPTER XXXI.

A Huguenot in France condemned to the Galleys . 133

CHAPTER XXXII.

Description of the Galleys. — Conclusion of the Narrative 148

CHAPTER XXXIII.

Death of Louis le Grand. — The Regent, Philip of Orleans . . . . . .

CHAPTER XXXIV.

A Recapitulation. — Stanislaus 188

CHAPTER XXXV.

The Jesuits. — The Reign of Louis the Fifteenth . 207

CHAPTER XXXVI.

Death of Louis the Fifteenth, "*Le Bien-aimé*" . . 224

CHAPTER XXXVII.

Louis the Sixteenth and Marie Antoinette 244

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

Conclusion 268

Appendix 277

List of the Names of the Huguenot Families in America 299

THE HUGUENOTS

IN

FRANCE AND AMERICA.

CHAPTER XXV.

REGENCY OF MARY DE MEDICIS.—SULLY RETIRES FROM THE MINISTRY.

Immediately after the King's death was known, the Parliament proceeded to appoint the Queen-mother regent, and the morning after the assassination was fixed on for this ceremony. The young King, then nine years old, was to be present. Sully, the faithful friend and minister of the late King, was also summoned to attend. He says, "I made every excuse I could think of to avoid it; the sound of the drums and musical instruments giving new force to my grief, and judging that a face bathed with tears could ill suit the scene." An exterior of mourning was preserved in the public apartments of the Louvre. The ceilings and walls were hung with black, and all the furniture and carpets were covered with it; emblems of death, and of Catholic devotion, met the eye everywhere, and the once gay and splendid palace looked like the dismal abode of grief and

desolation. Yet there were apartments of gold, purple, embroidery, and the most sumptuous furniture, under the same roof, where gayety and mirth resounded, where luxurious viands were served and sparkling goblets emptied; where beautiful women assembled, and female voices mingled with songs of gladness and bursts of laughter. Here Mary de Medicis held her Court, surrounded by her Italian parasites, and almost ludicrously blended her grief for Henry's death with the exhilarating prospect of her regency. Her mind was formed on a small scale, naturally jealous and suspicious. Concini and his wife had kept her temper in a ferment during her husband's life. It was not difficult now to influence her to their measures, while they made her believe they were guided by hers. The destruction or expulsion of the Protestants was an early project. Though the Queen had, at first, treated Sully with distinction, it could hardly be supposed, that a Protestant minister of state would be suffered to continue in his high office, and he seems to have prepared his mind at once for a change of measures. "We are going," said he to his wife, Madame de Sully, "to fall under the yoke of Spain and the Jesuits; all true Protestants must look well to their safety." He disdained the methods of preserving the Queen's favor, adopted by many, that of paying

court to the Concinis ; on the contrary, he determined to withdraw.

The Prince of Condé, on hearing the news of the King's death, hastened back to France, hoping to meet with a warm reception from Mary de Medicis, who had been instrumental in advising to his flight with his Princess. Uniting together, at the time, in the same interests, he presumed upon a most gracious welcome. But the same motives no longer actuated the Queen ; the great actor was withdrawn ; and, fearful of Condé's pretensions as first Prince of the blood, especially as he entered Paris with a large escort, she gave him a cold and formal reception, and he quitted the Louvre in disgust. The Duke de Bouillon seized this opportunity to influence his mind against the regency, advising him to get the power into his own hands, leaving to Mary nothing but the name. Sully, always true to what he believed the interest of France and of the King, in vain exerted every argument to persuade him to reject such pernicious counsels. The opposite advice prevailed ; and Condé grew suspicious of the Duke of Sully, and entered into a cabal formed to remove him from his office as prime minister, which he had so long held under Henry the Fourth. The Count de Soissons, who had never forgotten or forgiven the part Sully acted between himself and the Princess Catharine, readily joined

the party against him. Sully, fully comprehending that his dismissal was projected, anticipated the measure, and retired from Court, against the apparent wishes of the Queen Regent, who presented him with an augmentation of his pension. From this time, the counsellor of state, and faithful friend and adviser of the King of Navarre, lived privately on his vast revenues. The honest and open manner in which he accounts for his wealth, ought to remove all imputation upon his integrity ; while it may be fairly admitted that he pursued his own interest as well as that of the nation. It is from Sully alone that we have the explanation of the great plan, which Henry was projecting when he was so suddenly arrested in the midst of his projects. In the Supplement to Sully's Memoirs it may be found, and therefore a slight mention is sufficient. It was the general peace of Europe, formed upon a lasting and unalterable basis, that he was earnest to effect. In our day this great scheme ought not to seem so chimerical as in that period of tumult. Henry anticipated what sages, divines, and emperors have since labored to promote ; — what one man,* from an obscure village in New England, not only projected, but promulgated, in these enlightened days, till the cry of *peace*, not

* Noah Worcester.

war, reached the throne of Russia. It is remarkable, that the plan, or even the conception, of universal peace, should have been first formed by the most skilful warrior of the age. Even allowing that Henry's plan of universal and perpetual peace was chimerical, there is something morally great and sublime in his conception of such an idea. Elizabeth of England seems to have fully met his views, and, but for her death, would have coöperated with him. "I remember," says Sully, "the first time the King spoke to me of a political system, by which all Europe might be regulated and governed as one family; I scarcely paid any attention to it, imagining that he meant no more by it than merely to amuse himself." That he afterwards adopted the project, and believed in the possibility of it, he frankly confesses. Henry himself calls the thought "*divine*, not human," and confidently asserted, that the "undertaking would be crowned by the *divine* blessing." Though both Henry and Elizabeth agreed in wishing that it might be accomplished by other means than arms, yet they both seem to have considered *war* as a necessary preliminary, or, in other words, humbling the house of Austria. Sully was Henry's ambassador to Elizabeth on this subject, and his negotiation was crowned with success. But an invincible conqueror, *Death*, robbed Henry of his illustrious ally, and he was

left to execute the vast scheme alone. Elizabeth's death took place soon after Sully's return. That he contemplated it for the good of the human race, it is hardly possible to deny. "His designs were not inspired by a mean and despicable ambition, nor guided by base and partial interests. To render Europe happy for ever was his desire, and he felt for France as a father feels for his family. This it was that made him deserving the title of *Great.*"

We think those, who are members of "Peace Societies," will be curious to study out the plan of the royal pioneer.

Sully, in his retirement, lived in a degree of elegance unusual for a private gentleman. The customs of subordination between children and parents are striking. He and his wife were seated in arm-chairs at the head and foot of the table; his children, though full grown, had benches, and were not permitted to sit unless commanded to do so. Sully always wore a large gold medal (which had, in relievo, the figure of Henry the Fourth) hung round his neck by a chain of gold and diamonds. He often took it from his bosom, contemplated it, and kissed it with reverence and affection. Never had a king a more devoted friend and servant; and, perhaps, never a nation a more skilful and faithful financier.

We have not entered into the polemical dis-

putes between the Reformers and Catholics, any further than to connect the chain of history. Volumes have been written on the subject, and those, who are interested in the "Dispute concerning Antichrist," may find it fully recorded elsewhere. An unsuccessful effort had been made by Henry, during his life, for a general union of religious opinions, but his clear mind saw the impossibility, and relinquished it without any resentment towards the Huguenots. We have some mortifying records of the contracted views of this people at that time. They instituted a strict examination of all candidates for orders, and reprobated those who discovered a taste for general science. The Synods declared, that a watchful eye must be preserved over those who "studied *chemistry*," and they must be "grievously reproved and censured." At the same time permission was given, in a more generous spirit, to invalid soldiers, to bear the cross on their cloaks if they received pensions from the royal bounty. The restrictions of the Synod over *widows* seems to be liberally set aside for *widowers*, permitting the last to marry at the time which suited their own judgment and that of the consistory to which they belonged.

We now return from this digression to the Regency of Mary de Medicis. Concini, who had occasioned so much unhappiness to the King,

was admitted to the council of state about two months after his death. It had been the great system of Henry to protect Germany from the encroachments of Austria, and to repulse the insidious advances of Spain. We now behold the system of politics changed, and an alliance sought with Spain with as much eagerness as Henry repelled it.

The Protestants read, in this change of measures, the most melancholy auguries for their own cause, and immediately began to hold secret conferences, and choose chiefs to maintain their rights. Thus the suspicion and enmity, which had been laid asleep, was roused on both sides. Again civil commotions began. The Duke de Rohan, one of the most enlightened and virtuous men of his time, favored the Protestants, and the Prince of Condé consented to become their head. The influence of his name inspired this persevering race with courage and enthusiasm, and seemed to give legitimacy to their cause. Influenced by his example, many abandoned the Court and joined the Huguenots. Among them was found the son of the Duke de Mayenne, the former head of the League. Louis was still under the regency of his mother, who was herself governed by the counsels of Concini and his wife Leonora. From one step of honor Concini rose to another, till we recognise in him no longer

the son of the obscure notary at Florence, or the gentleman-usher of Mary de Medicis, when she entered France, but the accomplished, the elegant Maréchal d'Ancre. The union between Anne of Austria and the young King had been projected by Mary and her counsellors, and she now determined it should take place. But the insurrection of Condé, who was at the head of a powerful army, made it necessary for Louis to take prudential measures, and the Court, with a large number of troops, and the young King at their head, proceeded to his nuptials. Though Condé followed close upon him, there was no engagement of the armies, and the marriage took place. Anne of Austria was but fifteen, and Louis near the same age. The alliance with Spain was sealed by the marriage of Elizabeth, sister to Louis, with the Infanta of Spain.

Hitherto the Queen Regent had exercised undisputed sway ; but Louis began to feel his importance as a king, and, through the influence of his favorite, the Marquis de Luines, determined to assert his power, and be no longer held in leading-strings.

Mary, who had hitherto trusted wholly to the counsels of D'Ancre, now found a new ally in Richelieu, who was the friend of the Italian, and then known as Bishop of Luçon. By their counsels she ventured to arrest Condé, who had

returned to the Court, after a peace had been signed between the two parties. The arrest of the first Prince of the blood, and his imprisonment in the Bastille, excited the greatest indignation, and the Huguenots again flew to arms. At this period Louis, who had seemed wholly engaged in boyish sports, conceived the project of ridding himself and the kingdom of the insolent and turbulent D'Ancre. De Vitry, the captain of the guard, arrested him; a struggle ensued, and the Maréchal was killed upon the spot. His remains were dishonored by the rabble, and his unfortunate wife, Leonora, dragged to the scaffold. She was accused of exerting magical arts over the mind of Mary, and ordered to say what they were. She haughtily replied, "The influence of a strong mind over a weak one."

This sanguinary execution was attributed to the young King, and congratulations and praises were sent to him from all quarters. Even Duplessis, the Huguenot, congratulated Louis on having struck a blow, "which will manifest, abroad and at home, that France has, in truth, a King." The Synod, forgetting the atrocity of the assassination, testified to the monarch their joy and approbation of the deed, and called it "an enterprise purely divine and miraculous." Thus flattered, Louis assumed the merit of the deed, whether deserved or not, and said, in reply, "God inspired me with the resolution."

After the fall of D'Ancre, Mary was allowed to retire to Blois, a term for *imprisonment*, and Richelieu accompanied her. Soon, however, he was ordered to quit Blois, and retire to his bishopric. Mary, made desperate by these measures, at length escaped from her prison by descending a ladder placed at her window; and, hastening to Angoulême, found an army, collected by the Duke d'Epernon, who warmly espoused her cause, viewing her as an injured and insulted queen. Here terms of accommodation were negotiated, and Mary once more returned to Court. The first meeting between the mother and son marks the character of both.

"How your Majesty has grown!" said the Queen.

"Grown for your service, Madam," replied the young monarch.

The party of the Queen-mother continued to increase; she was the widow of Henry the Fourth, and the mother of the King, and a degree of indignation was excited by the measures which had taken place. De Luines judged it expedient to liberate Condé from the Bastille, in hopes of securing his aid. This project was successful, and peace at the Court was once more restored.

The King had now leisure to turn his arms towards Bearn, the seat of his ancestors, the

patrimony of his father, who had secured to them their property and worship, and had restored their churches, which had been taken by the Catholics. Louis issued a proclamation, declaring them the property of the crown, and bestowing on the Catholics all which they had before claimed. The Protestants, indignant at this injustice, convoked a general assembly at Rochelle, raised troops, and began to fortify the places they held. Louis ordered the dissolution of this assembly; the reformed party refused to comply, holding the Edict of Nantes as their guarantee for every article. Louis now put himself at the head of an army, and marched against the Huguenots. He reduced the province of Bearn, seized the ecclesiastical lands, and annulled their privileges. The assembly at Rochelle published a bold decree, dividing the Protestant regions of France into circles, after the manner of Germany; in short, endeavouring to organize themselves upon the model of the United Provinces in Holland. To their representations to the King, claiming the privileges allowed them by Henry the Third and Henry the Fourth, he replied, that "the one feared, the other loved them, but he neither feared nor loved them."

The royal army marched to the South, entered Montpellier, and besieged Montauban; under its walls fell young Mayenne and De Luines, the latter dying of a fever.

The Huguenots, for this time, were saved; but nothing could be more desperate than their prospects. Driven from one resource to another, even the most sanguine predicted, that the time was not far distant, when their worship and religion could only be defended by their lives.

CHAPTER XXVI.

THE DUCHESS DE MONTBAZON, AND THE ORDER OF LA TRAPPE.

The King was now firmly seated on the throne, for which the two preceding monarchs had so long contended; and, as if nothing further remained to be done, he sank into indolence and apathy. Richelieu had become his favorite and chief counsellor; and, as he advanced in the good graces of the King, he assumed a haughty and insolent air, till, at length, Mary beheld her former humble friend rising to supremacy. The utmost resentment towards him took possession of her mind, and she delighted to torment and mortify him with all the little arts of a weak ingenuity. Gaston, Duke of Orleans, brother to the King, had grown into importance, and, amid the gay revels of the Court, was attracted by his beautiful sister-in-law, Anne of Austria. Louis saw their growing friendship with dismay. Richelieu, who had his own purposes to answer, encouraged these suspicions, and the King could only be appeased by Gaston's marriage with

Mademoiselle de Montpensier. We turn, with disgust, from the picture presented, at this period, by the Court of France. Amidst the splendid *fêtes* given by the two Queens, and by the nobility, on this marriage, there were the basest motives in operation. Gaston was attached to another young lady of the Court, and had reluctantly formed this alliance. The King and Queen were on the coldest terms, scarcely meeting except in public, and Mary de Medicis was a prey to suspicion, and always studying to harass her enemy, as she now considered Richelieu.

At one of the marriage *fêtes* given by the Duke de Montbazon, Richelieu appeared dressed with peculiar magnificence. His countenance was clad in smiles, and, while the King, gloomy and discontented, retired from observation, the Cardinal, in his rich and flowing robes, did not disdain to show off his fine person, and court the admiration of the beauties present. There, too, was the young Duchess de Montbazon, the fair wife of the host, married while almost a child to the old Duke. Her life was passed in the midst of routs and parties, and, with a heart formed for the strongest affection, she seemed condemned to share with her husband the chilling frost of age, communicating its power to all the living and breathing forms of nature. Her eye was languid, her cheeks pale, her dress, though elegant, care-

lessly arranged ; every thing told the ennui and listlessness of her mind. It was in the boudoir of this lady, the morning before the *fête*, that Mary de Medicis had sought to pique the Cardinal, by declaring that the age of manly beauty had passed. Richelieu, though he despised the insect, felt the sting, and replied, " However just the remarks of your Majesty usually are, permit me to say, that, with the Duchess de Montbazon's leave, I will bring a guest to-morrow evening whose personal appearance will disprove your assertion." The Duchess coldly assented, and Mary eagerly inquired his name and origin.

" Both," replied the Cardinal, " ancient and honorable ; he is the nephew of Chavigni, and his ancestors were cup-bearers to the Duke of Brittany. More than that, he is my god-son."

" Now the secret is out," said Mary sharply ; " whatever belongs to the Cardinal becomes valuable in his own opinion, and possesses his own graces and charms."

" It becomes not me," replied Richelieu with ostentatious humility, " to battle words with royalty, but wait till you have seen my protégé."

" This evening," said Mary, whose curiosity always got the better of her pride, " we will retire from the saloon at twelve, and expect to see you with your second self."

That evening the saloons were crowded. The

Queen, Anne of Austria, was present, concealing by her smiles a heart ill at ease, for she felt her desolate situation; a foreigner, unloved by her husband, jealously watched by his mother, and viewing the Cardinal as her enemy.

At the hour appointed Mary reminded the young Duchess of their assignation with Richelieu, and they both retired. The Duke, satisfied with knowing that he possessed the most beautiful wife in Paris, walked proudly amidst his splendid saloons, and turned his eyes oftener on the blazing jewels of the Duchess than on her simple and exquisite loveliness; fortunately he did not comprehend that a coronet could cover an aching brow.

When Mary and the Duchess entered the boudoir, the latter threw herself into a large *fauteuil*, as she had been accustomed to do, when she retired to rest herself at the levees held by the Duke. The hour was just upon twelve, and Mary was more impatient than became a queen; but the fair mistress of the apartment, after trying to keep up a conversation in which she took no interest, involuntarily closed her eyes, and a gentle slumber came over her. The stealthy step of Richelieu entered the door, followed by his protégé. The Queen-mother, with a smile, made a motion of silence, and pointed to the Duchess, who, buried in the sleep of inno-

cence and youth, reclined against the well-cushioned chair. The visiters stopped, for the *tableau* was striking. On her marble forehead rested the coronet, a string of precious stones encircled her neck, and her stomacher, studded with diamonds, caught every hue of light by her gentle and constant respiration. Mary turned her eye on the nephew of Richelieu, and she certainly felt surprise. History thus describes Rancé de Chavigni. "From early childhood his figure was remarkably noble, and his countenance singularly beautiful. He was above the common stature, his features were of the finest model of Roman beauty; over all was thrown an expression of masculine strength, and to this was added, unlike his uncle, a modest and gentle demeanor, the power of vigorous intellect, delicacy of taste, and acute sensibility."

From this time De Rancé became a constant visiter at the *hôtel* de Montbazon. He was a *belle-lettre* scholar, an able student of theology, and had received the successive degrees of the Sorbonne. As an Abbé and a Knight of Malta, an odor of sanctity was cast over his character, and he was considered a family guest. The young Duchess soon contracted an ardent desire for literary knowledge under his instruction.

Such was the situation of De Rancé in a profligate Court; for a time he resisted tempta-

tions. At length rumors to his disadvantage were whispered abroad; his love of play and inordinate desire for amusement were dwelt upon, and reports reached the ear of the Duchess. The caution came too late, her peace of mind was gone, she had discovered that she had a heart. Yet, with a resolution worthy of a virtuous purpose, she dismissed him from her presence, and passed her time in tears. Her health, which was always delicate, sunk under her depression, and a rapid decline took place. She soon felt that her end was approaching, and her fervent prayers were for De Rancé's eternal welfare. Her feverish hours were passed in projecting plans, that might rouse him to repentance, and awaken in his soul his early love of virtue. De Rancé was on a hunting party when he received a letter from the Duchess, requesting his presence; the hour was appointed at the same time that they first met, and in the same boudoir. With a feeling of triumph he hastened to the *hôtel;* he thought of the Duchess as he first saw her, her eyes closed in innocent and tranquil sleep. He arrived at the door of the boudoir and knocked, no one answered; he entered, and, by the dim light, perceived a coffin; in this was laid the body of the Duchess; but, horrible to relate, the head, the once beautiful head, was severed from the body, and placed by

the side of it. De Rancé stood for a moment, the blood rushing violently to his brain. Then he poured forth groans and exclamations ; the attendants came forward and explained the horrible circumstance, by the leaden coffin's being too short to receive the body. *

We have been insensibly led to this narration, and may as well close the history of Chavigni de Rancé. From this time a state of frantic despair took possession of his mind, his reason was quite gone ; and even Richelieu's spirits became clouded by the dreadful situation of his nephew. By degrees his madness settled into a deep melancholy, and he spent whole days in the forests, wandering about ; at the fall of a leaf, or the footstep of an animal, he would start, wring his hands, and hasten to bury himself in the thickest part of the wood. As the spring advanced he grew more tranquil, and even consented to see his uncle, the Cardinal, who endeavoured to rouse his mind to its former habits. De Rancé calmly replied, " There is yet time for repentance ; the honors and wealth of this world have proved a snare to me." He surrendered to Richelieu such benefices as he had received from him ; bestowed his ecclesiastical

* This circumstance is mentioned in " Les Causes célèbres et intéressantes," with the name of the Duchess.

revenues on good and pious men ; and disposed of his personal estates in Touraine, vesting the money in the Hôtel Dieu, and other monastic institutions. Among his ecclesiastical benefices was the Abbé of La Trappe, one of the most ancient of the Cistertian orders. Originally it had been austere, but had now degenerated into luxury and sloth, and it was even said, the monks lived by plunder, and never went out unarmed. Here, then, was a scene of labor worthy the excited mind of the new convert. He appeared among the band of ruffians. " I am your head," said he ; " this order is the only one I have reserved to myself, and to this, by the grace of God, I will devote myself."

The wild and stern energy of his manner, the deep and commanding tones of his voice, and, above all, that determination which arises from self-confidence, awed the dissolute brothers. Here he founded the austere order of La Trappe, which is the most severe on record. Perpetual silence, little repose, and that on knotted couches, and scanty food, are the great restrictions. The situation of the monastery was well adapted to his views. For many miles around it the most death-like silence reigned, large lakes and dark forests encompassed it ; and often the exhalations arising from the water were so dense, that only the

gray towers of the monastery could be distinguished.*

Richelieu appears to have shown the painful sensibility of early life in regard to the preceding events ; indeed, we find, that he began his exercise of power with clemency, and proposed that capital executions should be abolished ; but, before he ended his career, his thirst for human life seems to have been great, and his robes might be said to be dyed in the blood of others. The extermination of the Huguenots became a favorite project, and the power he exercised over the mind of the King was exerted for this purpose. Rochelle was still the strong-hold of the Huguenots. Their strength was impaired by the deaths of the Duke of Bouillon and, still more, of Duplessis. The fidelity and wisdom with which the latter had adhered to the reformed cause had never wavered.

The Calvinists, with an inconsiderate zeal, endeavoured to abolish monasteries. Had they restricted their attempts to throwing open the doors of the convents, and leaving the inhabitants of them at liberty to return once more to the world, their efforts would have been meritorious.

---

* The death of De Rancé took place in 1700. In 1818 La Trappe was visited, and described as still retaining the austerities first instituted by him.

But they sought to compel the nuns, not only to relinquish their vows, but to form matrimonial alliances. The reply of one of them to the Duke de Rohan is too striking to be omitted. The Countess de Marcelle, on losing her husband at the age of twenty-eight, retired to a convent and took the vows of the institution. The Duke had known her surrounded by the splendor of the world, and at this crisis beheld her still young and beautiful. He offered to reinstate her in the honors of her former situation, and suggested, that the bereavement which had driven her to this asylum might, in time, be forgotten by forming a new alliance. She replied with frankness, "My Lord, I will not leave you in the error of believing that *sorrow* drove me to this asylum. My early life was one of slavery. I married in obedience to the will of my parents. I became a slave to the world through the will of my husband; at his death I retired to this convent in search of liberty, and, in the service of God, I find *perfect freedom*. Do not seek to place upon me the galling chains I once wore; leave *me*, and these holy and innocent women, to the life we have chosen. By compelling us to return to the world, it is not liberty the Calvinists offer us, but bondage." The Duke de Rohan became so fully persuaded by the remonstrance of this noble lady, that he exerted all his influence to protect the convents.

The Calvinists, however, determined to *compel* them to be free, and issued laws, that individuals of both sexes should quit their monasteries, renounce their peculiar costume, and mingle in society. Without a moment's hesitation, the nuns petitioned for leave to remain where they were, and convert their convents into hospitals for the sick and wounded. Overcome by the generosity of this proposal, they were permitted by the highest authorities to remain, and wear the dress of *Sœurs de la Charité*. The vast convent of the Ursulines was filled with the wounded; and, so great was the veneration, respect, and gratitude the Sisters excited, that the Protestant decrees, which forbade them the forms of their religion, were repealed, and they were allowed its external rites and ceremonies. But in these *hospitals* alone was the Catholic religion tolerated. Among the Sisters of Charity, no one was more active, more devoted, than the Countess de Marcelle, performing the humble office of a nurse to the suffering. More than once she was recognised by the wounded royalists, who were brought to the hospital; but she strenuously refused all communications referring to the past, and, if a second time urged on the subject, appeared no more in their presence.

After Rochelle fell into the hands of the Catholics, the convents returned to their former order,

and we hear of the Countess de Marcelle no more.

Though the Huguenots had yet courage to contend for their rights, their prospects became more desperate. The Rochellois had applied to the Dukes of Rohan and Soubise, the one to defend them by land, the other by sea. Many of the Catholics were sensible, that the reduction of Rochelle would add to the power and consequence of the haughty prelate, and were unwilling to aid him ; but, with that energy and strength of mind which marked his career, he pressed on and vanquished all opposition. The second siege of Rochelle, like the first, has often been described in history. After holding out a long time through the bravery of the mayor, Guiton ; after being disappointed of aid from the English, they were reduced to the most horrible degree of famine. Richelieu wished to subjugate the town, not to destroy it, and he offered peace on condition they would raze their fortifications to the ground, and suffer the Catholics to enter. These terms were rejected with indignation ; all Europe were looking on, and interested in the cause. Holland, and the Protestant States of Germany, were earnestly wishing for the preservation of this brave little city ; but the fear of France, and the despotism of Austria, prevented their sending succour. At length Charles the First determined

to send them aid. The English fleet appeared in sight of Rochelle, and the famishing inhabitants were once more filled with hope. The movements of the English fleet announced preparations for an attack upon the French. The mayor, Guiton, armed boats to contribute to their aid; the women, and even the children, flocked to the ramparts and towers of the city, their hearts were elated with joy at the prospect of a speedy deliverance. All was in agitation and commotion. The English fleet, however, remained quiet, and the commander, after resting eight days inactive, set sail for England.*

The distress, disappointment, and even rage, of the Rochellois may be imagined. After the most careful research, it was found that there were only provisions enough in the town to sustain them for six weeks. The courage of the inhabitants was supported by the mayor, and by their ministers, who promised them a reward in heaven for their magnanimity and heroism. New emissaries were despatched to London, who reported that a more formidable fleet was to sail for their relief, under Buckingham. Again they

---

* It is said, that seven days of bad weather prevented the Admiral from engaging, and on the eighth he discovered that his ships drew too much water to approach the city.

gave themselves up to this delusion, and assumed fresh courage.

A new disappointment awaited this unfortunate people ; they received the news of Buckingham's assassination.

Richelieu, supposing distress and famine might bring them to his terms, again proposed a surrender. Guiton rejected the idea, and the faction who advocated it collected on one night a crowd of women, children, and aged persons, who were useless, and consumed their stores, and drove them beyond the lines. We may recollect the reception Henry the Fourth gave to such a miserable set at the siege of Paris ; he received them kindly, and furnished them with food. Louis repulsed them with musketry, and drove them back. At length the brave city was compelled to yield ; the survivors were often unable to bury their dead, their houses were tenanted by ghastly corpses, and but one third of the number of inhabitants remained.

Soon after the edict was pronounced, that for ever annihilated the independence of Rochelle. The Roman Catholic religion was declared to be the established faith, the fortifications were razed, the walls were prostrated, and a cross was erected, commemorating the surrender of the city. On the 1st of November, Richelieu celebrated mass in the Church of St. Marguerite, once the cherished

temple of Protestant worship. The surrender of Rochelle put an end to the war of religion, and the hopes of the Protestants were nearly extinguished.

The Duke of Rohan still continued his protection to the reformed party, and succeeded in making more favorable treaties for them than could be expected. The royal edict of grace and pardon, as it was styled, was now issued, and the triumph of Louis over his rebellious subjects, and his great clemency, were blazoned forth. The general establishment of the Roman Catholic religion was enacted, and a strong wish expressed, that the pretended Reformed might profit by his goodness, and embrace the true faith. The Synods were still held, but a feeble and broken spirit marked their religious councils; they, however, expressed great ardor for the *Greek language*, and declared it necessary for all candidates for the ministry.

The Huguenots from this time appear to have enjoyed some degree of tranquillity. They were allowed their worship, under certain restrictions, and appear to have been thought too insignificant for notice. Even their Synods were not called together for six years. In 1637 one was convened, which touches on the subject of slavery.

Louis, though weak, and formed to be governed, desired the happiness of France; and it

was this tie that bound him to Richelieu, whom he never loved. He saw the great power he had acquired by his extensive genius, and believed his influence necessary for the welfare of the nation.

At this period it may be interesting, to view the leaders of the French Court. Mary de Medicis, the widow of Henry the Fourth, had, even to excess, the passion for governing, yet was too weak to hold the reins with a steady hand. She had raised Richelieu to power; but when he ceased to be her instrument she detested him. She could never be termed an affectionate wife or mother, and, as a queen, she was weak and imperious. Anne, of Austria, the Queen, had beauty and talents, but she was impatient, and could bear no neglect. Unfortunately Louis doubted her affection for him, and they were mutually alienated by the interference of the Cardinal. Gaston, Duke of Orleans, possessed great vivacity, but as little energy as his brother, to whom he was inferior in principles and good conduct. Richelieu easily governed the whole, and was hated by all.

Louis retained a filial submission to his mother when with her, but absence weakened her power, and he could easily be alienated from her. During a severe fit of illness, which attacked him, he promised, in compliance with her entreaties, to

dismiss the Cardinal. Mary triumphed, Anne triumphed, Gaston triumphed, and the whole Court triumphed. In a few hours the scene was reversed, Richelieu triumphed, and became more powerful than ever.

Henry, Duke de Montmorency, was a lineal descendant of Anne de Montmorency, who for his bravery was made Marshal of France, and accompanied Francis the First into Italy, and shared his captivity, when the battle of Pavia was fought and lost, in 1525. If we look back to the opening of this history, we shall remember him as Constable of France, and as slain at the battle of St. Dennis. The Montmorency line had done faithful service to the nation, and was justly prized by them. Henry, the grandson of Anne, possessed the bravery of the race, and was made Admiral of France at the age of eighteen. He often distinguished himself against the Huguenots in Languedoc, Piedmont, and by sea near the Isle of Rhe, which submitted to his arms. He was the intimate friend of Gaston, the brother of the King, who, indignant at the power and insolence of Richelieu, determined to take up arms, and, if possible, expel the favorite. The young Montmorency was easily induced to join him. At the battle of Castlenaudari he was taken prisoner. His former services were universally remembered, and the voice of the people

was raised for his preservation. But Richelieu, who governed, was inexorable, and he was beheaded at Toulouse, in 1632, at the age of thirty-seven. The manly grace of his person was very striking, and a strong resemblance existed between himself and his sister Charlotte, married to the Prince of Condé, with whose beauty Henry the Fourth was unfortunately captivated. Her son was the great and illustrious Condé.

The execution of the Duke, though he united with Gaston against Louis, excited the sympathy of all France, and increased the hatred towards Richelieu, who swayed the mind of the King. Montmorency's high rank, his bravery, and the service he had done the nation, might have exempted him from the scaffold. Crowds implored his pardon of the King, but in vain. His wife, in the bloom of youth and beauty, retired to a convent at Moulins ; there she erected a magnificent mausoleum to her husband's memory, and spent her days in relieving the poor and unhappy. Always clad in deep mourning, she never appeared in public, and was soon forgotten. Her ashes, at her request, were deposited in the same tomb with her husband's.

It is supposed that Richelieu meditated a total extinction of the Huguenots, but other measures engrossed his attention, and their safety consisted in their quiet. He had attained a power which left

him nothing to desire ; his ambition had reached its height, and he triumphed over his enemies. He had now time to think of the glory of France. The navy was recreated by him ; and all other classes seemed to have received fresh vigor by his influence. He acted the courtier and accomplished gentleman more entirely than ever. In 1635 he founded the French Academy, and, though despotic in the department of literature, as in all things else, his genius prevailed. He made, however, a great mistake in endeavouring to crush Corneille ; here he found his power bounded ; the world decided for the Poet, and the Statesman was obliged to yield.

Mademoiselle de la Fayette, for whom Louis had formed an attachment more tender than to Anne of Austria, exerted all her influence to reconcile the King and Queen, and finally retired to a convent, where she still continued her virtuous counsels. Perhaps it might be attributed to her generous endeavours, that Louis began to discover attractions in his wife, and a reconciliation took place. At this time the power of Richelieu tottered. Both Mary de Medicis and Anne endeavoured to remove him from the Court a second time. Mary herself became the victim, and was banished from France by her son.

In the year 1638, just twenty-two years from their marriage, a prince was born, afterwards Louis the Fourteenth.

Richelieu now had no competitor, and he reigned much more truly than the King. The Queen-mother no longer thought of contending, but implored leave to return to France. This Richelieu refused, and advised her to retreat to Florence. She avoided her native city, unwilling it should be a witness of her disgrace. After spending some time in England, she died at Cologne, a little before the Cardinal, whose death took place in 1642. Louis appointed Mazarin Prime Minister after Richelieu's death, but survived Richelieu but a short time. On his death-bed he appointed Mazarin one of his executors.

Of Louis the Thirteenth we have said but little, as he seems to have been but a pageant in the passing show; yet a slight sketch may not be irrelevant to our present purpose. When fourteen years old he solemnly confirmed the Edict of Nantes, and convened a meeting of the States-General. This was the last that was convened, till it was summoned by Louis the Sixteenth, in 1789. The Huguenots soon after, from discontent, concluded a treaty with the Prince of Condé, and were preparing to appear in arms, when Sully and Duplessis were able to quell their rebellious spirit, and procure an accommodation. The most important event to the Huguenots, during the reign of Louis the Thirteenth, was his march, in 1619, through Bordeaux, or Pau,

entirely remodelling their constitution, instituting a College of Jesuits at Pau, and obliging the Huguenots to surrender their churches to the Romanists. Bearn, by these measures, was annexed to the Catholic priesthood, and the Huguenots were considered merely a tolerated sect. It is remarkable, that he should have been styled Louis the *Just*, in the early part of his reign, as it appears that the title was given by courtesy, no cause appearing for it. The murder of D'Ancre was, probably, his own act. His conduct to his mother was heartless and, at the same time, cowardly. Much may be traced to her own injudicious management, and the exertion of a tyrannical will over his boyish years. He feared, without loving her, and was only dutiful and submissive in her presence. The contrast his character formed to that of his father's is striking. Yet, while truth can accord him but few of his royal virtues, he likewise appears to have inherited none of his private faults.

During the disturbances of the kingdom, the Huguenots rose, with Rohan and Soubise at their head, but were persuaded to relinquish their purpose. Albert de Luines established himself in the young Prince's confidence, it is said, by presenting him with two magpies, trained to the pursuit of small birds, like falcons, and was rewarded by being made governor of Amboise.

CHAPTER XXVII.

REVOCATION OF THE EDICT OF NANTES.

The two most important characters of this period of the French drama had now disappeared, Richelieu and Louis, the one admired and hated, the other soon forgotten.

Anne of Austria, aided by Mazarin, immediately followed the example of Mary de Medicis, and ordered herself to be declared regent. Gaston, Duke of Orleans, who had been pardoned, though Montmorency was executed, was declared Lieutenant-General of the kingdom ; which was, in fact, an empty title, the power all resting with the Queen and Mazarin. Anne was obliged to continue the war with Spain, which Richelieu had begun, though she was always greatly opposed to it, and much attached to her brother, Philip the Fourth, King of Spain. The death of Richelieu, the minority of Louis the Fourteenth, and the favorable disposition of the Queen, had filled the Court of Spain with the most sanguine hopes of success ; this was confirmed, when they heard that the command of

the army was given to Louis de Bourbon, Prince of Condé, a young man of twenty-one years of age. The Duke d'Enghien (for by this title he was then known) was the descendant of Louis de Bourbon, Prince of Condé, who was the first leader of the Huguenots. D'Enghien seems to have been *born* mature. Without experience, which he was said to despise as a cant term, he became, at once, the first general of the age, and secured to himself the title of the Great Condé. In defiance of the Court, he besieged Rocroi, and, in taking possession of it, weakened the resources and spirit of Spain.

It is related by historians, that the night on which the battle took place the young Prince slept so profoundly, that it was necessary to awaken him. He was calm, collected, saw every thing, and seemed to be in every place at the same time. When the battle was over, he was equally vigilant in preventing all carnage ; it was a common saying, that Condé took as much pains to spare the conquered, as he had taken to conquer them. After this splendid victory, leaving Turenne commander of the army, he returned to Paris, where he was received with shouts and acclamations. Turenne was unsuccessful, and Condé again flew to his aid, and gained new victories.

Cardinal de Retz at this time appeared on the

stage as an antagonist of Mazarin. He took the part of the Parliament, always opposed to the Minister and Queen, and became the leader of the popular party. A new faction arose, entitled the *Fronde*. Condé was applied to by both parties; to De Retz he answered, "My name is Louis de Bourbon; I will not war against the throne." He promised Mazarin, however, to act the part of a mediator between both. An old party was now revived, called, in derision, the *Importans*. This was composed of the old nobility, and even ladies of the Court. The Duke de Rochefoucault (author of the Maxims) was won to this party by the persuasions of his favorite, Madame de Longueville. Condé, at length, consented to take the charge of reducing these factions against the Queen; and, uniting with Gaston, Duke of Orleans, prepared to invest Paris. The attack was successful, and the sedition quelled.

It became necessary to the political measures of Mazarin, to form an alliance for the young King in matrimony. Louis had conceived an attachment to Mademoiselle Mancini, the niece of Mazarin; though the Cardinal might have been happy to see her seated on the throne, he dared not attempt it; and, after long negotiations, the marriage was concluded between Louis the Fourteenth and Maria Theresa, the Infanta of

Spain. Cardinal Mazarin brought them back in triumph to Paris. The pomp and pride of the minister exceeded that which Richelieu had formerly exhibited. The espousals were celebrated with great magnificence. Gaston died about this time, and Louis the Fourteenth invested his brother Philip, Duke of Anjou, with the estates and title of Duke of Orleans. Mazarin had completed his political career ; he had married his nieces to the first nobles of Europe, and amassed immense wealth. His love of fine paintings became a passion. His health was daily failing, and he consulted his physician upon the nature of his malady, who frankly told him, that he could not live longer than two months. The Cardinal, in his dressing gown and nightcap, tottered to his gallery of pictures. Brienne, his friend, followed him. He stood gazing upon them with his hands clasped. "Look," he exclaimed, "look at that Corregio ! this Venus of Titian ! that Deluge of Caracci ! Ah, my friend, I must quit all these. Farewell, dear pictures, that I loved so truly, that have cost me so much !" A few days before his death he was carried, in his chair, to the promenade, exquisitely dressed and rouged. The courtiers ironically complimented him on his appearance, telling him he never looked "so fresh and vermilion." He died at the age of 51, in 1661.

Though the Cardinal had not been an active friend of the Protestants, it was gain to them, such was their unhappy situation, not to find active enemies. Their long series of persecution and disappointment, and perhaps their short intervals of rest, had unfitted them for the same strenuous exertion, which had once nerved their arms. It is to be recorded to their honor, that, under all vicissitudes, they still held fast to their faith ; and, though many had followed Henry the Fourth in his path of abdication, they were chiefly the courtiers, who had embraced the reformed doctrine from motives of interest. Nor is it unnatural to ascribe great influence to the winning persuasions of the monarch. Though in the case of Sully they failed, in many who probably loved the King less they succeeded.

The death of Richelieu had relieved them from a mighty foe. His object was to extirpate them as a religious party, and preserve enough of them for his own political uses.

The Huguenots seized the moment of a new administration, after his death, to present their claims. Mazarin had listened favorably, and confirmed the privileges accorded by the Edict of Nantes ; he also licensed the convention of the twenty-eighth national Synod. At this time the Protestants seem to have departed from the high tone of Mornay-Duplessis, and others.

There is something adulatory in their addresses; perhaps suffering had prostrated their minds. Their zeal, however, does not appear to have been diminished, but their mode of expressing it shows some departure from stern principle. The Protestant deputies complained, that, "through the rigor of his majesty's officers, those of the reformed religion were not allowed to set up as masters for themselves in any one trade whatsoever."

Soon after, the Parliament of Rouen declared, that no Huguenot could be received as a master goldsmith, till it was proved that there were fourteen Catholics of the same trade to counterbalance his heresy. No diplomas were allowed to Huguenot apothecaries, and a fine of three thousand livres was inflicted upon any druggist of the reformed religion, who should presume to open a shop. The sempstresses, too, rose on the occasion, and protested against *reformed apprentices*, soliciting the protection of the King to save them from this direful contact. Cardinal Mazarin, notwithstanding all these remonstrances, had not shown himself unfavorable to the Protestants, but even made use of the services of a wealthy Calvinistic banker. The Queen-regent and the young King graciously received all deputations, and solemnly confirmed the Edict of Nantes. Again the reformed party were suffered

to enjoy tranquillity, and felt as if France was their home and country.

But even at this period the unfortunate Vaudois were once more assaulted, and new and horrible massacres perpetrated. We enter not into this part of the history of Protestant wrongs ; it would form a series by itself. Cromwell's intervention is said to have arrested these deeds of cruelty. Louis the Fourteenth disavowed the acts, and commanded his troops to forbear.

The Catholic clergy murmured at the patronage and countenance given to heretics, and, in 1656, obtained the promulgation of an instrument, which annulled many favorable clauses, and which also announced, that the King had determined to send into each province two commissioners, one Catholic, and one Protestant, for the purpose of restoring good order. Years, however, passed, and nothing material took place ; a few encroachments were made, and the Huguenots remonstrated, sending a deputation to Court. They did not receive a satisfactory answer, and, quitting it in a state of irritation and disgust, they seem to have considered new exertion necessary, as they called a national Synod, though fifteen years had elapsed since the last.

After the death of Mazarin, Louis the Fourteenth assumed the direction of affairs. Colbert, who succeeded him in the King's favor, appeared

also to have imbibed the Cardinal's pacific disposition towards the Huguenots, for he boldly declared, in answer to some remonstrances against them, that they were good and faithful servants. By degrees, however, encroachments were made upon the reformed church, their funerals and baptisms were regulated, and even their dress was prescribed.

But a new era was approaching. Louis, full of youthful enthusiasm, and influenced by bigoted men, determined to signalize his piety. How was this most effectually to be done? The pilgrimages of earlier ages had passed away. He could no longer acquire fame by travelling on foot, with staff and scrip, to the Holy Land. But he still might signalize his Catholic ardor by making proselytes. Subjects were not wanting, and he determined, that every day, nay, every hour, should witness new converts. The year of Jubilee was approaching, and a new Christian hero was to arise, and, perhaps, find another Tasso to immortalize his name. Then began the mighty work; the dying Huguenots were tormented by magistrates, and priests were ever at hand to receive their recantations. Often the crucifix was placed to the lips from which the last breath was proceeding, and the expiring subject was pronounced *a convert*. Children, at seven years old, were declared capable of choosing between the two religions, and, in some instances, were bought

over by pious nuns and amiable Sisters of Charity, with toys and *bon-bons*, and were removed from the dwellings of their parents to the care of ghostly confessors. Still, however, the conversions proceeded too slowly for the fervent zeal of the young monarch. The gown and cassock were mere spiritual insignia, and military agency was called to aid the work. No process of reasoning was thought necessary to convince the obstinate heretics ; the conversion was to be effected in a moment, and at the point of the bayonet.

The Huguenots, now entirely despairing of repose, began to emigrate. Whole families quitted France, and repaired to Protestant States. The Court took alarm ; they seem now to have had a glimpse of the folly of driving from their country many of its useful citizens, and, instead of wisely adopting more lenient measures, had recourse to new penal edicts, to stem the tide of emigration. All mariners and manufacturers were forbidden to leave France, under the penalty of condemnation to the galleys for life. It is unnecessary to recapitulate the severe edicts issued ; their worship was invaded by spies, and the *pretended reformed*, as they were universally styled, were subjected to the most outrageous insults.

Weakened and disheartened, they could no longer point to illustrious leaders, but a few

distinguished names remained to them. Though they were still in possession of wealth, for commerce had always been open to them, yet wealth, unprotected by legal power, only made them objects for rapacity and severe espionage. Turenne, the second son of the Duke de Bouillon, who had formerly refused the hand of the niece of Cardinal de Richelieu on the score of his being a Protestant, now abjured the reformed religion, and embraced the Catholic. This was a cruel blow to the Huguenots, who had relied on his constancy. Ruvigny, known at the English Court as Earl of Galway and Deputy-general of the Huguenots, still remained firm to their cause. They had, likewise, skilful and learned divines; we need only mention Claude, the antagonist of Bossuet.

Anne of Austria, the Queen-mother, seems to have deserved a better fate than her royal marriage with Louis the Thirteenth procured her. During his life she experienced from him coldness and neglect; after his death she was plunged in constant dissension and tumult, till the death of Mazarin. Though there existed a tender friendship between herself and the minister, even the free and careless records of the Court have never impeached her virtue. She was a woman of refined and gentle manners, possessing great comprehension of character, accommodating her-

self as far as her principles would admit, to the gayety of the society around her, but never suffering it to degenerate into dissoluteness. All who deviated from propriety were excluded from her circle, and to be admitted to her levee was a distinction all prized.

The heart of a woman is sometimes surrendered without her consent. Her conduct proved that she deeply felt the death of Mazarin. She bade farewell to the splendor of the Court, and sought the walls of a convent, which she had liberally endowed. "Mother," said she to the Abbess, "I cross this threshold to return no more." The nuns gathered round her in mute surprise; no one spoke. There was that in her countenance and manner which awed beholders. She lived but one year after the minister, and died in her sixty-fourth year, still retaining the dignified and noble expression, which had been her chief beauty in youth. Anne possessed no common character; how much influence her virtue and delicacy exerted over the Court was soon exemplified. The King sought only for wit and devotedness in the courtiers; and, though he established severe rules of etiquette, the age of Louis the Fourteenth has been proverbial for its dissoluteness.

Though Anne was not a patroness of the Huguenots, and considered them as enemies to the

true faith, yet her gentleness of disposition led her to encourage Mazarin's lenity towards them. Though nurtured by the holy inquisition, she frequently expressed her opinion against rigorous punishment. "I cannot forget," she said, "that heretics are men." Louis appears to have lost sight of this truth, and treated them with increasing severity.

Hitherto the conduct of the Huguenots had exhibited the most untiring submission. But in 1683 a confederacy was formed, and sixteen delegates assembled at Toulouse, to represent Languedoc, Cévennes, Vivarais, and Dauphiny. They there determined, let the consequences be what they might, to assert their faith, and no longer be registered as converts to the Catholic religion; and to endure martyrdom rather than abjure. It was agreed, that on the same Sabbath all the meetinghouses should be opened, and congregations assemble in them. This convention was so secretly accomplished, that no rumors reached the Catholics, and, on the appointed day, the afflicted Huguenots gathered together. Not only churches were re-opened, but the ruins of those which had been razed to the ground, were occupied by this persecuted people, to whom the very stones seemed consecrated by the divine presence. *There* might be seen young men and old, parents and children,

seated on the crumbling ruins, and listening to the minister. The fervent prayer of the persecuted ascended, and the soft voices of women mingled with louder strains. But there were other gatherings still more touching; of those, who had abjured upon compulsion, who sought no other temple but the dark and thick forest, no other roof but the canopy of heaven, no other judge but God himself. Amidst the waving of the trees, and the rushing of the mountain stream, their voices mingled in sorrowful and repentant accents. Louis was soon informed of this defiance; he sent troops against them, and the Huguenots were compelled to arm in self-defence. "There is no amnesty," said he; and the dragoons advanced, not to combat, but to slaughter. The troops were quartered upon the insurgent districts. "You are to cause such desolation," wrote Louvois (the minister of the King), "in that country [the Vivarais], that its example may restrain all other Huguenots."

In a rencontre, near Bordeaux, the troops were opposed by three hundred of the reformed party, who defended themselves with bravery. Those who were taken prisoners were cruelly executed; one aged minister, who was said to have "preached sedition to the Huguenots," was insulted, and finally led to the scaffold by a drunken executioner.

The history of the *dragonnades* includes a

period of private persecution, which we should be unwilling to describe. The province of Bearn at length surrendered to force, and the seat of the reformed doctrine, from its earliest birth, nurtured by Jane d'Albret, yielded to cruelty and suffering ; a religious procession was formed at Pau, a grand mass was performed, and bonfires and illuminations proclaimed the conversion of the heretics. The success of the dragonnading measures encouraged Louvois, the minister, to employ it in extending conversions over all the heretical provinces of France. The troops spread over Guienne, Languedoc, Angoumois, Saintonge, Poitou, and the adjoining provinces. Wherever these *booted missionaries* appeared, terms were offered for renunciation, and, in case of a refusal, all were placed at the mercy of a hardened, brutal soldiery. Sometimes the terrified peasantry abjured by equivocal expressions. Louis was undoubtedly deceived, and believed the reported conversions sincere, which, only in Languedoc, amounted to twenty-four thousand. Madame de Maintenon expressed her doubts, but added, "Even if the fathers are hypocrites, the children will be Catholics."

The period had arrived, when Louis supposed that every heretic in the kingdom might be united to the apostolic church by a formal revocation of the Edict of Nantes, and it was stated, that the

Edict was never meant to be perpetual, but only a temporizing act of his royal father and grandfather. That the many troubles, which agitated the reigns of his successors, had prevented the execution of their designs, and he was left to accomplish them. That, by the blessing of Heaven, the greater and better part of the Huguenots had returned to the true religion, and the Edict of Nantes had become wholly useless, therefore it was revoked, as well as every other ordinance in favor of the Huguenots. It is evident, that Louis thought it necessary to make an apology, not only to the world, but to his own conscience, in this revocation. He therefore declares, in the preamble, that Henry the Fourth, his grandfather, had only granted the Edict for temporary purposes, and that he might, in the course of time, bring his system of one universal church into operation ; that his sudden and unexpected death had prevented this end, and the various troubles which agitated the kingdom during his father's reign, had likewise prevented the revocation which he had always intended. Now, however, by God's blessing, his people were at rest, and he had the opportunity of accomplishing what they had designed ; but so greatly had the country been favored, that the revocation was now a matter of form, the spirit of opposition had passed away.

There was much inconsistency in this declaration, for, at the same time, penalties were enacted for all who did not submit. It was announced, that every Huguenot place of worship should be demolished, and every minister, who refused to conform, should be sentenced to the galleys. These are only a small part of the restrictions and penalties; but the crowning clemency of the merciful monarch was the permission, that his lay subjects, of the reformed religion, might continue to pursue their trades, provided "they abstain from every exercise of worship, or any profession of religion."

Notwithstanding the severity of these edicts, ministers were found daring enough to openly abide by the Protestant belief. This was no sooner discovered, than new penalties were declared against the offenders. Every minister of the reformed religion, that was discovered preaching in the kingdom, without express permission from the King in writing, was punishable with death. A reward of five thousand five hundred livres was offered for the capture of each proscribed ecclesiastic, and the punishment of perpetual imprisonment threatened against those who concealed them.

The prisons in France the most dreaded, were the Tower of Constance, at Aiguesmorts, and the Hospitals of the Forçats, or galley slaves, at

Marseilles and at Valence, and these were particularly prepared for the Huguenots. Another mode of punishment, was that of conveying the most obstinate to America (the West India Islands), where they were condemned to perpetual slavery. While all this was transacting in various parts of the kingdom, Louis was amusing himself at Versailles and at Marly, by the most expensive works. It was his pride to create, not to improve, and he chose barren and sterile spots, often because they were so. Of course, immense sums were expended in making them productive or ornamental. This liberality and magnificence has been often dwelt on, and, in some degree, acquired for him the title of *Louis le Grand;* but we cannot forget that it was the wealth of the nation he was exhausting, and that the vast sums he drew from the treasury cost *him* no sacrifice. While the Protestants were robbed of their property, their freedom, and often their lives, the great monarch was engaged in hunting expeditions. While men of high religious principle, and spotless lives, were doomed to the galleys, Louis, at a mature age, was dallying with the beauties of his Court, and actually believed that all the nation had been converted to the Catholic religion, with the exception of a few renegades, for whom the galleys were a mild punishment.

Of his Spanish Queen, Maria Theresa, we

seldom hear, although he lived with her twenty-three years. It is said, that Madame de Maintenon produced a revolution in the character of the King before the Queen's death, and when those around, spoke slightingly of Madame de Maintenon to Maria, she replied, "Why do you wish to prejudice me against Madame de Maintenon? I believe, on the contrary, that God has raised her up to restore to me the heart of which Madame de Montespan had robbed me. Never have I experienced so much tenderness from the King, as since he has listened to her counsels."

She presented to Madame de Maintenon her miniature, set in diamonds, and the King included her with the Queen, in journeys to Compiegne. After returning from one of these excursions, in 1683, Maria Theresa fell dangerously ill. During her disorder Louis paid her devoted attention. Her heart seemed so alive to these new proofs of tenderness, that we may naturally conjecture she had suffered greatly from his indifference. This might account for her extreme timidity in the presence of *Louis le Grand*. It is said, that she never met him without trembling. When we contrast this feeling of the wedded wife with the power exercised by Madame de Montespan, and the caprices of the little De Fontange, we may form some estimate of the character of the monarch.

The death of Maria took place, fortunately for her, before she awoke from her delusion. She breathed her last in the firm conviction, that, though late, she possessed the affections of her husband. Madame de Maintenon became her legitimate successor the same year.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

THE HUGUENOTS IN AMERICA. — BISHOP CHEVERUS.

The motives, which induced Louis the Fourteenth to execute the unjust revocation of the Edict of Nantes, have been attributed to three sources, pride, devotion, and politics ; and it has likewise been said, that there were three instigators, M. de Louvois, Madame de Maintenon, and the Jesuits. To the last the destruction of Protestantism was an increase of power, and they represented to the King the glory of performing a deed, in the accomplishment of which his ancestors had failed, namely, of producing uniformity of religion throughout the kingdom, and, at the same time, securing his own eternal salvation.

The minister of war, Louvois, foresaw that this step would necessarily produce wars in Europe, and that his own importance would receive tenfold weight from this circumstance. In concert with Père la Chaise, he applied to Madame de Maintenon for her influence, knowing how much she possessed over the mind of the

King, and assuring her, that a perfect uniformity of religious opinions could be accomplished "without shedding a drop of blood."

If she had any agency in procuring the act of revocation, she was probably deceived by this assertion. She wrote to her brother D'Aubigné, who had distinguished himself by his zeal in converting the Calvinists, "Be favorable to the Catholics, and do not be cruel to the Huguenots. They are in an error, as was Henry the Fourth, and in the same are still many distinguished princes. Jesus Christ gained men by gentleness and love. It is for preachers to convert heretics; soldiers have not the care of their souls."

The retired manner in which the King lived with Madame de Maintenon, jealously guarding the secret of their marriage, probably deceived him as to the actual state of the Huguenots. He trusted to Louvois, who represented matters as he pleased, and wholly unlike the truth. We can hardly imagine, that the King would, otherwise, have driven from the nation the manufacturers, on whom its wealth depended, and sent them to enrich other countries. About that time, Louis, by the aid of Madame de Maintenon, was becoming a devotee, and too much taken up with the Catholic penances, to learn the exact truth of matters so remote. Near this period, too, he was engaged in marrying the eldest of Madame

de Montespan's daughters to the Duc de Chartres. The magnificence of the entertainment astonished every one. The young Princess was only twelve years old, but so loaded with jewels that she almost sank under their weight. "Her ornaments," says Madame de Maintenon, "weighed more than she did."

Louis gave a *fête* at Versailles, in honor of the ceremony. In the large saloon, where the guests entered, were four superb shops, or *boutiques*, containing every thing applicable to the four seasons of the year. The Dauphin and Madame de Montespan superintended the shop of Autumn. The Duke of Maine and Madame de Maintenon, that of Winter. The Duke de Bourbon and Madame de Thianges, that of Summer; and the Duke de Chevreuse, with the Duchess of Bourbon, that of Spring. These shops contained the value of more than fifteen thousand *louis-d'ors*, in elegant materials for dresses, jewels, and precious stones. All the guests, both men and women, played for these things, and were considered the owners of what fell to their lot. When they were tired of this amusement, the valuable contents of the *boutiques* were distributed amongst them by the King and Dauphin.

Such were the different scenes passing in France at the same moment; no groans from the

persecuted Huguenots mingled with the gay laugh and the glad notes of music, which reëchoed through the vaulted roofs of the palace.

Driven from their own country, the Protestants sought shelter in Germany, England, and Holland. Wherever they fled, the name of Louis was loaded with opprobrium. The Elector Palatine received the exiles with the utmost cordiality, and provided for their necessities. William, Prince of Orange, did the same ; and, in the republic of Holland, every man was received as an equal. The mechanics were welcomed and employed. The English opened their ports to them, and procured subscriptions to aid them. Germany, Prussia, Sweden, and Denmark afforded them a friendly asylum. North America, which had yet scarcely claimed a place among the nations, standing in desolate grandeur, surrounded by lakes and forests, extended her arms to these exiled brothers.

The revocation of the Edict of Nantes did not actually take place till the year 1685. The measures which preceded it made that act almost nominal. The Huguenots had been gradually robbed of one privilege after another, and retained scarcely the shadow of their rights. A declaration, revoking the Edict of Nantes, was supposed to be striking a final blow at Protestantism, that would prostrate it, to rise no more.

How greatly they were deceived, subsequent events have proved.

It is supposed, that there was a mutual understanding between James the Second and Louis the Fourteenth to establish the Catholic religion in England. The parties in England at this period were those formed during the reign of James the First under the names of Whig and Tory. When James the Second endeavoured to introduce the Catholic religion, the Whigs, anxious to frustrate his design, solicited the assistance of William of Orange, who had married the daughter of James. William, unlike his royal father-in-law, was a Protestant, and, being Stadtholder of the United Provinces, was supported by Holland. He returned encouraging answers to their petitions, and in 1688 landed in England. A revolution, without violence, immediately ensued, and William was proclaimed King. James fled with his family to France, where both he and his wife were received with the utmost cordiality. Louis provided generously for their wants, and, what in our day might seem almost a mockery, presented the exiled Queen with a splendid set of jewels. Madame de Sévigné speaks in rapturous terms of their reception, and says, "Is it not divine, to support a king exiled, betrayed, and abandoned?"

The revocation of the Edict of Nantes was

followed by rigorous enactments. Claude, the distinguished minister, was obliged to leave Charenton, a place particularly obnoxious, and was ignominiously conducted to Brussels. All the ministers were required to quit Paris in forty-eight hours, on pain of severe penalties. That there were many abjurations of Protestantism at this crisis, we can hardly doubt, and that fathers and husbands might, in many instances, submit at last, rather than fly from their families and homes; it is said, however, that these instances were rare. The French nation, in banishing a virtuous portion of their citizens, committed a political blunder, which they afterwards tried to amend by a greater degree of cruelty, that of forbidding the emigration of the Protestants. The expulsion of the ministers occasioned the emigration of their people, and whole parishes in Languedoc followed their pastors. The Court took the alarm, and endeavoured to prevent this result. All who were discovered emigrating were arrested, and condemned to prison. To the dungeons of Touraine alone seven hundred were committed. The ingenuity of the Protestants, however, assisted them in escaping from France, and not a few accomplished their purpose. Many succeeded in reaching England, and Holland, and the Protestant States of Germany. Others, less fortunate, after leaving the shores of France,

were made prisoners by corsairs, and endured years of slavery in Africa. Some were thrown upon the coast of Spain, and received their welcome from the Spanish Inquisition.

There was one obscure corner of the world settled by men, who, like the Huguenots, had fled from persecution; and it was natural, that many should turn their eyes to this spot. We have before mentioned, that Admiral Coligni united with the French Protestants at Geneva in settling a colony in Brazil, which failed through the perfidy of Villegagnon, to whom the enterprise was committed. In 1562 he again projected the establishment of a colony on the Western Continent, and, with the permission of Charles the Ninth, sent over a small number of Protestants to Florida, under Jean Ribault. They entered Port Royal, and built a fort near, which they called Fort Charles, but soon abandoned it, and returned to France. In 1564 and 1565 Coligni made another attempt to effect a settlement in Florida, at St. Augustine, but the colonists were all massacred.

What this great and good man could not accomplish by a widely extended philanthropy, was finally effected by persecution. Hitherto we have been treading foreign shores, and plodding our way amidst civil wars and despotism. But we now turn to our own home, to the

green valleys and wooded hills of New England.

It is supposed, that within a short time eight hundred thousand Protestants quitted the kingdom of France, and sought an asylum in foreign lands, among strangers. There had been at different times too many indications of hostility not to render them eager to secure a place of refuge when forced by extremity. In 1662, "John Touton, a French Doctor, and an inhabitant of Rochelle, made application to the Court of Massachusetts, in behalf of himself and other Protestants expelled from their habitations on account of their religion, that they might have liberty granted them to come to New England." This was readily accorded. It does not appear, that they took advantage of the permission for twenty years, but, upon the revocation of the Edict of Nantes, they again applied.

There is a letter extant, discovered among some miscellaneous papers belonging to the Historical Society of Massachusetts, from French Protestants, giving an account of their distressed situation, declaring the purpose of many of them to come to America, asking what advantages they could have for agriculture, particularly the "*boors*," and recommending that a ship should be sent to transport them, as a profitable adventure.

No record is found of any ship having been sent for such a purpose, but it appears evident, that means were furnished them by some of the most influential characters in New England. We come now to a distinct record of the first settlement of the Huguenots in Massachusetts.

Soon after the revocation of the Edict of Nantes, the General Court of Massachusetts granted a tract of land, eight miles square, to Joseph Dudley, William Stoughton, and Major Robert Thompson. This tract was in the Nipmug country, so called by the Indians.

The petition for this grant was undoubtedly made with a view to the Huguenots, as the proprietors invited thirty French Protestants to come over and settle on this spot, setting apart between eleven and twelve thousand acres for a village for these families, called Oxford.

The French plantation is traced back to the year 1696. Gabriel Bernon was undertaker for this plantation. It appears, from imperfect records, that the Huguenots purchased, at least, some part of the land, at a low rate. They began the cultivation of it with great industry and vigor, and were in a prosperous condition. One of their first acts was to settle a French Protestant minister. Private records state, that they gave him forty pounds, and increased his salary from year to year, which proves that their situation

was a prosperous one. They must have suffered much from a fear of the Indians, who were constantly prowling about the place with stealthy step, and, like the ghosts of the departed, hovering round the land they considered rightfully their own. To protect themselves, the French built a fort, of which traces still remain. That their fears were not imaginary, the massacre of a Mr. Johnson and his three children, by the savages, is a melancholy proof. Notwithstanding the terrors which surrounded them, they did not leave the place they had planted, till this event occurred, and probably then with deep regret; again they were to go forth, wanderers to an unknown spot, to begin anew their associations and homes. They repaired to Boston, encouraged, probably, by the thought that there they should be at least protected from the tomahawk of the savage, and the ferocious fangs of wild beasts.

The murder of Mr. Johnson and his three children is often alluded to in the few ancient records which remain of Oxford, but we do not find many particulars of this melancholy deed.*

* We have not given the particulars of what has been discovered of the Huguenot settlement in Oxford, because it has been done so fully by Dr. Holmes, in his "Memoir of the French Protestants." We quote from that work "Mrs. Butler's reminiscences" of the murder of the Johnson family.

"The refugees left France in 1684, or 1685. The

The narration of John Mayo, given when he was eighty-one years of age, is perhaps the most graphic. His grandfather purchased land of Gabriel Bernon, and afterwards transferred it by deed to his son, from whom it descended to John. He says, "The fort of the French was near my house, it enclosed about a quarter of an acre, and was *about square*. There was a very considerable house, with a cellar, well, &c., within the fort. . . . . There was a garden outside the fort, on the west, containing asparagus, grapes, plums, cherries, and a bed of gooseberries. There were, probably, more than ten acres cultivated round the fort. Some of the apple-

---

great-grandfather of Mrs. Butler, Mr. Germaine, gave the family notice that they *must go*. They came off with secrecy, with whatever clothes they could put upon the children, and *left the pot boiling over the fire*. They arrived at Boston, and went directly to Fort Hill, where they were provided for, and entertained there till they went to Oxford (near Worcester).

"Mrs. Johnson, the wife of Mr. Johnson, who was killed by the Indians in 1696, was a sister of Andrew Sigourney, one of the first Huguenots who came over. Mr. Johnson, returning from Woodstock, while the Indians were massacring his family, was shot down at his own door. Mr. Sigourney, hearing the report of guns, ran to the house, and, seizing his sister, rescued her by a back door, and took her to French River, which they waded through, and reached the garrison at Woodstock. The children were all murdered."

trees and pear-trees are still standing, also the currant-bushes and cinnamon-rose bushes, asparagus, &c.

"Johnson kept tavern, when he was killed by the Indians. Upon the murder of Johnson, the French dispersed."

We cannot but feel deep sympathy with the Huguenots, driven from the home they had adopted, surrounded by the works of their own hands, the mute though eloquent witnesses of their industry, perseverance, and taste, which they must leave behind, just as they were beginning to sit under the shadow of the trees they had planted. But the properties of their character they could carry with them. Wherever they go, we find them triumphing over the most unfavorable circumstances, and making "the wilderness to blossom like the rose." Nor can we be surprised, that men, who could sacrifice all for the worship of God and a strict adherence to the truth, who would make no compromise with conscience for the quiet possession of their native homes, who could leave the sweet valleys and vine-covered hills of France for the howling wilderness, were sustained by principles so elevated; they were led "by a pillar of fire by night," and concealed from their enemies "by the cloud by day." It is no figure of poetry to

say, *the howling wilderness;* for, in the manuscript of John Mayo before quoted, we find it narrated; "I have heard Joseph Rockwood, who served in the fort, tell of his having got lost one night, while out for the cows; he first heard at a distance the cries of wild beasts, ascended a tree for safety, and was surrounded during the night by half-famished and howling wolves."

A still more interesting story is told of a woman, who set out on horseback to visit a friend several miles distant. The roads were bad, and her horse became lame; darkness gathered round while she was in the thickest part of the wood, and, to add to her dismay, her ears were now assailed by the howling of wolves. To escape them seemed impossible, as she could no longer discern the narrow path; she, however, urged her horse forward, and he, impelled by the instinct which fear gives, bore her rapidly along. But her pursuers, who now scented their prey, gained upon her, and at length arrived so near as to bite the heels of the horse. The sudden spring he gave threw his rider to the ground. Not stopping for the smaller prey, they pursued the horse, and the woman was dexterous enough to climb a high tree, and gain a seat among the branches, believing herself secure. In a short time, however, she heard the cries and tramp of the hungry wolves returning, who she at once

concluded had missed their prey, and were in pursuit of her. So it appeared; they soon gathered round the tree, and began to gnaw at its roots; and the dawn of day found them still perseveringly at work. The horror of her mind in view of her perilous situation can scarcely be imagined; nor the transition from despair to joy when at length she heard the shouts of human voices. The wolves (there were three in number) immediately fled, and she hailed her husband and neighbours. The story of her deliverance was shortly told. The horse had continued his rapid flight, outstripped his pursuers, and arrived home. The family, as soon as they discovered his return with his empty saddle, went in quest of her.

From their forest homes, where they had suffered so severely from the murderous assaults of the savages, more fierce than wild beasts, we now behold the Huguenots repairing to Boston, where vestiges long remained of their industry and agricultural taste. Reminiscences of their care and skill in the cultivation of their gardens, and of their introduction of fine fruit, are still preserved among the inhabitants. Many of the pears retain their French names, but those of others are so Anglicized as scarcely to be recognisable.* While at Oxford, they had a French

* A friend, who is now no more, the honored and re-

Protestant minister, and after they came to Boston a church also of their own. Mr. Daillé* was their pastor. A Mr. Lawrie is also mentioned in the History of Boston, as a French Protestant minister, but it is not known whether he preceded Mr. Daillé at Oxford or not. The congregation first assembled, in Boston, in a large schoolhouse. In 1704, eight years after they left Oxford, a piece of ground was purchased (we give the words of the original deed) "to erect a church upon, for the use of the French congregation in Boston, to meet therein for the worship and service of Almighty God, according to the way and manner of the reformed churches in France."

It is a remarkable circumstance, that this church was afterwards occupied by the French Catholics, who fled to this country in the beginning of the Revolution, long after the Protestants had ceased to use it; and it is pleasant to remember, that both of these sects, so cruelly opposed to each other in their mother-country, found successively in ours the same temple, where they might worship God "in the beauty of holi-

---

gretted Daniel Sargent, Esq., told me, he perfectly recollected fine gardens pointed out to him, when a boy, as having belonged to the Huguenots.

* In 1714, March 13th, Mr. Daillé was *published* to the daughter of Daniel Epes, of Salem.

ness." This circumstance affords also a striking illustration of the vanity of all human standards of religious opinion. Both sects were persecuted for the doctrines they held sacred. There is still another interesting fact connected with this consecrated spot; when the French church had fallen into disuse in consequence of the erection of a Catholic church, to which the people of Boston largely contributed, a *Universalist* church was built on its site. How many fine illustrations must this fact afford to their preachers, who make broad the path to heaven! *

In adverting to the French Catholics in Boston, we must not omit some mention of Bishop Cheverus. He was truly a reformer among his people. Compelled to quit his country, he, happily for all who were to be within his influence, fixed his residence in Boston. With a zeal tempered by prudence, and a faith enlightened by the philanthropy of his own character, he diffused around him the genuine spirit of virtue. Who, that was admitted to his friendship, will not honor a religion which produced such fruits? Who, that has seen him administering moral advice and consolation to persons of all denominations, will not acknowledge

---

* In the Appendix to the Memoir of the French Protestants, by Abiel Holmes, D. D., will be found a history of this church.

the influence he exerted even over Protestants? Learned as a scholar, abstemious as a philosopher, dignified and courteous as a gentleman, indefatigable as a friend, and uniting to faith, hope, and charity, a zeal never obtrusive or immoderate, but which carried him through every obstacle, to serve not only those of his own faith, but those who merely claimed the same universal Father, — all ranks, all sects, accorded him their most sincere affection and respect, — a meed as rare as it was honorable alike to the man and to the community. Under his watchful care the Catholic church flourished, not by making new converts, but by gathering into its bosom its wandering children from various parts of the world.* To the same church he has bequeathed

* One or two familiar anecdotes of this excellent man I would fain record. I was residing in the country. While there he called to see me, on a cold December morning; it was one of those bitter days, when the air is filled with particles of snow and ice. The wind was high, and scarcely any one would have encountered the severity of the weather, but from motives of duty or necessity. He told me he should take the stage-coach for Boston in an hour. I delivered him a message from an old friend, a widowed woman (not a Catholic), saying, how much it would comfort her to see him.

"How far off is she?" said he.

"Seven miles," I replied.

He said, after a moment's hesitation, "I will not go to

his blessing and good name, and to his Protestant friends, who remain, recollections which will always consecrate his memory.

Boston to-day, I will go and see her; I can easily accomplish the walk this morning, and return before night." With his staff in his hand he set forward, not as a Catholic or a Huguenot, but as a minister of God to give comfort to the sorrowful.

At another time, an emigrant French lady was relating her sufferings in her own country. She had seen some of her nearest friends guillotined. In the midst of her narrative, some happy, thoughtless children, who were playing round her, gave a shout of gayety; she stopped, and her tears fell. "Ah, my dear lady," said Bishop Cheverus, with a gentle smile, "it is only children and maniacs who do not feel the horrors of the French Revolution." When Archbishop of Bordeaux it is well known how often he sighed to return to his beloved flock in Boston, and share their toils and privations.

CHAPTER XXIX.

FURTHER RECORDS OF THE HUGUENOTS IN AMERICA.

In the reign of James the Second, collections were made in England for the refugees who sought an asylum there ; and in William's reign fifteen thousand pounds were voted by Parliament, "to be distributed among persons of quality, and all such as, through age or infirmity, were unable to support themselves."

The English, who at that period had a parental feeling for their young colonies, encouraged the Huguenots to migrate to America, particularly cultivators of land, of which they possessed here such an abundant extent. The names of many who arrived in this country may be obtained. One hundred and seventy families, besides single individuals, settled in South Carolina, and a large portion of them on the south side of the Santee river, where they laid out a town, to which they gave the name of "Jamestown." Others fixed their residence in Charleston and its vicinity. There was a settlement of them in Berkeley county, which they called the Orange

Quarter, and afterwards the Parish of St. Dennis. A few families settled at St. John's, Berkeley.

The Huguenots purchased lands; and it is evident, from all the traditions handed down to us, that they were a moral, industrious, and ingenious people, desirous of conforming to the habits of those who received them kindly.

It is greatly to be regretted, that the modern passion for *journalizing* did not take hold of a few; we might have gained most interesting facts from private memoirs. We fear, too, that many wrongs might mingle with their statements. The first year we do not learn that there were any heart-burnings; but, when the Huguenots began very naturally to claim the rights and privileges of citizens, they found great opposition from the sturdy possessors. In 1691 Governor Ludlow had instructions from Great Britain to allow them all the rights and privileges of English settlers, and six representatives in the Assembly of the Province. The kindness that the possessors of the country had voluntarily shown them, seems now to have ceased. The refugees no longer sued for patronage, they were to be placed on an equality with the old inhabitants. The English and French have always found it hard to assimilate; their national antipathies and prejudices revived, and they were offended that foreigners and aliens should claim the right of sitting as

jurors or voting at elections ; and they contended that these disabilities could only be removed by an act of naturalization.

A greater wrong, however, was exercised towards them, which ought to excite indulgence for the measures of their Catholic countrymen. It was generally declared, that the marriages performed by their ministers were not legal, and the children of those marriages were pronounced *illegitimate*. They appealed to the British through Governor Ludlow, and received a favorable answer, installing them in the full rights of citizens. But what kingly power can control the minds and tempers of men ? A greater degree of opposition arose ; the scornful glance, the unkind avoidance, and sometimes the irritating jest, were not wanting. The Huguenots were not allowed to send a representative at the next election, and the English settlers addressed a remonstrance to the Governor on the assumption of the foreigners. Knots of discontented politicians were seen gathering in groups, inflaming their own and others' minds by fancied wrongs.

In 1694 – 5 Governor Archdale arrived from England. He was a proprietor of land, and was deputed to come to Carolina to settle various difficulties in the Province. Such was the state of public feeling, that he decided it to be necessary for preserving peace, that the Huguenots

be excluded from all legislative concerns. This same Governor, who was Lord Archdale, and belonged to the Society of Friends, was reputed to be a man of piety, humanity, and intelligence. Though he remained in Carolina eighteen months, he appears to have accomplished but little towards settling the differences between the French and English, and he returned to England with gloomy accounts of the animosity which prevailed. At length, however, an act was passed for the benefit of the refugees, entitled "An act for making aliens free of this part of the Province," &c.

It is supposed, that very early four French congregations were formed in this colony, namely, at Jamestown (Santee), Orange Quarter, St. John's (Berkeley), and Charleston. They professed the doctrines, and worshipped according to the forms, of the church of Geneva. Subsequently, however, on the passage of the act of Assembly, in 1706, called the Church Act, by which the Church of England gained a legal establishment in the Colony, three of these congregations, conforming to the new order of things, became Episcopalian. The settlement at Orange Quarter, being too poor to support a minister, made application to the Colonial Assembly to be created a parish, with an allowance from the public treasury for the maintenance of a rector, episcopally ordained, who should use the Liturgy of

the Church of England, in Dr. Durel's translation, and preach to them in French. An application of a similar nature was made by the congregation in Santee. These petitions were favorably received, and the two settlements were incorporated as parishes, — the former by the name of St. Dennis, and the latter by that of St. James', Santee. Mr. St. Pierre was the minister of the church of St. Dennis, which was built about the year 1708. Mr. Philip de Richbourg was the first rector of the incorporated church of St. James', Santee. He died in 1717. The congregation at St. John's, Berkeley, likewise adopted the Episcopal worship and discipline. The French church in Charleston maintained its original distinctive features. Its founder was the Rev. Elias Prioleau, a descendant of the Prioli family, which, in 1618, gave a Doge to Venice.

This band of Huguenot brothers was a great acquisition to the infant colony of South Carolina. They were before the English in many of the arts, and better understood the cultivation of land. No testimony can be more honorable to them than the effect which their own conduct produced, while their marriages, solemnized by their own ministers, were declared illegal, and themselves pronounced aliens. Under this sore injury, for they had purchased their lands with a promise of the most entire freedom of religious

and civil toleration, they preserved a peaceable and quiet demeanor, returning good for evil.

We have seen that they finally obtained an act establishing their legal rights, and in the course of a few years the antipathy of the English melted away ; intermarriages took place, and the most perfect harmony existed between them and the French refugees. Indeed, so complete has been the amalgamation, that the distinctive appellation of Huguenot is almost lost.

Many illustrious names might be mentioned, that stand recorded in the annals of South Carolina ; that of Gabriel Manigault ought not to be omitted. He early saw the evils of slavery, and felt its embarrassment, refusing to traffic in human life, or to transfer from their native land this unfortunate race. His own slaves he treated with uniform kindness.

In connexion with the name of Manigault we have thought it might be gratifying to see a letter written by Judith Manigault, which we have extracted from Ramsay's "History of South Carolina," as particularly applicable to our subject. It was written in French, as probably all their communications were ; this may be the reason why more documents have not been preserved. This lady when about twenty years old embarked for Carolina, by the way of London, in 1625. After her arrival she wrote to her brother, giving an

account of her adventures. The letter is thus translated.

"Since you desire it, I will give you an account of our quitting France, and of our arrival in Carolina. During eight months we had suffered from the contributions and the quartering of the soldiers, with many other inconveniences. We therefore resolved on quitting France by night, leaving the soldiers in their beds, and abandoning the house with its furniture. We contrived to hide ourselves at Romans, in Dauphiny, for ten days, while a search was made after us; but our hostess, being faithful, did not betray us, when questioned if she had seen us. Thence we passed to Lyons, and thence to Dijon, from which place, as well as from Langres, my eldest brother wrote to you; but I know not if either of the letters reached you. He informed you that we were quitting France. He went to Madame de Choiseul's, which was of no avail as she was dead, and her son-in-law had the command of every thing; moreover, he gave us to understand, that he perceived our intention of escaping from France, and, if we asked any favors from him, he would inform against us. We therefore made the best of our way for Metz, in Loraine, where we embarked on the river Moselle, in order to go to Treves,

thence we passed to Coblentz, and thence to Cologne, where we quitted the Rhine to go by land to Wesel, where we met with an host who spoke a little French, and who informed us we were only thirty leagues from Lunenburg. We knew that you were in winter quarters there by a letter of yours received fifteen days before our departure from France, which mentioned that you would winter there. Our deceased mother and myself besought my eldest brother to go that way with us ; or, leaving us with her, to pay you a visit alone. It was in the depth of winter ; but he would not hear of it, having Carolina so much in his head, that he dreaded losing any opportunity of going thither. O what grief, losing this opportunity of seeing you at least once more has caused me ! How have I regretted seeing a brother show so little feeling, and how often have I reproached him with it ; but he was our master and we were compelled to obey. We passed to Holland, to go thence to England. I do not know exactly the year, whether '84, or '85, but it was that in which King Charles of England died (Feb. 1685). We remained in London three months, waiting for a passage to Carolina. Having embarked, we were sadly off ; the spotted fever made its appearance on board our vessel, of which disease many died, and among them our aged mother. Nine months elapsed before

our arrival in Carolina. We touched at two ports, one a Portuguese, and the other an Island, called Bermuda, belonging to the English, to refit our vessel, which had been much injured in a storm. Our Captain, having committed some misdemeanor, was put in prison, and the vessel seized. Our money was all spent, and it was with great difficulty we procured a passage in another vessel. After our arrival in Carolina we suffered every kind of evil. In about eighteen months our elder brother, unaccustomed to the hard labor we were obliged to undergo, died of a fever. Since leaving France we had experienced every kind of affliction, disease, pestilence, famine, poverty, hard labor. I have been for six months together without tasting bread, working the ground like a slave ; and I have even passed three or four years without always having it when I wanted it. God has done great things for us in enabling us to bear up under so many trials. I should never have done, were I to attempt to detail to you all our adventures. Let it suffice, that God has had compassion on me, and changed my fate to a happy one, for which glory be unto him."

The writer of this letter was the mother of Gabriel Manigault, before alluded to, who, during the revolution, by his great prosperity, was en-

abled to loan the asylum of his persecuted parents two hundred and twenty thousand dollars, for aiding its struggle for independence.

We have taken pleasure in copying this letter, as it is almost the only one preserved. Many of the same nature, probably recounting even greater hardships and sufferings, were sent to France from the unfortunate exiles. But those were happy who succeeded in escaping from their native land. The misery of many, who made the attempt and were arrested, can hardly be surpassed. "Three of the nine Presidents of the old Congress which conducted the United States through the revolutionary war, were descendants of French Protestant refugees, who had migrated to America in consequence of the revocation of the Edict of Nantes. The persons alluded to were Henry Laurens, of South Carolina; John Jay, of New York; and Elias Boudinot, of New Jersey."*

The ancestors of General Francis Marion, who distinguished himself in the American army during the revolutionary war, were Huguenots. They came to America on the revocation of the Edict of Nantes, and settled on Cooper river, near Charleston, but his father removed to Georgia. The officers, who encountered the various hard-

* Ramsay's "History of South Carolina."

ships of our Revolution, ought never to be forgotten. A high character is given of Marion by General Lee. There is a manuscript, containing a long list of names, from which many an honorable member of society might select his own.*

The Huger family, of Charleston, are well known as descendants of the Huguenots. One of this family was deeply engaged in attempting to accomplish the escape of Lafayette from Olmutz.†

In the year 1709, Mr. John Lawson published "A Journal of a Thousand Miles travelled through several Nations of the Indians." From the manuscript before alluded to we make some extracts, which will probably be new to the northern part of the country, and which are pleasant for their quaintness and simplicity, and the honorable testimony given to the first Huguenots who came there.

"The first place," he writes, "we designed for was Santee river, where there is a colony of French Protestants allowed and encouraged by

* See a list of names of Huguenots, at the end of the book.

† There is a letter from Mr. de Bollman, describing this attempt, which unfortunately failed in its execution "Nobody has been implicated in it," he says, "not one person in all Germany knowing about it, except the brave and excellent Huger of America."

the lords proprietors." After giving an account of his voyage from Charleston, through the inland passage to Santee river, which occupied a week, he adds, "As we rowed up the river we found the land towards the mouth, and for about sixteen miles up it, scarce any thing but swamp, affording vast cypress trees of which the French make canoes, that will carry fifty or sixty barrels." Then follows a description of the large cypress canoes, probably first invented by the French settlers. He then proceeds, "There being a strong current in Santee river, caused us to make but small way with our oars. With hard rowing we got that night to Monsieur Eugee's [Huger] house, which stands about fifteen miles up the river, being the first Christian dwelling we met with in that settlement, and were very courteously received by him and his wife. Many of the French follow a trade with the Indians, living very conveniently for that interest. There are about seventy families seated on this river, who live as decently and happily as any planters in these southward parts of America. The French being a temperate, industrious people, some of them bringing very little of effects, yet, by their endeavours and mutual assistance amongst themselves, which is highly to be commended, have outstripped our English, who brought with them large fortunes, though, as it seems, less endeavour to manage their talent to the best advantage."

"We lay all night at Monsieur Eugee's [Huger, the first settler of this family], and the next morning set out further to go the remainder of our journey by land. At noon we came up with several French plantations, meeting with several Creeks by the way. The French were very officious in assisting with small dories to pass over the waters, whom we met coming from their church, being all of them clean and decent, their houses and plantations suitable in neatness and contrivance. They are all of the same opinion of the church of Geneva; there being no difference amongst them concerning the punctilios of their Christian faith, which union hath propagated a happy and delightful concord, and in all other matters throughout the whole neighbourhood; living amongst themselves as one tribe or kindred, every one making it his business to be assistant to the wants of his countrymen; preserving his estate and reputation with the same exactness and concern as he does his own; all seeming to share in the misfortunes and rejoice at the advancement and rise of their brethren."

"Towards the afternoon we came to Monsieur L. Jandron (Gendron), where we got our dinners. There came some French ladies whilst we were there, lately from England, and Monsieur L. Grand, a worthy Norman, who hath been a great sufferer in his estate by the persecution in France against those of the Protestant religion.

This gentleman invited us very kindly to make our stay with him all night, but we, being bound further that day, took our leave, returning acknowledgment of all favors." "About four in the afternoon we passed over a large cypress run in a small canoe. The French doctor sent his negro to guide us over the head of a large swamp, so that we got that night to Monsieur Gailliar's [Gailliard] the elder; who lives in a very curious contrived house, built of brick and stone, which is gotten near that place. Near here comes in the road from Charlestown, and the rest of the English settlement, it being a very good way by land, and not above thirty-six miles, although more than a hundred by water; and I think the most difficult way I ever saw, occasioned by reason of the multitude of creeks lying along the main, keeping their course through the marshes, turning and winding like a labyrinth, having the tide of ebb and flood twenty times in less than three leagues going." He then describes a freshet in the Santee, representing the adjacent "woods to seem like some great lake, except here and there a knoll of high land which appears above water."

"We intended for Monsieur Galliar's, Jr., but were lost, none of us knowing the way at that time, although the Indian with us was born in that country, it having received so strange a

metamorphosis. When we got to the house we found our comrades (who had been accidentally separated), and several of the French inhabitants with them, who treated us very courteously, wondering at our undertaking such a voyage through a country inhabited by savages of different nations and tongues. After having refreshed ourselves we parted from a very kind, loving, and affable people, who wished us a safe and prosperous voyage."

Nothing can be more interesting than the contrast which the present cultivated situation of the country affords with the past. We see towns and cities springing up where no traces of the human foot could be found. Were it only to cherish feelings of gratitude to our ancestors, who first explored the wilderness, and have given to their successors pleasant and peaceful homes, we might patiently search into mouldy records, and spell out the history of by-gone days.

It is much to be regretted, that we have not more such private journals and notices kept by the Huguenots. If such there were, probably they may have been transmitted to their own country, forming a most interesting detail for collateral branches of the families, in their native language.

We may naturally conclude, that the acquisition of lands was among the inducements of the

refugees to come to this country. They generally bought lands, and some of them had means of purchasing large tracts, which they portioned out and sold low to their distressed brethren. We do not hear of any instance of oppression among them, either exercised towards each other or Americans. In South Carolina they very generally adopted the Episcopal mode of worship. The French Calvinistic church in Charleston adhered to its peculiar worship. It was built about 1693. The time of worship was regulated by the *tide*, for the accommodation of the members, who, many of them, came by the river from the settlements round. We can hardly imagine any thing more picturesque than these little boats, borne on the water and filled with noble and daring beings, who had endured danger and suffering, and risked their lives, for the spiritual life of the soul. Often the low chant was distinguished amidst the dashing of the oars, and sometimes an enthusiastic strain swelled on the ear, like those which proceeded from the lips of the martyrs when the flames curled around them.

It is surprising that so little of rash enthusiasm marked the conduct of the French refugees in this country; theirs was evidently a religion founded on principle. We hear of no fanatical preachers amongst them, no soothsayers or prophets; the flame burnt bright and steady; it

lighted them on the pathless ocean amidst toil and privation, and warmed them amidst the rigors of our climate. They seem to have been free from all exaggeration. Their memorials to government are simple and concise, and bear every evidence of truth. When they are obliged to petition for rights, it is done in a calm, conciliatory manner, and with no language or statements calculated to inflame. This is the more extraordinary, from the impetuous constitution of Frenchmen, and the keen sense of wrongs they had endured in their own country. This character of forbearance, of integrity, and perseverance, marks them wherever they settled, in the cold regions of the North or the milder climate of the South. How fully is one truth illustrated, that a sense of duty is the real principle of greatness, makes all men act consistently, however separated by country or circumstances, and gives that energy to the mind which enables it to bear hardships and withstand temptations. Who does not feel that there is more to be reverenced in the exiled Huguenot, who has forsaken all from the highest sense of duty, who has uniformly placed his confidence in God under the severest trials, who, when wronged, has forgiven the oppressor ; and, undismayed, has pressed forward to an immortal inheritance ; — who does not feel, that he is more an object of reverence than the mighty monarch who exiled him ?

It is those in whom the power of virtue is formed and matured, that are truly great. It matters not how many millions a man may command, the next day may strip him of all; but the *undying principle* of duty is his own, and can only be surrendered by his will. The history of the Huguenots would be an enigma without this key to human power; but he, who feels this undying principle, cannot be trodden under foot, for he holds fast the inward consciousness of his own worth, which supports him under every oppression, and makes him strong to endure,—a strength derived from genuine piety, and the deep sense of Christianity enjoined by its author.

From a collection of all the Laws of Virginia published by W. W. Hening, from the first session of the Legislature, we find, during the reign of William the Third, an act, recorded in December, 1700, making the French refugees inhabiting the Manakin town, (Virginia) and the parts adjacent, a distinct parish by themselves.

"Whereas a considerable number of French Protestant refugees have been lately imported into this his Majesty's colony and dominion, severall of which refugees have seated themselves above the falls of James river, at, or near to, a place commonly called and known by the name of the Manakin towne, for the encouragement of the said refugees to settle and remaine together as near as may be to the said Manakin towne,

"Bee it enacted by the governour, councell, and burgesses of this present generall assembly, and it is hereby enacted, That the said refugees inhabiting at the said Manakin towne and the parts adjacent, shall be accounted and taken for inhabitants of a distinct parish by themselves; and the land which they now do or shall hereafter possess at or adjacent to the said Manakin towne, shall be and is hereby declared to be a parish of itselfe, distinct from any other parish, to be called and knowne by the name of King William's parish in the county of Henrico, and not lyable to the payment of parish levies in any other parish whatsoever.

"And bee it further enacted by the authority aforesaid, That such and so many of the said refugees as are already settled, or shall hereafter settle themselves, as inhabitants of the said parish at the Manakin towne and the parts adjacent, shall themselves and their familyes and every one of them be free and exempted from the payment of publick and county levies for the space of seven years next ensuing from the publication of this act, any law, statute, custome, or usage, to the contrary in any wise notwithstanding."

It would seem that their rights were fully protected by this act, and we feel a degree of pleasure in viewing even a small part of this persecuted people thus happily situated. Here,

with their pastor, Philip de Richbourg, we may suppose they had found the tranquillity they were seeking. Their little dwellings were scattered on the banks of James River, even to the vicinity of Richmond, covered by the grape-vine and wild honeysuckle ; and some of their countrymen, who, escaping from the northern climate and east winds of New England, had joined them, found in Virginia one far more resembling the South of France.

In viewing the refugees, we are apt to lose sight of the peculiar circumstances under which they fled to this country ; — whole families together, women tenderly educated, and unaccustomed to hardship, men of refined and cultivated minds. The very fact, that they came for the right of conscience, bespeaks their moral history. Some few were able to secure a portion of their wealth, others escaped with only their lives ; but they all brought with them imperishable virtue, and those accomplishments and mental acquisitions which they had gained in polished society. They could appreciate the wild and romantic character of our country, then literally a new world, and, by the culture of the old, soften its rugged features. Perhaps there never was a race that had more fully pledged themselves to high and generous deeds. Why should they now relinquish one honorable trait of character, when

by a *slight* compromise of integrity, by a *moderate* degree of dissimulation, they might have remained in the sunny glades of their childhood, beneath their own roof-tree, and many of them in the splendid halls of their ancestors. Well might they expect to find legal protection in every Protestant country, and we rejoice that they found it here. Yet it is evident that in Virginia, as well as further South, they had persecutions to endure.

In 1707, Philip de Richbourg felt compelled to address a petition to the Honorable Council for redress. The original document, in its ancient French, has been preserved, and from it the following translation is given.

"To the Honorable Colonel Jenning, President, and to the Honorable Council.

"We, the undersigners, in our own names, as well as in the names of the inhabitants of Manakin town, have been expressly chosen to represent to your Honor and to the Honorable Council, that we are extremely troubled to see dissensions in our parish, caused by some persons. We supplicate you to remedy them, and to restore order; and, as it has pleased the Honorable Council to designate us as a parish, we earnestly implore that it will still please the Honorable Council to give us an order, either for Monsieur Colonel Randolph or some other per-

son, to assemble all the members of the said parish, who, according to their desire, will, by a plurality of voices, choose twelve persons who may adjust the differences according to the laws and statutes established in Virginia. It is true, that from the time of our arrival in this country, in order to preserve method and government among ourselves, M. Dejoux named three persons, and others nominated three more. After the death of M. Dejoux, six were added provisionally, without prejudicing the right of election. Now that our franchise is near expiring,* we can make a much better choice, knowing each other much better than we did at the time. There are, nevertheless, some who wish to establish themselves in this office without the consent of the parishioners, who are opposed to it, and who believe, that, in conformity to the customs of the new churches which have been formed in Europe and elsewhere, they ought to have the choice and nomination of the most honorable persons among themselves, when they conform to the laws and have adopted them for life.

"We, therefore, most earnestly petition that it will please the Honorable Council to grant to our parish that which they demand, as they know

* Alluding to the act which allowed them exemption from levies for seven years.

that there are some persons, and particularly Abraham Salls, who are the cause of the difficulties in the said parish, for more than three years, in such a manner that some of the members have felt obliged to relinquish every thing rather than dwell in contention. God knows how much we have suffered, and if the Honorable Council could realize the oppression we endure, and the very irregular conduct of M. Salls, of which we have already made complaint to the Council in May, 1704, without doubt they would pay attention to it. This is what we petition, and for which we will pray God all our lives, for the prosperity of the Council, and the members who compose it.

" 19*th April*, 1707.

" C. Philipps de Richbourg, *Minister*.

" Jaques Lacaze.

" Estienne Chastain.

" Antoine Rapine."

In consequence of this remonstrance, another act was passed, 1707, declaring, that " The said refugees, inhabiting the Manakin town and the parts adjacent, shall be accounted and taken for inhabitants of a distinct parish by themselves," and known by the name of King William parish, in the county of Henrico, and " not lyable to the payment of parish levys in any other parish whatsoever."

It was also enacted, that they and their families should be free and "exempted from the payment of public and county levys until the twenty-fifth day of December, which shall be in the year of our Lord one thousand seven hundred and eight.

"Provided always, and it is hereby enacted, and declared, that the allowance settled by a law, for a minister's maintenance, shall not be construed to extend to the minister of the said parish of King William, but that the inhabitants of the said parish are hereby intended to be left at their own liberty to agree with and pay their minister as their circumstances will admit."

There seems to be great sympathy for their unfortunate circumstances, in exempting them from public taxes, and by this act the exemption was prolonged another year, to 1708.

Those who now visit the beautiful State of Virginia can with difficulty realize what it might have been to exiles and foreigners at that early period. There is no part of America that abounds in more romantic and sublime scenery. The suburbs of Richmond present many interesting recollections. Not far from it is the spot where Pocahontas, the Indian princess, resided. She may be called the heroine of her race, and the line is perpetuated through many distinguished families, who boast of their Indian blood. The spot is still called after the name of her father,

Powhatan, the great warrior. It is now in possession of a private family, and is a well-cultivated farm, pleasantly situated on the banks of James River. They show you the memorable stone on which the head of the captive Smith was laid. The savages stood round with their clubs, ready to deal the fatal blow. Then was seen Pocahontas, in the bloom and grace of Indian beauty, rushing to the spot. She knelt beside the captive, and, to use the words of an historian, "clasped him in her arms, and laid her own head upon his, to save him from death." What father could resist such pleading? Powhatan consented that Smith should live to make him hatchets, and for his daughter bells, beads, and copper jewelry.

It is easy for the imagination to conjure up some of those images, which have often been represented on canvass; — the heroine with her beads, plumes, and wampum belt, with her glittering mocasins, and embroidered sandals; — her eyes first sparkling with indignation as she beholds the English captive bound for slaughter, then melting with pity as she lays her own head on his, to meet the first blow. Is it too much to say, that it is characteristic of the best part of woman's nature?

There are elm trees still standing here, the growth of centuries, and perhaps they were among the forest trees of the Indian King.

"Ye noble monarchs of this regal scene,
Clad in your robes of nature's richest green;
How calm ye stand, your mighty arms extending,
And your tall heads with clouds and azure blending!
Will ye not speak, and let the ancient story
Mingle its war-whoop shout with modern glory?

When first before him stood the pale-faced man,
Tell us how looked the mighty Powhatan.
Ah! little thought the warrior, as he spoke,
His own proud race should bend beneath the yoke;
That those who owned the soil, would one day fly
To western wilds, or, hunted, turn and die."

But little more than a hundred years had succeeded this event, when the Huguenots came to James River, and the region was peopled by French and English settlers. Yet still the Indian was hovering round, his mind inflamed with no *fancied* wrongs. He saw himself dispossessed of the lands of his fathers, and condemned to wander forth an outcast. The refugees sometimes shared the vengeance promiscuously hurled at the white man, whom they considered the enemy of their race.

CHAPTER XXX.

RECORDS CONTINUED. — SKETCH OF A HUGUENOT IN AMERICA.

The French settlers in New York were more numerous than in any other part of the Colonies. The Huguenots fled to the Netherlands by thousands after the St. Bartholomew massacre, and soon became amalgamated with the Dutch, who were at this period a great commercial people, and masters of the ocean. They had discovered that America was rich in furs ; and, early in the seventeenth century, formed an association, under the title of the Dutch West India Company, to trade with the Eastern coast of North America. This company held out to adventurers the most tempting inducements to embark upon the expedition, with the intention of settling a colony upon their lands, which extended from the waters of the Connecticut to the Delaware. This offer, which promised wealth and independence, was eagerly embraced, and several vessels freighted with colonists landed at New York. How must the Indians, who frequented the shores of the Hudson, have gazed upon these houses, which

spread their wings to catch the gale, securely moving through the pathless waters! Perhaps there were venerable seers among the native possessors of the land, who read the future fate of the Indian nation in this strange appearance, who foretold, that these monsters of the deep would one day become lords of the wide domain. But imagination could hardly picture the story of their wrongs, or that they, who ranged fearlessly and free along the shores, whose glad shouts reëchoed from the Catskill mountains to the Palisades, should pass from the face of the earth, not a warrior left to raise the tomahawk in just vengeance, and not one wanderer of the tribe remaining to tell that such things had been.

The colonists took possession of what is now New York, and founded the city, which they called New Amsterdam. The first child born in New York was a daughter of George Rapaeligo, in 1625, a descendant of Huguenot ancestors, who had fled from the St. Bartholomew massacre. The French refugees soon began to emigrate to the country adjacent, and formed settlements at Staten Island, Long Island, New Rochelle, and many other parts of New York, as early as 1688. At this period their numbers were greatly increased by new arrivals from France. They had early built a church, which they now found much too small, and were allowed to purchase land for

a second one. In 1704 it was built upon a piece of ground situated in King Street, now Pine Street, where the Custom House stands. The church was called L'Eglise du St. Esprit. "It was here that, every Sabbath-day, the people assembled, for twenty miles round, from Long Island, Staten Island, New Rochelle, &c., for public worship. Every street near was filled with wagons as early as Saturday evening, and in them many passed the night, and ate their frugal Sunday repast, presenting a touching spectacle of purity and zeal." *

Wherever the Huguenots settled they were among the most estimable citizens; nor is it difficult to account for the high moral character they possessed. They were not adventurers in search of wealth, they were not men who fled their native country after having lost reputation and fortune; but high hearts, fervent in zeal for religion, and resolved never to surrender their consciences to the imperious calls of government, or the vengeance of monarchs. Following the example of such men as Beza, Mornay-Duplessis, and numerous others, it is not surprising, that

* From a manuscript lecture delivered by Dr. King, in New York. The congregation worshipped in Pine Street until 1831; it then removed to the upper part of the city to an edifice built at the corner of Church and Franklin Streets.

those who remained steadfast in their faith through the severest persecution, should have preserved the virtues of integrity, perseverance, and faithfulness, which they possessed in happier times. We almost regret that they have mingled so entirely with the inhabitants of our land, as to lose their distinctive characters of French Huguenots ; even their names have in many instances become Anglicized, and the few records that remain are with difficulty gleaned from public and private memorials.

The short notice which we find in the "Life of John Jay," by his son, is valuable ; we are there told, that his family is of Poictou, in France, and that the branch to which he belonged removed to Rochelle. We quote a few sentences, interesting to the Huguenot in this country.

"Pursuant to an order passed in January, 1685, the Protestant church at Rochelle (France) was demolished. The ensuing summer a number of troops were marched into the city and quartered on the Protestant inhabitants, and these troops were soon followed by four companies of dragoons. The attempt made to convert or intimidate Mr. Jay (Pierre) proving fruitless, some of these dragoons were sent to his house to live and act at their discretion. I have not understood that they offered any personal insults to Mr. Jay or his family, but in other respects they

behaved as it was intended they should. Such a situation was intolerable, and Mr. Jay lost no time in relieving his family from it. He found means to withdraw them, together with some articles of furniture, secretly from the house, and succeeded in putting them on board a vessel which he had engaged for the purpose. They fortunately set sail without being discovered, and were safely landed at Plymouth, in England. He thought it advisable to remain behind, doubtless with the design to save what he could from the wreck of his fortune."

"It was not long before the absence of his family excited attention, and produced investigations. After some time he was arrested and committed to prison. Being closely connected with some influential Catholics, he was, by their interposition and good offices, set at liberty."

He was fortunate enough to escape to England in one of his own vessels, that arrived from Spain.

"As soon as Mr. Jay's departure was known, his estate in France was seized; and no part of it afterward came to the use of either himself or his children."

The interesting account which follows, of his son Augustus, we omit. The reflection, however, of Mr. John Jay, the subject of the Memoir, ought to be recorded with the history of the Huguenots.

"From what has been said, you will observe with pleasure and with gratitude, how kindly and how amply Providence was pleased to provide for the welfare of our ancestor, Augustus. Nor was his case a solitary or singular instance. The beneficent care of Heaven appears to have been evidently and remarkably extended to all those persecuted exiles. Strange as it may seem, I have never heard of one of them who asked or received alms; nor have I any reason to suspect, much less to believe, that any of them came to this country in a destitute situation. The number of refugees who settled here was considerable. They did not disperse or settle in different parts of the country, but formed three societies or congregations; one in the city of New York, another at the Paltz, and a third at a town which they purchased and called New Rochelle. At New Rochelle they built two churches, and lived in great tranquillity. None of them became rich, but they all lived comfortably."

New Rochelle, which seems to have been the great location of the Huguenots in New York, is in the county of West Chester, situated near the shore of Long Island Sound, and overlooks the water. It is said, that they landed on Davenport's Neck, called Bauffet's Point. They came from England, where they had taken refuge on account of religious persecution, four years before

the revocation of the Edict of Nantes. They purchased of John Pell a tract of land, consisting of six thousand one hundred acres, and called it (New) Rochelle, after what had once been their strong-hold and beloved city, in France. That they turned with longing hearts to the homes from which they were exiled, we may well believe. One old man was said to be in the daily habit of wandering to the seashore, and, with his eyes fixed on the point of the compass where he supposed France to lie, to pour forth his morning prayers, and sing one of Marot's hymns. By degrees a few others joined him, and devoutly partook of his devotions, and to this unrecorded spot, this temple not built with hands, the little band occasionally repaired.

A small wooden church was first erected. The second Huguenot church was built of stone, but is no longer standing. While they were building the church every one was anxious to contribute something to its progress. Females assisted, by carrying mortar in their aprons, and stones in their hands. Their first minister was Mr. Bondet. Queen Anne made a donation of plate to the church. Previous to the erection of it, the strong men were in the habit of walking twenty-three miles on Saturday evening, which was the distance, by the road, from New Rochelle to New York, to attend the Sunday service

at the old Church du St. Esprit, in Pine Street, returning on the Sabbath evening. In the rear of the present church at New Rochelle, is the old burial-place of the refugees. To their descendants this must be consecrated ground. New Rochelle at an early period was a place of some resort for the acquirement of the French language; for two generations it was preserved in its purity, but gradually assimilated with the English language.*

A number of the Huguenots came to the Narragansett country, and pitched their tents in what was then a wilderness. They began immediately to cultivate the land, and called the settlement Frenchtown.† They planted an orchard near a spring, where they first sat down, of which there are now some remains on the farm at East Greenwich, lately belonging to Pardon Le Moine, Esq. (*Maury*, now called by the English), which still goes by the name of the French Orchard. In the war which began in 1689, between England and France, these emigrants were allowed to remain unmolested by complying with the conditions presented by the government. Moses Le

* The "Guide to New Rochelle," published in 1842, gives an interesting account of the settlement of the place, and its present advantages.

† It is still called by this name.

Moine was the first of the name who built a hut and settled on the spot ; then the Ayraults, in 1685. Mr. Lucas likewise came to this country and settled at Newport, Rhode Island. He hired an estate of Robert Gardner for his residence, brought with him a graft of the celebrated Gardner pear, and reared it in his garden. About the time the tree began to bear, Mr. Gardner took possession of his own estate, and, the pear remaining, it obtained the name of the Gardner pear, by which it still goes, instead of the Lucas pear. An elegant folio Bible, which belonged to Mr. Lucas, is now in the possession of some of his descendants in the neighbourhood.

Of Elias Neau, who came over to America, with his wife Susannah, and daughter Judith (Mrs. Robineau), and settled in New York, there are records, but not so authentic as could be desired, as they are now verbal. It is said, that he endured great persecution after the Edict of Nantes, was confined two years in the prisons of the Inquisition, was condemned for a period to the galleys, and finally made his escape with his wife and daughter. He was a philanthropist, and ready to share the wreck of his fortune with the destitute and suffering. From one of the descendants we have obtained a copy of a marriage contract now in his possession, between the

granddaughter of Elias Neau, Mary Robineau, and Daniel Ayrault. *

We are told of valuable articles now in possession of the descendants. Bibles, secured by silver clasps and corners ; a diamond ring, and a curious silver spoon, constructed for travelling, with a handle that slides into it. These are testimonies of the affluence of their former situa-

---

* Marriage contract. — "Saturday, the seventeenth day of April, 1703, we, the subscribers, Daniel Ayrault and Mary Robineau, do certify, in presence of the undersigned witnesses, that we are promised and do mutually engage to each other the faith of Holy Matrimony. And to that we engage all that we have and hope to have in this world, for the performance of our promise ; desiring that God Almighty will give his blessing on our design, which is for his glory and the edification of our neighbours. Wherefore we are determined to consummate our marriage as soon as possible according to the order of holy discipline, and to be published the first time to-morrow, in our church, according to custom, that all the congregation may be witnesses of the promise which we have made in the presence of Elias Neau, Mary Paré, Judith Robineau, the mother and daughter, Susannah Neau, and Ezekiel Graziellieu, the day and year above written.

Signed and sealed in our presence, } Daniel Ayrault, (Seal.) Marie Robineau, (Seal.)

Elias Neau, Judith Robineau, Ezekiel Graziellieu. } Sunday the ninth of May, 1703, the said marriage was consummated by Mr. Peret, minister of New York."

The original, from which this is copied, is written on parchment.

tion. Nor can we doubt that many of them quitted the elegances and refinements of life to worship God in the temples of the wilderness.

The name of Ayrault was of great respectability in Newport, Rhode Island, where the family of Stephen Ayrault lived, and exercised a liberal hospitality. Pierre Ayrault, the ancestor of Stephen Ayrault, was a native of Angers, in Anjou, where he held several public offices. Frances, the last of the name, married, and went to England. This family "garnered up" a gold whistle, brought out with them from France.

Gabriel Tourtellot was also a refugee. He was born in Bordeaux, and came to this country in company with Gabriel Bernon, whose daughter Marie he married. He died at sea. Several very respectable families in Rhode Island are descended from this gentleman.

The Rev. Dr. Stephen Ganeaux, who for thirty-six years was the faithful pastor of the First Baptist Church in Providence, was of Huguenot descent. This fact he often alluded to in his family circle, with peculiar satisfaction. His ancestor, François Ganeaux, was a native of Rochelle. He was a zealous Protestant, and fled with his family and only son, Stephen, to this country, to escape martyrdom. The day before he left his native city, his neighbour and friend had been sacrificed to the fury of the

populace. It was with the utmost difficulty that Mr. Ganeaux escaped. John, the grandson of Stephen Gano (as they wrote the name after they arrived in this country), was pastor of the First, and at that time the only Baptist Church in the city of New York. Dr. Gano became the pastor of the Providence church in 1792. He was born in New York, December 25th, 1762. He died August 18th, 1828.

Mr. Lucas also settled in Newport. He possessed wealth and distinction in his own country. From the record in the old folio Bible, still preserved, we should infer that he came from St. Malo, in Bretagne, where he married Marie Le Fevre, January 6th, 1696.

In all our researches into the early settlement of French Protestants in this country, we do not find a single instance where their rights have not been protected by the rulers of it. In the records of the Rhode Island Historical Society, is "an order of Governor Andros respecting the French settlers."

"To Major Richard Smith, and Captain John Jones, Justices of the peace, who are to see this order faithfully executed.

"Upon hearing and examining of the matter in difference between the towns of Greenwich als Dedford, and Kingston als Rochester, and the French families lately settled in the Narra-

gansett country about a parcell of meadow lying neere their settlement, and appointed for their accommodation, but cutt and mowed by severall persons of both the said townes, which appeares to be done in a violent, forcible manner, and the hay cutt therefrom, being by my orders secured and staked ; I doe, therefore, for the accommodation of the saide parties for the present, till the right thereto can be determined, order and appoint that all the hay cutt and made upon saide meadows as aforesaide by the discretion of my two justices of peace, be forthwith divided into two equal shares or moyeties, and that one moyety be given [then follows a number of names], and the other moyety to be left for the use of and the benefit of the said French families there, who being strangers, and lately settled, and wholly destitute, have noe other way to supply themselves. Dated at Boston, 6th day of August, 1687."

"The Narragansett country was at this time in a very unsettled and troubled state. The important war of 1675–6, which ended in the ruin of the power and independence of the Narragansett Indians, by the forces of Massachusetts and Connecticut, had been almost as ruinous to the white settlers as to the natives. Every building was burnt, and the face of the land made desolate. From the effect of these disasters, the people must have suffered for a long time."

"But they had also other troubles. Although plainly included within the bounds of Rhode Island by the charter of King Charles of 1663, the jurisdiction of Narragansett was contested by Connecticut, and continual struggles were still going on between the supporters of the claims of the different governments. Quidnessit, the Wickford country of Boston Neck, was owned by a number of individuals from Massachusetts, commonly called the *Bay Purchasers*, who gradually adhered to the authority of Connecticut. In the other part of the country the people seem to have been attached to the government of Rhode Island.

"It would appear, from the records, that the Bay purchasers had set apart a tract of land for the French settlers, and intended to establish them not far west from Wickford, by the name of Newbury, but the settlers did not accept of it, but took possession of a part of East Greenwich.

"In 1689 war broke out between England and France. The State records contain the following vote, passed on that occasion by the General Assembly. 'Ordered, that the Frenchmen who reside at Narragansett be sent for by Master John Greene to what place in Warwick he shall appoint, to signify unto them the King's pleasure in his proclamation of war, and his indulgence to such Frenchmen as behave themselves well, and require their engagement thereunto.'

"They could not be expected to feel much attachment to the government of a king, who had so unfairly persecuted them, and driven them from his dominions. It would seem, that they took the prescribed engagement, and were suffered to remain in quiet and safety during the war."*

On looking back to the settlement of Oxford, it will be found that Gabriel Bernon is mentioned as "undertaker for the plantation."

The records of the Huguenots contain no memorials more interesting than those which relate to this excellent man. From his descendants has been received a sketch of his life, with the letters and records, which we insert.

"There is something beautiful," said a friend, "in this reverence felt by the children and great-grandchildren for the memory of a wise and good man (Bernon). They speak with such warmth of his virtues, you can hardly believe he was in his grave so many years before they were born; it seems as if they must at least have gathered round his knees in their childhood. To witness this feeling is very encouraging; it tells something of the way in which the good live after death, even in this world."

---

* We are indebted to a manuscript lecture of Elisha Potter, Esquire, for this statement.

"The subject of this sketch, Gabriel Bernon, was a Protestant merchant, of an ancient and honorable family of Rochelle, where he was born April 6th, 1644. The name of Bernon occurs in Froissart's Chronicles. He was the son of André Bernon, and Suzanne Guillomard, his wife. His zeal, in the Protestant cause, had rendered him obnoxious to the authorities for some time previous to the revocation of the Edict of Nantes; and he was two years imprisoned. There still exists in the family a small edition of the Psalms, entitled 'Pseaumes de David, mis en rime Françoise, par Clement Marot et Theodore de Bèze.' Tradition states, that this was presented him by a fellow-prisoner. This work was printed in its minute form, to enable its persecuted owners the more readily to secrete it in their bosoms, when surprised at their simple devotions.

"Gabriel Bernon left his native city, and took refuge in England, just before the revocation of the Edict of Nantes. He was like the prudent man in the Scriptures; 'he foresaw the evil, and hid himself.' In his native country nothing met his ear but threats and imprecations; and, as was the case before the massacre of St. Bartholomew, even the pulpits promulgated the maxims, 'that faith need not be kept with heretics, and that to massacre them was just, pious, and useful

to salvation.' Bigotry reigned; Mercy had veiled her face; and the choice of three great evils thus fell to the poor Huguenot, expatriation, death, or recantation, worse than a thousand deaths. In leaving France, Gabriel Bernon must have been subjected to great trials. He left brothers, and every thing that could render life desirable. But all these sacrifices he 'counted as dust,' in comparison to liberty of conscience. He remained some time in England. A notarial certificate of denization, still preserved, together with many other manuscripts, bears date, London, 1687. He came to America soon after, and passed about ten years in the Narragansett country, where the ruins of his house still exist. Mr. Bernon came to Providence in the year 1698, previously to which he invested part of the property he brought with him from France in a plantation at Oxford.* His title to this estate was afterwards most unjustly disputed. From a plan, drawn by himself, it appears that it measured 2672 acres, and was estimated to be worth one thousand pounds. This he hoped would prove a 'solid investment.'

"His zeal for the cause of religion still continued, and we find him earnestly endeavouring

* See "Memoir of the French Protestants," by Dr. Holmes.

to establish an Episcopal church in Providence. Some delays occurred, which gave rise to a correspondence between Mr. Bernon, the Rev. Mr. Honyman of Newport, and Dean Berkeley, then also residing at Newport. In one of Dean Berkeley's letters, written in French, he remarks (after thanking him for his beautiful prose, and his 'belle poésie'), 'Your reflections, on the events of this world, show a very laudable zeal for religion and the glory of God.' Indeed, through all his trials (and they were many), Gabriel Bernon uniformly sustained the character of a Christian gentleman; in his own words, it was his 'most fervent desire to sustain himself in the fear of God.'

"After Gabriel Bernon had established himself in Providence, he again visited England, where he was presented at Court, and had the honor of kissing Queen Anne's hand.

"The first wife of Gabriel Bernon was a French lady, Esther le Roy by name, a daughter of François le Roy of Rochelle. She had a number of children, who came with her to America. He married a second time in this country; the name of the lady was Mary Harris. She was the granddaughter of William Harris, who landed at Whatcheer rock, in the boat with Roger Williams, in 1636.

"The only son of Mr. Bernon died young,

and he is now represented by the descendants of a numerous family of daughters, who may be traced in some of the most respectable families of Rhode Island. There are many memorials preserved of him; such as several carved chairs, a gold rattle, the Psalm-book before mentioned, and an ancient sword, bearing date, 1414. The last is in possession of Mr. Philip Allen, who is the great-grandson of Mr. Bernon. His memory is respectfully cherished in the hearts of his descendants, who delight to dwell on the piety, learning, and sacrifices of their 'French ancestor.' He died February 1st, 1736, in the ninety-second year of his age. His obituary notice was published in Boston, where he resided a short time before he came to Providence. It may not be amiss to state that Gabriel Bernon was a friend and correspondent of the Rev. Peter Daillé, minister of the French Protestant church in Boston; also of the Rev. Mr. McSparran of Narragansett."

Here follows a letter of Gabriel Bernon.

"*New York, March 25th*, 1699.

"Gentlemen,

"Before leaving this city, I feel myself bound, we being all refugee brothers, to say to you, that my Lord, the Count of Bellamont, caused me to come here, to discourse with his Excellency upon certain matters, which concern the service of the King.

"After which his Excellency also communicated to me the good-will which he bears to you. That he sees with pain the animosity which exists between the English, the French, and the Dutch; that his Excellency takes pleasure in drawing back with clemency those who depart from the duty due to his Majesty, and to the State, &c.

"That his Excellency has not favored any party, that he has no regard for any but the good subjects of King William, since his Excellency's main objects are the pure service of God, the honor of the King, and the prosperity of the people. His Excellency exhorts us, as good subjects, to love each other, so that being united in friendship, we may be faithful to his Majesty. To which end, we should pray God to bless his undertakings, and grant him a long and happy life. Amen.

"I, like you, have abandoned property and our country for the sake of religion, and so have many of our refugee brothers, in various parts of the world. We should, all of us, submit to the government under which we have placed ourselves. It is for us a great happiness, and a great honor, to be able to call ourselves good subjects of our Sovereign, King William; that, since God commands us to submit to the royal power, we cannot have too much veneration for so great and illustrious a prince, nor too much

respect for the governors who represent him. We can sometimes, even with respect, become familiar with potentates. But we can never, without crime, bring into contempt, or revolt from, the regal authority. Those who act by rebellion and contempt, are condemned by the laws of England, and despise the State, &c.

"I have, with pain, seen some persons depart from the duty which we owe to my Lord, the Count of Bellamont. Do not think, that I am bold enough to erect myself into a censor, or to prescribe any thing to you. But I thought it my duty, as a brother, to let you know my true sentiments. This difference of tastes, of constitution, prevents people from agreeing perfectly. You are for Mississippi. I am for Rhode Island. I offer you my services there, and everywhere else. I shall always feel myself honored in assuring you, that I am with respect,

"Gentlemen,

"Your very humble and obedient servant,

"And refugee brother,

"Gabriel Bernon.

"To the gentlemen of the French Church in New York.

"Having had several conversations with our brothers, some of them told me, that they prefer going to Mississippi rather than submitting to Lord Bellamont."

The letter above was written while Gabriel Bernon was on a visit to Lord Bellamont.

The following documents will serve to show to the descendants of the Huguenots in this Western world, that, although their present troubles and perplexities may be embarrassing to them, yet the early settlers and pioneers of civilization had also their peculiar troubles and privations, which were much greater. It appears, by the petition of Gabriel Bernon to the Royal Council in Boston, that he claimed assistance against the ravages of the Indians, on account of the many taxes he had paid the King, and the services he had rendered the country in various ways. Instead of the assistance which he expected, he received a captain's commission, accompanied by the following letter from Governor Dudley, by which he is *kindly* allowed to defend himself.

"*Boston*, 7 *July*, 1702.

"Mr. Gabriel Bernon,

"Herewith you have a commission for captain of New Oxford. I desire you forthwith to repair thither, and show your said commission, and take care that the people be armed, and take them in your own house, with a palisado for the security of the inhabitants; and if they are at such a distance in your villages, that there shall be need

of another place to draw them together in case of danger, consider of another proper house, and write to me, and you shall have order therein.

"I am your humble servant,

"J. Dudley."

Although we have, in the present times, troubles in business and pecuniary losses, like those set forth by the afflicted Gabriel, yet we have none of so appalling a nature, as to require us to take up arms, and march into a wilderness among savages, for whose nightly yells around the cabins of the early settlers even the howling of the tempest was often mistaken, and was the frequent cause of momentary thrills of alarm.

The humble petition of Gabriel Bernon to the Town Assembly of Kingston, in 1715, serves also to show, that he had grievances in other quarters, in carrying his enterprises into effect, which are best set forth in his own quaint words and simple style.

"An Humble Petition of Gabriel Bernon, presented to the Town Assembly the second Monday in Juin, at Philippe Griffon's, in Kingston, ye 13th, 1715.

"Gentlemen, as I take it for a great honor to be one of the town, I beg leave to explain myself for the good of the town. We may say, that there is an age and a time for all things, and that

our town has been like a child growing unto a man. So, Gentlemen, I take the liberty to represent, that we want all our strength to promote the advantage and the augmentation of the town, and that every one is bound to do his endeavour for the good of the town. The chief thing is to have the great rhod free, as it is the use of all the world for the public advantage. I was called by the town to build wharf, house, and sloop, to trade.

" My neighbour did shew me a lane fenced both sides, ten rod broad,* and did promise for the great rhod to go to York, and they did promise a great rhod to go to Boston, as they said was already granted by Major Smith, for the conveniency of the town to the mill, upon condition and consideration, that I did build wharf, house, sloop, and warehouse, as soon as there was strength to build.

" Joseph Smith did stop the great rhod to go to York, making a garden of the said great rhod, and stopping the great rhod for Boston by bar and gates, most unjustly to the wrong of the town and strangers ; wherein I lost great damage myself ; for you know, Gentlemen, that the use and custom of all the world is, to have a great rhod

* This road is still to be seen between Kingston and Nickford, and goes by the name of " Ten Rod Road."

to sea-ports, chiefly where mill or mills and landing-place meet together, and do require, as in this matter, for the conveniency of the town, and people that continually pass and repass.

"As it is granted by Major Smith for the town in general, it is promised to me for my interest in particular; upon that condition I did build wharf, warehouse, and sloop; so, Gentlemen, I beg justice for my damage, persuaded, Gentlemen, that you will maintain the privilege, and good of the town, as I am, with respect,

"Your servant,

"Gabriel Bernon."

The following letter, we think, will be read with interest.

"To my Brother, Gabriel Bernon.

"*Poictiers, Sept.* 1714.

"I have received, Sir, and dearest brother, a letter, which you state that you write to me, and send through a certain person, whose name is Mr. Bereau, whom I never saw, having received through the post-office your said letter, bearing date the 5th June, 1713, as well as those you wrote me in June, 1714, accompanying packages for Bishop de la Fusilière, deceased, who has been dead more than two years. I paid the postage, which amounted to more than ten francs.

I grieve, that God has not, by his grace, freed you from the prejudices which you entertain against our Holy Mother, the Catholic Apostolic Roman Church, whose Popes, or chief bishops among bishops, which is the same thing, have always been, and will always be, to the end of ages, the visible chief of this church, as surely as our Lord Jesus Christ is, and will always be, its invisible divine chief for ever, on the merits of whom his children ground all hopes of salvation, having no other means of ascertaining his doctrine but the two witnesses, which you speak of, namely, the Old and New Testament. Believe me, my dear brother, your acuteness misleads you; you must not presume so much on your knowledge, as knowledge often makes us forget that true humility, which you advise, and those sentiments of Christian and evangelic morality, which you consider in your letters as necessary for a good Catholic, and one of the legitimate children of this Holy Church, out of whose pale its divine chief says and declares there is no salvation. I pray to God with all my heart, my dear brother, that he may by his grace, his most extraordinary grace, join you again to his church. Although an unworthy member, I have received many favors of different kinds from my God, but none so great as that of having joined me to the church, from which he has never permitted our

fathers to separate, notwithstanding the abuses and faults which may have crept in among the people of this holy communion. The church is the field of our Lord. The tare which the wicked one sows in it, grows there, with the good wheat which God has sprinkled on it. He does not give to man power to uproot the tare, but says, Let both grow on it, and on the day of the harvest the tares shall be bound up and thrown into the fire, and the good wheat shall be gathered and laid in the eternal granaries of his grace.

"When, by the style and expression of the letters, which you write to Bishop de la Fusilière, deceased, you intend to destroy the respect and obedience due to the Pope, from whom alone the title of bishop can be obtained, and you endeavour to make some passages of the Apocalypse agree with your prejudices; although the churches of France and England agree with you on the subject, you do not consider, my dear brother, that you are coinciding with heretics, like the Quakers, Puritans, and more than two thousand different religious sects, of various opinions, all of whom seceded at different times from the Holy Catholic Apostolic Roman Church, which derives its origin only from Christ, and is as ancient, as the time when he came to establish it upon the earth, for the purpose of destroying and annihilating the Jewish Church; and there is

only this church which has stood according to the promise, which its divine founder has made to it, in his Testament, that he would support it to the end of ages, and that the gates of hell would be powerless against it. In short, in order to drop the subject of religion, I send you enclosed the copy of a letter, which I formerly wrote about religion to our niece, Bernon of Rochelle, which I showed to several divines and bishops, all of whom have approved of it, several of whom, as well as several private persons, have taken copies of it, the reading of which has contributed, with the assistance of God's grace, to make them re-enter within the pale of the Church, and to this letter I refer you.

"In order to speak to you of the affairs of the times, and of those of our families, I have learned, with all the share which I should take in your troubles and afflictions, of the loss sustained by you of a wife, who must have been dear to you, and whom you must have tenderly loved, together with your children ; and the other losses which you met with, which trouble, as you say, you were happy enough to bear with resignation to the will of God. I acknowledge, my dear brother, that I am much surprised to hear, that at your advanced age, and having many children, you have married again, and to a young woman. This is your business,

although I think that nobody but yourself will approve of the step you have taken. All that I can say is, that I wish you all the happiness and satisfaction which you may have expected from it, and God's blessing, and that he may grant you by his grace to return to France, and see your country, and rejoin the church. If you should see some new offspring of the family, you may have heard of the death of our playmate and cousin of Bernonville. Thus, of the Bernon name, the males of our family are the only ones remaining in the world. Our sister François Esther, who complains much of you, is in good health, as well as our sister-in-law, and Andrew Bernon, her son. Andrew has a numerous family, and all of its members are wealthy, as well as Mr. Du Petit Val, and our nephew, Dr. Pont. As for me, I have confined myself to a moderate estate, having given up all commercial business these fifteen years and upwards, endeavouring to husband the little I have in order to raise my family as an honest man in the fear and love of God. I have four grown daughters, and a boy, who has gone through his course of Philosophy at Paris, whom I have recalled to this place to make him pursue law studies ; my eldest daughter I married six months ago to a very honorable man, of one of the best families of this country, whose name is Mr. De la Chaize Pé-

raut, who has a good estate, and is a gentleman. I have three left, who will easily marry, as they are fine-looking girls. The mother appears as young as her daughters, although very delicate. We have been together twenty years, and always in perfect harmony, never having been displeased with each other for two successive days. We are still happy to anticipate each other's wishes, and have also reason till now to be pleased with our children. All these are circumstances that ought to make us thankful to God, to whom the honor and glory of our happiness are due. Amen.

With respect to the peace which God has granted us, we must hope it may last long, which I wish with all my heart. We feared lest the death of the Queen of England might bring on some trouble, but now we hope that the prevailing harmony will not be disturbed, which I wish as cordially as

"I am, my dear Sir and Brother,

"Your most humble and obedient servant,

"S. Bernon."

We close these valuable records with the notice of Gabriel Bernon's death, extracted from a Boston paper, dated February 19th, 1735.

"Obituary notice of Gabriel Bernon, one of the founders of the Oxford Colony in Massachusetts, and afterwards a settler of the Narragansett Country, Rhode Island.

"On the first instant, departed this life, at Providence, Mr. Gabriel Bernon, anno ætatis suæ 92. He was a gentleman by birth and estate, born in Rochel in France, and about fifty years ago he left his native country and the greatest part of his estate; and for the cause of true religion fled into New England, where he has ever since continued, and behaved himself as a zealous Protestant professor. He was courteous, honest, and kind, and died in great faith and hope in his Redeemer, and assurance of salvation; and has left a good name amongst all his acquaintances. He evidenced the power of Christianity in his great sufferings, by leaving his country and a great estate, that he might worship God according to his conscience.

"He was decently buried under the Episcopal church at Providence, and a great concourse of people attended his funeral, to whom the Rev. Mr. Brown preached an agreeable, eloquent funeral sermon, from Psalm xxxix. 4."

In collecting as many facts as possible concerning the Huguenots in this country, we cannot pass over the interesting account given by Professor Silliman, of Yale College, in his "Tour between Hartford and Quebec," in the Autumn of 1819.

He mentions an old man, living on the Salem

road to Albany, two miles from Whitehall, by the name of Henry Francisco, a native of France, who believed himself to be one hundred and thirty-four years old. He describes his appearance in the following manner.

"His stature is of the middle size, and, although his person is rather delicate and slender, he stoops but little, even when unsupported. His complexion is very fair and delicate, and his expression bright, cheerful, and intelligent; his features are handsome, and, considering that they have endured through one third part of a second century, they are regular, comely, and wonderfully undisfigured by the hand of time; his eyes are of a lively blue; his profile is Grecian, and very fine; his head is completely covered with the most beautiful and delicate white locks imaginable; they are so long and abundant as to fall gracefully from the crown of his head, parting regularly from a central point, and reaching down to his shoulders; his hair is perfectly snow white, except where it is thick in his neck; when parted there, it shows some few dark shades, the remnants of a former century."

We have copied this portrait of beautiful old age, for such a one seldom occurs. His father was one of the Huguenots driven from France, in the latter part of the reign of Louis the Fourteenth.

He remembered his flight in winter, being about five years old, and saying to his father, as they descended the hill, covered with snow, "O, father, do go back and get my little carriole," (sled.)

He was present at Queen Anne's coronation, in 1702; as his father went first to Holland and afterwards to England. It appears, that he came to this country as a soldier, was at Braddock's defeat in 1755, where he was wounded, and was carried prisoner to Quebec in the revolutionary war.

We close this account with the striking reflections of the narrator.

"Little could I have expected to converse and shake hands with a man who has been a soldier in most of the wars of this country for one hundred years; who, more than a century ago, fought under Marlborough, in the wars of Queen Anne; who, one hundred and twenty-eight years ago, and in the *century before the last*, was driven from France, by the proud, magnificent, and intolerant Louis the Fourteenth, and who has lived a forty-fourth part of all the time that the human race have occupied this globe!"

Many of the old provincial nobility, particularly in the south of France, were Protestants, and resided in the ancient chateaux which had descended to them from distant generations. They were loyal to their king and country, and were

willing to give a liberal part of their revenues to public purposes. But they claimed the patriarchal habit of governing their families, of raising the domestic altar, and presiding faithfully over their children and servants. They probably had not acquired the tact of the French court ; perhaps had never been at Versailles. They were plain, and often peculiar, in their manners. To humble this race, who yielded no point of duty to etiquette, was a favorite object, and petty feuds were sometimes cloaked by religious zeal. Such motives, however, ought not to be attributed without caution to the persecutors of the Protestants. There were many, very many, Catholics, who believed they were saving the soul while they destroyed the body ; nor can we be astonished, that, with the dangerous engine of *power* wholly on their side, it was used without mercy. It is the fault which besets parties and theorists, to ascribe the worst motives to their antagonists, and to persecute in spirit those over whom they have no temporal power. There were many good and conscientious Catholics who believed it their duty to exterminate heresy ; and many benevolent and pious priests who mourned over the harshness of the measures adopted.

One Catholic priest, at Lyons, even ventured to remonstrate at the cruelties inflicted, and was disgraced in consequence. Another said, he

would "gladly purchase, with his own blood, the lives of these unfortunate heretics."

With the Protestants, who found an asylum in foreign countries, the persecution was far from terminating as to those who remained. Many made unsuccessful attempts to leave France, and were detected and condemned to the galleys. A Mr. Benezet was taken, tried, and condemned to be hung. He was born of Protestant parents, but, they dying while he was young, he was thrown among Catholics, and educated in the Catholic religion. When old enough to investigate for himself, he became a Protestant. He was a man respected for his moral integrity, and so truly inoffensive in his deportment, that he had secured many friends among all denominations. "I suppose," says a letter from Montauban, "that you have heard what sorrow has come amongst us. Thirty men are condemned to the galleys, and twenty-five women to the house of correction, in Cahors, for refusing to sign the abjuration of Protestantism." However painful it may be to record the sufferings of individuals in France, it would be unjust to our subject to pass them wholly over. We shall confine ourselves to general and rapid statements, except in one instance, which will give some idea of being "condemned to the galleys."

CHAPTER XXXI.

A HUGUENOT IN FRANCE CONDEMNED TO THE GALLEYS.

The sufferings of the Protestants who remained in France, or made ineffectual efforts to escape, during this period of persecution, have been too often recorded to make it necessary to enlarge upon the subject. The following account is abstracted from the memoir of an individual, published about the year 1716.

During the dragooning period, twenty-two soldiers were quartered in the family of a widow, in the province of Perigord. They insisted on her signing the form of abjuration prescribed, and, on her refusal, plundered her of all she possessed. Not satisfied with this injustice, she was carried before a person of authority, and at length by threats induced to sign, receiving a promise, that her four children should remain unmolested. When she wrote her name she obstinately persisted in adding, "compelled by fear." This was considered a breach of promise, and, though she was left at liberty herself, her two younger sons and a daughter were seized and confined in

convents. The eldest was a lad of eighteen, and, with a resolution uncommon for his youth, he contrived and executed a plan of escape, with a companion near his own age.

They proceeded without any obstacle to Paris, by travelling on by-roads, and arrived there on the 10th of November, 1700. From a friend they procured necessary directions, which would enable them to gain the frontier and embark for Holland. After many hair-breadth and ingenious escapes, they were arrested at Marienburg and conducted before the Governor. When questioned, they acknowledged that they were of the reformed religion, but denied any intention to abscond, knowing how severe the penalties were for this offence. The young Protestant afterwards deeply regretted this deviation from truth, which in fact availed him nothing. He was conducted with his companion to a dungeon, where they were searched, and all they possessed was taken from them.

The Governor seems to have felt some compassion for the heretics, and took pains to persuade them to abjure, as otherwise they would be condemned to the galleys for attempting to abscond, of which there was sufficient evidence. They had now determined to abide wholly by the truth, and place their reliance in God alone. "We are determined," said they, "to endure

even the galleys or death, rather than renounce the faith in which we have been educated." They found a gentleman here who was secretly a Protestant, and who seems to have reverenced in these young men the course which he had not had resolution to pursue; for, when brought to the same extremity, he had abjured. He furnished them with money, and, confessing to them, that he was "more miserable than they were, for he never could get rid of the reproaches of his own conscience," parted from them with tears. We ought to remember, in relating these persecutions, that they were the effect of misguided zeal, and not of hard-hearted cruelty. Several of the priests used every argument to convert them, and finally offered bribes. For Amadée, the subject of the memoir, one offered to procure an excellent alliance, and said he knew a beautiful woman with a large fortune who would accept of him for a husband, after he had proved himself a converted son of the church.

The youth rejected the bribe, and refused the offer, with too much contempt for the Christian patience of the confessor, who repaired to the Governor and told him, that the heretic was evidently under the power of the Devil. Two days after, their sentence was read to them. "Whereas, they were without a passport from Court, on the frontiers of the kingdom, and being of the re-

ligion which pretends to be reformed, they were found guilty of having endeavoured to quit the kingdom, against his Majesty's order to the contrary. For which crime they were condemned to serve in his Majesty's galleys for life, and all their goods to be confiscated," &c.

The young men were now conducted to a dungeon, where they remained till they set off for Tournay, accompanied by four archers, who handcuffed them and tied them together. In this manner they went through Philipville, Maubeuge, and Valenciennes, walking bound through the day, and at night consigned to loathsome prisons, without a bed to rest on, and only sustained by a scanty portion of bread and water. On their arrival at Tournay, they were placed in the prison of the Parliament, and allowed a pound and a half of bread per day. Under this allowance they became weak and emaciated, and suffered inexpressibly from the filth of their apartment. They sold the clothes they wore for a little more bread, and, though from instinct seeking to prolong their existence, felt an earnest conviction, that death alone could release them from suffering. In this situation they remained six weeks, and were slightly relieved by the arrival of two fellow-prisoners, who proved to be early schoolmates, and who, after recognising them, asked if money could not procure them better fare. On receiv-

ing a reply in the affirmative, they produced, from different parts of their dress, including the soles of their shoes, four hundred louis-d'ors, and, giving Amadée a louis-d'or, requested him to summon the turnkey and order what he thought proper. This he immediately did, and, inflated by such unexpected prosperity, desired him, in an imperious manner, to bring dinner, giving him the money. The turnkey replied, obsequiously, "Certainly, Sir; what will you please to have? soup and *bouilli*?" Strange, that a louis-d'or could produce such an effect upon human character!

"Soup and *bouilli* will do," replied the half-famished prisoner; "but let us have a large piece of beef, a gallon of soup, and ten pounds of bread, with beer in proportion." The turnkey promised they should have all in an hour. An hour seemed to them an age; they urged that it might be in half an hour, and at length it all arrived. "I had never been a glutton," said the young man, "when a boy; but now I felt, that, if our entertainers had appetites like myself, we had ordered too little." The new comers, however, had but small appetites; and the poor residents of the dungeon nearly destroyed themselves by this temporary feast, suffering after it in a greater degree than they had enjoyed.

From this prison they were removed to another, and separated from their schoolmates, who

supplied them with a very small sum at parting. Their new prison was less irksome than the former one, and they entreated not to be remanded to the Parliament prison. The Vicar, who had undertaken their conversion, seems to have been a kind-hearted man, and pitied their condition. Though disappointed in his desire of converting them, he was able to procure them alleviations, and finally applied to a Counsellor of the Parliament in their behalf, to obtain for them, if possible, a pardon, as the crime, for which they were sentenced to the galleys, was not religion, but the intention of escaping from the country, and this had not been proved. It is unnecessary to trace the steps taken by the humane Vicar and other Catholics, who became interested in these unfortunate men. The Counsellor pleaded their cause most ably, and all the Assembly seemed much disposed in their favor. In a day or two they received the joyful intelligence, that the Parliament had entirely acquitted them of having any intention of leaving the kingdom, and that, if their authority had influence sufficient, they would be pardoned. The good Counsellor wrote to Court, to the Marquis de la Villière, and not a doubt was entertained of the result. Congratulations poured in upon them, and every time the door turned on its hinges they believed the joyful news of their release had arrived. For a fortnight they

remained in this state of suspense, and then were ordered to appear before the Counsellors ; deep regret was expressed in many countenances ; the President put a letter into their hands, which was from the Marquis de la Villière.

"Gentlemen : — A. M. and Daniel le Gras [the names by which they were known] having been taken on the frontiers without a passport, it is his Majesty's pleasure, that they be condemned to the galleys.

"Yours, &c."

In how few words may a man be doomed to misery ! It was little relief to them to be told, that it was the sentence of the King, not *theirs*, and that they truly compassionated their misfortunes. The prospect was dark and desolate ; they were sentenced to the galleys *for life*. Three days after, they were removed to Lisle. Though only fifteen miles, as they walked chained and handcuffed, they were extremely fatigued, but obliged to go through various examinations before they were led to their dungeon. Here were about thirty galley-slaves in total darkness, not a gleam of light entering the prison, — men, not condemned for *opinion*, but for atrocious crimes. The miserable prisoners thronged round them, demanding *garnish money* with oaths and

imprecations, and threatening to toss them in a blanket if they had none. They escaped this penalty by giving a part of their money. In situations like this, silence and submission is the only resource; for once the hero of our story yielded to the impulse of the moment, and gave an answer to the turnkey, that he considered as defying him. We pass over the blows and cruelty exercised upon him in consequence, and the loathsome dungeon to which he was removed, knee-deep in water. When his allowance of bread and water was brought he refused to eat, and resigned himself to a lingering death. It would seem, that in all situations men may be found, feeling some of the ties of human nature. The gaoler came to his prison expecting to find a daring and hardened offender. A short interview dispelled this idea. He reproved him for exasperating the turnkey, but carried him to his own apartment and ordered breakfast; afterwards he led him to a prison that was neither wet nor dark. He urged to have his friend with him, and the gaoler gave him encouragement that he might obtain this favor. The virtue of the gaoler seems, however, to have been very limited; he endeavoured to get away the little money his prisoner possessed by exorbitant demands.

At length, a new character appeared, and this was the Grand Provost and master of the prison.

He had received a letter from his brother-in-law, who resided near, and who had heard of the imprisonment of the heretics. He was of Protestant extraction, and felt the deepest commiseration for them. The Provost gave orders that they should be removed from the common prisons and placed in commodious rooms, and supplied with what they wanted free of expense.

Benefactions were daily bestowed upon them by the compassionate inhabitants of the city, and one of the most respectable of the prisoners was selected to distribute these donations. To this honor Amadie was appointed. A box, hanging by a rope from the window, received the charity of the citizens; frequently tradesmen and merchants threw in a donation of money. All this the *selected almoner* was to distribute among six hundred prisoners. The galley-slaves, who were of the lowest order, were not permitted to receive theirs, but it was given to the gaoler for their use, who converted the chief part of it to his own.

Amadée and his companion were now comparatively well situated, but this could not last long. At the end of three months they were ordered to depart with a company of galley-slaves. It was the last ordered to Dunkirk; the rest were to be carried to Marseilles, which was a journey by foot of three hundred miles, and to be performed with chains about the neck. The Provost ad-

vised them to seize this opportunity, as he could control the manner of their going. They assented, and the kind Provost ordered them to be distinguished from all the others, by being transported in a wagon, supping with the guards, and having a bed allowed them at night. So different was their treatment from that of the others, that they were supposed to be persons of high rank, and crowds flocked to see them. Women were faithful to the compassionate instinct of their hearts. One beautiful girl approached Amadée, holding a rosary with a crucifix attached to it, which she offered him. Though he would gladly have accepted it as a token, from the tender-hearted maiden, he felt that it would be considered as a sign of abjuration of his own faith, and heroically declined it. That evening she came to his prison bringing a priest, and declared her object to be his conversion. Let us not think lightly of a faith that could make a young man, not yet twenty, resist the allurements of youth, beauty, and a virtuous alliance, and embrace stripes and bondage.

"This," said Amadée, "was a trial, that God alone enabled me to go through. Once I became faint from my emotions, and I was on the point of yielding. I pressed the soft, delicate hand, that I held, to my lips again and again, and tried to release it, but I could not let it go. The

priest saw my yielding spirit. 'That hand may be yours,' said he, 'for all eternity, by renouncing your heresy and embracing the true religion.' Did God put those words into his mouth to nerve me with courage? 'No,' I exclaimed, with new resolution; 'it might be mine for this life, but I should purchase it by an eternity of misery. Let me rather die a galley-slave, at peace with my own conscience and my God.' Yet, when I saw her no more, when the last glimpse of her sweet and sorrowful face was gone, when even her white dress could no longer be discerned, I sank down and wept aloud. At length the agony of my soul began to yield to a still, small voice within. I grew calm, and thought I was dying. 'God hears my prayers,' said I; 'he has sent his angels to minister to me, to conduct me to the realms of bliss.' Shall I confess it? The face of the sweet Catholic girl was ever before me. She seemed to emit a radiance of light through my prison. I know not whether my dream was a sleeping or a waking one, but methought she leaned over me, and, raising the hand I had resigned, said in a soft, silver voice, 'Thou hast won this for eternity.'

"How often, in successive years, when chained to the oar, have I heard that voice and seen the beautiful vision! God ministers to us by his holy angels!"

We must turn from this touching scene to sad reality. He at length arrived at Dunkirk, and was put on board a galley, called the *Heureuse*, commanded by Commodore de la Pailleterie. On his first arrival he offended a slave by refusing him money; the fellow informed the *sous-comite* that he had uttered "horrid blasphemies against the holy Virgin, and all the saints in paradise." The *sous-comite* ordered him to receive the bastinado. This punishment is too well known to need a description. We turn from it with anguish, at the remembrance of cruelties man has devised for his brother man. Fortunately an officer of some rank passed, as they were about to inflict the punishment. "He made inquiries into the nature of my offence, and demanded of me, how I came to be guilty of such folly as well as insolence, as to blaspheme the Catholic faith. I answered, that it was false, that my religion forbade my insulting that of others." He made still further inquiries, and obtained evidence that the accusation was false, and the Protestant was acquitted.

This may prove, that no government is so arbitrary as to withhold all attempts to administer justice. There are principles implanted in the breast that cannot be wholly eradicated. God does not leave himself without witnesses in the heart of every human being. Yet many instances

occurred which proved that nothing could exempt the unhappy slaves from the bastinado for the slightest offence.

The description of a galley will be new to many. "Ours was a hundred and fifty feet long and fifty broad, with but one deck, which covered the hold. The deck rises about a foot in the middle, and slopes toward the edges to let the water run off more easily; for when a galley is loaded it seems to swim under the water, and the sea continually rushes over it. To prevent the sea from entering the hold, where the masts are placed, a long case of boards, called the *coursier*, is fixed in the middle, running from one end of the galley to the other. The slaves, who are the rowers, have each a board raised from the deck under which the water passes, which serves them for a footstool, otherwise their feet would be constantly in the water. A galley has fifty benches for rowers, twenty-five on each side; each bench is ten feet long, one end fixed in the *coursier*, that runs through the boat, the other in the band or side of the boat; the benches are half a foot thick, and placed at four feet distance from each other, and are covered with sackcloth, stuffed with flock, and a cowhide thrown over them, which, reaching to the footstool, gives them the appearance of large trunks. To these the galley-slaves are chained, six to a bench. The

oars are fifty feet long, and are poized *in equilibrio* upon the *apostic*, or piece of timber for this purpose. They are constructed so, that the thirteen feet of the oar, that go into the boat, are equal in weight to the thirty-seven which go into the water. It would be impossible for the slaves to grasp them, and handles are affixed for rowing.

" The master or *comite* stands always at the stern, near the captain, to receive his orders. There are *sous-comites*, one in the middle and one near the prow, each with a whip of cords to exercise as they see fit on the slaves. The *comite* blows a silver whistle, which hangs from his neck ; the slaves have their oars in readiness and strike all at once, and keep time so exactly, that the hundred and fifty oars seem to make but one movement. There is an absolute necessity for thus rowing together, for, should one be lifted up or fall too soon, those before would strike the oar with the back part of their heads. Any mistake of this kind is followed by blows given with merciless fury. *The labor of a galley-slave* has become a proverb ; it is the greatest fatigue that a man can bear. Six men are chained to each bench on both sides of the *coursier* wholly naked, sitting with one foot on a block of timber, the other resting on the bench before them, holding in their hands an enormous oar. Imagine them lengthening their bodies, their arms stretched out

to push the oar over the backs of those before them ; they then plunge the oar into the sea, and fall back into the hollow below, to repeat again and again the same muscular action. The fatigue and misery of their labor seems to be without parallel. They often faint, and are brought to life by the lash. Sometimes a bit of bread dipped in wine is put into their mouths, when their labor cannot for a moment be spared. Sometimes, when they faint, they are thrown into the sea, and another takes the place."

CHAPTER XXXII.

DESCRIPTION OF THE GALLEYS.—CONCLUSION OF THE NARRATIVE.

This sketch, slight as it is, will give some idea of the horrors of the situation ; but we turn from these minute descriptions of cruelty and consequent suffering ; one reflection constantly arises to the mind in reading this narrative, that vice and virtue cannot be levelled in their effects by any similarity of situation. Though we now behold the young man a galley-slave, surrounded by the lowest class of offenders, yet his mild and gentle manners, and the purity of Christian precepts, produce their effect.

As in all orders of society, some are more obnoxious than others, there was an evident distinction among the *comites* of the different galleys. One, who presided over a galley that lay near, was named Palma. He was notorious for his cruelty. All looked upon it as an aggravation of their misfortunes to be placed in this galley. "As our numbers multiplied," says Amadée, "it was announced, that several of us were to be distributed on board this galley. I prayed that my

lot might not fall to this *comite*. When the lots were drawn, a man approached me and ordered me to follow him. Eager to know my fortune, I begged him to inform me to what galley my lot had fallen. 'The galley of Palma,' said he. 'O Heavens!' I exclaimed, 'has God thus deserted me?'

"'What do you mean?' said he, frowning.

"'He is as merciless as a demon,' I exclaimed; 'nothing can exceed his cruelty.'

"'I should like to know,' said he, fiercely, 'who gives that character of me; they should soon feel my wrath.'

"I now perceived, that it was Palma himself to whom I was speaking. 'God's will be done,' said I; 'I will serve you faithfully and without murmuring; the treatment remains with you.' He made no reply, but conducted me to his galley, and ordered the *sous-comite* to chain me, as usual. As I was young and vigorous, he put a heavy chain round my leg. Soon after, Palma came to the bench where I was placed; he observed that they had put one of the heaviest chains upon me, and immediately ordered a lighter one, and even chose the chain himself. From this time he favored me particularly, and, when the hard-hearted captain ordered Palma to give the Huguenots a *hempen breakfast*, meaning a whipping, he let his blows fall lightly on me,

and I even thought he spared the others for my sake. When the captain, as is customary, appointed a galley-slave to take care of the provisions, Palma recommended me to him, as a slave whom he could trust, but, added he, 'He is a Huguenot.' 'How, then, can he be trusted?' asked the captain. He yielded so far to the representations of Palma, as to order me before him. 'They tell me,' said he, 'you are the only slave that can be trusted, and you are a Huguenot.' I answered submissively, that there were other Huguenots on board the galley, that could be trusted. 'I will try you,' said he, 'and give you the care of the stores; but, remember, for the slightest infidelity you receive the bastinado!' The office entitles the slave who holds it to an exemption from the oar and a dinner every day upon the captain's provision.

"Such a situation was comparative happiness to the hard duty I was undergoing; my heart beat rapidly. I made no reply, for I was buried in thought. 'Dog of a Christian,' he exclaimed, 'have you no thanks?' At this moment a struggle, not inferior to that I had experienced once before, took possession of my mind. 'There is another Huguenot on board this galley,' said I, 'who is every way more worthy of this office than myself. He is an old man, broken down by labor; he is unable to work at the

oar, and even stripes can get but little service from him. I am yet able to *endure;* grant him this place, and let me still continue at the oar.' The captain seemed doubtful whether he understood me. 'I know who he means,' said the *comite*, 'it is old Bancillon.' 'Let him be brought,' said the commander. Bancillon was brought forward, bowed down by age and labor, his venerable head covered with white hair. The *comites* acknowledged, that, excepting inability of strength, he had no faults, and was respected for his integrity by every one." It is unnecessary to pursue the details. He was appointed to the office, and the young Amadée returned to the oar. "How weak was my virtue!" he exclaims; "though it enabled me to resign the office to this venerable minister, (for such he once was,) it could not restrain bitter emotions. I felt my face bedewed with scalding tears of regret, as I once more commenced my hard labor. But when, a short time after, I beheld the venerable Bancillon losing the emaciated and distressed appearance he had worn, smiling benignantly on me, and imploring for me the blessing of Heaven, I no longer murmured; I was rewarded for my sacrifice."

"One circumstance ought not to be omitted, relating to Bancillon. He soon won the entire confidence of the captain, and the jealousy of those around him was roused. They laid a plot

to ruin him. He discovered it, and, without exposing them to the bastinado by revealing it, informed the captain that he wished to resign his office. 'Do you know the penalties?' said the captain. 'I know,' replied the old man, 'that I must return to the oar. My sight and my memory fail me; I will try to perform my duty, and death will soon release me from the hard service.'

"While he was speaking, one of those who had devised his ruin, suspecting that he was informing the captain, came forward and revealed the plot, to secure his own pardon. The captain investigated the matter, insisted on his resuming the office, and grew more lenient towards the Huguenots for his sake. There were six of these in our galley, and all of them won more forbearance from the *comites*, by their quiet and orderly behaviour, than might have been expected."

In the beginning of the summer of 1708, (Amadée had been seven years on board the galleys,) Queen Anne had a vessel of seventy guns commanded by a man who was a concealed Catholic, though an Englishman. Strange as it may seem, he bore a perfect hatred towards his own country, where the same persecutions had formerly been exercised towards the Papists, as were now practising by the French towards the Huguenots. He was no sooner in possession of the ship, than

he sailed to Gottenburg, sold her, and repaired to France to offer his services to Louis the Fourteenth against his country. The King received him graciously, promised him a captain's commission when one should be vacant; and, in the mean time, advised him to go on board the galley of Monsieur Langeron at Dunkirk; this was the one to which Amadée belonged. The Englishman, whose name was Smith, constantly suggested plans for burning the towns on the coast, and particularly Harwich, a small town situated near the mouth of the Thames. For this purpose there was a reinforcement of soldiers and combustibles prepared. Six galleys sailed on a fine clear morning to perform this cruel vengeance on Harwich, at the instigation of a native Englishman.

They arrived at the mouth of the Thames at about five in the evening, and waited till dark to make their descent upon the quiet town. In the mean time, an alarm was given, that a fleet of merchant ships, escorted by a frigate, were making for the mouth of the Thames. It was immediately resolved by a council of war, that the six galleys should attack this fleet. They soon came up to it. Four of the galleys were to attack the merchant ships, while that of Commodore de Langeron and one other were to become masters of the frigate.

In pursuance of this plan, four of the galleys surrounded the merchantmen, who were without guns, to prevent their entering the Thames. The captain of the frigate, perceiving the design of the enemy, ordered the men to crowd all sail, and, if possible, get into the Thames, and, leaving them, bore down upon the other galleys. "Ours," says Amadée, "was the only one in a condition to begin the engagement, as our associate had fallen back, for some cause, more than a league behind us. Our commodore thought his one galley would be more than a match for the frigate, and did not hesitate to meet it. We were soon within cannon-shot, and, accordingly, the galley discharged her broadside. The frigate, silent as death, approached us without firing a gun; no sound could be heard from her, except her deep sweep through the water. Our commodore actually believed, that she was going to surrender without a blow. Along, however, she came steadily advancing, the galley incessantly pouring in her broadside, and the frigate still seeming to move by invisible means, and preserving a death-like silence. Suddenly we saw all hands in motion; it became evident, that it was making an attempt to fly. Nothing gives spirits like a flying enemy. The officers began to boast, 'If the frigate does not strike in two moments, it shall be sunk by a blast in less time.'

" The commodore gained upon the frigate, and ordered the men to bury the beak of the galley in the stern, and immediately to board her. All the sailors and soldiers stood ready with their sabres and battle-axes. Suddenly the frigate dashed round and fairly laid herself alongside of us. Now it was, that we saw our mistake; the grappling irons were thrown out and fixed us fast to the frigate. The artillery began to pour upon us with grape-shot; all on board were as much exposed as if upon a raft. Not a gun was fired that did not do horrible execution. The English masts were filled with sailors, that threw grenades among us like hail, and scattered wounds and death. Our men no longer thought of attack; terror seemed to have taken possession of the officers. To add to the horror of our situation, the enemy threw in forty or fifty men, who, sword in hand, hewed down all that opposed them, but sparing the slaves, who were chained and unable to make resistance. Langeron, seeing himself reduced to such extremity, waved the flag of distress to call the other galleys to his aid. They were obliged to quit their intended prey, and hasten to our assistance, and the whole fleet of merchant ships saved themselves in the Thames.

" The galleys rowed with such swiftness, that in less than half an hour the six galleys encompassed the frigate. Her men were now no longer

able to keep the deck, and a number of grenadiers were ordered to board her. This was executed with extreme difficulty, but the frigate's crew were at last constrained to yield when encompassed by the six galleys. At length all the ship's company were made prisoners, except the captain, who took refuge in the cabin, firing upon us with the utmost obstinacy. We concluded that he must be perfectly fool-hardy when he declared, that he would sooner blow the frigate up in the air than strike. The way to the powder led through the cabin, and, were the frigate blown up, it would have been attended with disastrous consequences to our galleys. In this extremity it was concluded to hold a parley with the captain, and to promise him the kindest treatment on his surrendering. He only replied by firing from the windows. The English officers, by their accounts of him, had greatly increased the tremendous idea we had formed of the desperate captain. At length it was resolved, that he should be taken, dead or alive ; for this purpose, a sergeant with twelve grenadiers attempted to break open his door ; but the captain, who was prepared with loaded pistols, shot him down, and the others took to flight ; for, as they could advance into the room but one at a time, the captain could kill them one after the other. Recourse was had to more gentle measures, and he finally consented to

surrender himself. Our astonishment was extreme when he appeared ; hump-backed, pale-faced, and deformed in person, we could scarcely believe, that this insignificant figure had made such a mighty uproar. It was soon understood, why he had so long resisted. The course he pursued was to give the merchantmen time to escape into the Thames. When he saw that they had accomplished this purpose, he yielded at once."

We must now pursue this narrative, to give a faint idea of the horrors of the engagement.

" We have seen," says the unfortunate Amadée, " how dexterously the frigate placed herself alongside of us, by which we were exposed to the fire of her artillery, charged with grape-shot. It happened that my seat, on which there were five Frenchmen and one Turk, lay just opposite one of the cannon, which was charged. The two vessels lay so close, that, by raising my body in the least, I could touch the cannon with my hand. A neighbourhood so terrible filled us all with silent consternation. My companions lay flat on the seat and in that posture endeavoured to avoid the coming blow. I had presence of mind enough to perceive, that the gun was pointed in such a manner, that those who lay flat would receive its contents ; and I sat as upright as possible, but, being chained, could not quit my sta-

tion. In this manner I awaited death, which I had scarce any hope of escaping. My eyes were fixed upon the gunner, who, with his lighted match, fired one piece after another. He came nearer and nearer to the fatal one. I lifted my heart to God in fervent prayer. Never had I felt such assurances of divine mercy, whether life or death awaited me. I looked steadily at the gunner as he applied the lighted match. What followed I only knew by the consequences. The explosion had stunned me; I was blown as far as my chain would permit. Here I remained, I cannot say how long, lying across the body of the lieutenant of the galley, who had been killed some time before. At last, recovering my senses and finding myself lying upon a dead body, I crept back to my seat. It was night, and the darkness was such, that I could see neither the blood that was spilled, nor the carnage around me. I imagined that their former fears still operated upon my companions; and that they lay on their faces to avoid the no longer threatening danger. I felt no pain from any wound and believed myself uninjured.

"I remained in a tranquil state for some moments, and even began to be amused with the motionless silence of my fellow-slaves, who, I supposed, were still lying as they first threw themselves. Desirous to free them from their

terrors, I pushed the one next to me. 'Rise, my boy,' said I, 'the danger is over.' I received no answer. I spoke louder; all was silence and Egyptian darkness.

"Isouf, a Turk, had often boasted, that he never knew what fear was. He was remarkable for his truth and honesty. 'My good fellow,' said I, in a tone of raillery, 'up, the danger is over, you may be as brave as ever. Come, I will help you. I leaned forward and took his hand. O, horrors! my blood still freezes at the remembrance; it came off in mine, stiff, and deadly cold! The first gleam of light showed me my companions all slaughtered! Of the six on our seat I alone survived. Alas! I may well say, I was the *miserable survivor;* their toils and agonies were over. It was some time before I discovered that I was wounded, and then not by pain, but by the blood which deluged me."

But why prolong this sad narrative? Of eighteen slaves on the three *bancs* or seats, Amadée was the only living one; and he, mutilated and wounded in three places, awaited the end of the engagement, — the silence only broken by groans or imprecations, or the firing of the captain, who still refused to surrender.

After a long interval of suffering, Amadée was considered able to resume his place at the oar. It may not be uninteresting to abstract some ac-

count of the occupation of the slaves when the galley is laid up for the winter in time of peace.

"The order is given from Court about the latter end of October. The galleys are then arranged along the quay. The galley is entirely cleared, and the slaves remain fixed to their wretched quarters for the winter. They spread their great-coats for beds on a board, and here they sleep. When the weather is extremely cold they have a tent, made of coarse woollen cloth, raised over the galley. They never have fire or blankets. It is now a season of some rest for them, and they are permitted to earn a little money. Among the variety there are often tradesmen, tailors, shoemakers, gravers, &c. These are sometimes permitted to build wooden stalls upon the quay opposite their respective galleys. The keeper chains them in their stalls. Here they may earn a few halfpence a day, and this situation is comparative ease. There is, however, still hard labor aboard the galley. The *comites* still use the lash without mercy, and often without discrimination. One of the hardest labors to Amadée, because the most tyrannical and degrading, was the exhibition to which they were constantly exposed by the officers, for the entertainment of their friends. The galley was cleaned anew, and the slaves were ordered to shave, and put on their red habits and red caps,

which are their uniform, when they wear any garments. This done, they are made to sit between the benches, so that nothing but heads with red caps are visible, from one end of the galley to the other. In this attitude the gentlemen and ladies, who come as spectators, are saluted by the slaves, with a loud and mournful cry of *Hau*. This seems but one voice ; it is repeated three times, when a person of high distinction enters. During this salute the drums beat, and the soldiers, in their best clothes, are ranged along the *bande* of the boat, with their guns shouldered. The masts are adorned with streamers ; the chamber at the stern is also adorned with hangings of red velvet, fringed with gold. The ornaments in sculpture, at the stern, thus beautified to the water's edge ; the oars lying on the seats, and appearing without the galley like wings, painted of different colors, — a galley thus adorned strikes the eye magnificently ; but let the spectator reflect on the misery of three hundred slaves, scarred with stripes, emaciated and dead-eyed, chained day and night, and subject to the arbitrary will of creatures devoid of humanity, and he will no longer be enchanted by the gaudy outside. The spectators, a large proportion of whom are often ladies, pass from one end of the galley to the other, and return to the stern, where they seat themselves. The *comite* then blows his whistle. At the first

blast every slave takes off his cap ; at the second, his coat ; at the third, his shirt, and they remain naked. Then comes what is called the monkey-exhibition. They are all ordered to lie along the seats, and the spectator loses sight of them ; then they lift one finger, next their arms, then their head, then one leg, and so on, till they appear standing upright. Then they open their mouths, cough all together, embrace, and throw themselves into ridiculous attitudes, wearing, to the appearance of the spectator, an air of gayety, strangely contrasted with the sad, hollow eye of many of the performers, and the ferocious, hardened despair of others. To the reflecting mind there can scarcely be any thing more degrading than this exhibition ; men, subject constantly to the lash, doomed for life to misery, perpetually called upon to amuse their fellow-beings by 'antic tricks.'

"Forty of these galleys were maintained during the reign of Louis the Fourteenth, at a most extravagant expense. It has been a subject of inquiry, what were the motives, as the success of this kind of boats is supposed to be disproportionate to frigates, and other ships of war. They provided maintenance for younger brothers of noble families, particularly Knights of Malta, who were generally the head officers. They likewise afforded a secure prison for criminals of all kinds.

There are, perhaps, nautical advantages, as it matters not which way the wind blows, they being always subject to the oar."

We pass over the transfer of our unfortunate prisoner from Dunkirk to the galleys at Marseilles, and the description of the horrible prison of Tournelle, at Paris, where they were chained in ranks, so that they could neither stand nor lie down, nor even sit, but were obliged to assume a posture between all.

On the 17th of January, 1713, our Protestant friend, with twenty-two other prisoners, arrived at Marseilles; nearly half of the number had died in the transportation. They were put on board a galley, where there were other Protestants, who had preferred stripes and suffering to abjuration of their religion. Let us hasten to the conclusion of this melancholy story. By the intercession of Queen Anne, of England, liberty and pardon was granted to a certain number of the Protestant galley-slaves, on condition of their quitting the kingdom at their own expense. This number was limited to a hundred and thirty-six, and Amadée was amongst them; the number of Protestant slaves was upwards of three hundred. These were not released till nearly a year afterwards. By the aid of the charitable, the poor captives, after encountering many obstacles, arrived, on Sunday, within a

league of Geneva. They here halted at a small village, situated on a mountain, where they could view their land of rest.

We may judge of their emotions, after what they had endured. The gates of the city were closed on Sunday till four o'clock. They waited till that hour, and then proceeded to the town. Intelligence, however, had previously reached the place, of the arrival of the convicts. They were met by crowds of people, of every age and sex, and the dignitaries of the city. But the scene became more deeply interesting; many had friends and near relations on board the galleys. Exclamations were heard, of "My son!" "My husband!" "My brother!" All received welcome and embraces; it was a band of Christian brothers meeting, and language seemed wanting to express their mutual feelings. We close this account of Protestant constancy and suffering, in the words of our hero.

"At length, we followed their Excellencies, who conducted us into the city in a kind of triumph; joy all around us, acclamations from every quarter; the governors honoring us with their presence, our galley labors at an end, and liberty secured to us, of serving God according to our own consciences; venerable ministers of the gospel consoling, and strengthening, and even praising us, for our perseverance. O, what a

Sabbath evening was this! How different from the cavalcades, to which we had been accustomed, when pursuing our weary way, loaded with chains, insulted by the populace, famishing with hunger, holding out our wooden cups imploring a drop of water, and refused with surliness or gibes." Not one of them was conducted to the hospital, though it had been prepared for them; private asylums were offered the sufferers, and each one was received at some domestic board.

There is a sort of poetical justice in bringing the sufferers in safety to the burial-place * of Calvin, the first French reformer, with whose history we almost began that of the Huguenots. The setting sun was casting its glorious beams on the graveyard, as the pilgrims knelt in silent prayer. How solemn, how impressive the scene! If ever spirits are permitted to revisit the earth, surely, Calvin's must have been there, purified from all bigotry, and walking humbly and devoutly with the persecuted Servetus.

---

* It is said, that the individual grave of the Genevese Reformer is not now known.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

DEATH OF LOUIS LE GRAND.—THE REGENT, PHILIP OF ORLEANS.

Once more we return to the native land of the Huguenots, to France, and the *glorious age of Louis the Fourteenth!* That this was a glorious age to France in many respects, cannot be denied. But the influence of Louvois will always throw a stain upon its annals, while Colbert, his predecessor, will by many be considered as the chief source of its splendor.

After the year 1700, we must contemplate Louis in a different situation from what we have hitherto done. He had prosecuted the war against the allies with an ostentation and prodigality, that comported with the *siècle glorieux*. To this vast expense were added his superb *créations* at Marly, Versailles, &c. In 1709, we find him a poor man in the midst of splendor. In his elegant saloon at Marly, embellished by paintings, statuary, and costly furniture, we behold him bending over heaps of grain, with a clouded brow. The cries of the famishing multitude had penetrated the walls of the palace.

They call on Louis to retrench his superfluous expenses, and give them wherewithal to keep them from starving. Is it with fatherly care we see him employed in examining the grain brought for his inspection? History says, No. "The study of Louis and his council was, to find how they might best deceive the people into further endurance."

But, for once, the poor are rebellious. Madame de Maintenon writes, "The people complain, that Marly and Versailles have impoverished the nation; they wish Louis to be the first despoiled." The King actually saw himself compelled to learn the state of the kingdom, and reduce the expenses of his table.

Even under an absolute monarchy men will have an instinctive sense of justice. The Dauphin, the only son of the King, though of mature age, was excluded from all affairs of state. The people felt much discontent on this account, and their murmurs reached the throne. Louis the Fourteenth has found a panegyrist in Voltaire, who particularly mentions, that he conferred magnificent pensions on distinguished men throughout Europe. Grimm remarks, that "there was an appearance of grandeur and munificence in this proceeding, which cannot dazzle a philosophic observer, when it is recollected, that the monarch knew nothing of the merit of those he rewarded.

He would have done much better to have diminished the taxes upon the people." Setting aside the revocation of the Edict of Nantes, in any other view than as it affected the prosperity of the kingdom, it was a measure of political folly. From that time there is an evident change. We cannot do better than quote Grimm's own words.

"L'époque, à jamais fatale à la France, de la révocation de l'édit de Nantes, fut celle de la décadence du royaume et le tombeau de la prospérité publique. Les grands hommes dans tous les genres disparaissent, ou s'il en reste encore, ils sont rares et isolés, comme dans un terrein long temps cultivé et puis tout à coup négligé ; il reste encore par-ci par-là quelques plantes qui déposent de la prospérité précédente, sans pouvoir en retracer l'image."

The old age of Louis must have been full of mortifications, too justly incurred by his own conduct ; the various accusations brought against him were sufficiently humiliating. They were dissatisfied with the ministers that he continued in his service. The great secret, however, of public discontent lay in his change of fortune. The ill success of the wars in which he had engaged, the pressure of want, the court no longer splendid, and Louis and Madame de Maintenon in the winter of life. Few kings, says Anquetil, have been so oppressed by burdens in their last days, as Louis

the Fourteenth. War, famine, the necessary augmentation of taxes, a change of ministry, domestic embarrassments, and the deaths of many of his family, who were dear to him, all came together. The loss of his son, who died in 1710, at the age of fifty, was a heavy blow. Louis loved him as a father, though he was not willing to share with him his political confidence.

The Duke of Burgundy, grandson to Louis, became, by the death of his father, heir to the throne. It would seem, that the King profited by that great admonisher, death; the reserve he had practised towards his son was relaxed towards his grandson; he conversed openly with him. The change in the Dauphin's manners, from this period, was striking. His father had treated him with reserve and austerity, which naturally produced great embarrassment and timidity. Among the three generations, father, son, and grandson, there had existed the utmost constraint, always fatal to happiness and the developement of character. After the death of his father, the Duke of Burgundy became gay, animated, and dignified, receiving the society which collected in the saloons at Marly with courtesy, and even diffusing among them the most benign influences. His easy and engaging conversation charmed the wise and instructed the young. He had the happy art of mingling history and science with

every-day topics. The French nation were astonished and delighted at the eloquence and wisdom which he continually discovered. They became enthusiastic in their attachment, and looked forward with rapture to serving a king, who called forth their warmest affection. There are courtesies that are beyond acquirement; such was his attention to birth, to age, to rank, and to the wants and comfort of all around him. The influence he exerted on the Court was soon apparent. Hunting and gaming had formerly been the principal topics of conversation. A higher tone became easy and natural. To the wonder, expressed at what was considered his change of character, his intimate companions replied; "He is now, to *you*, what he always was to *us*." But circumstances repressed his gayety, and gave an air of reserve and embarrassment to his manner. His reputation spread throughout the nation. Madame de Maintenon was charmed to find a friend in whom she could confide, and yielded to him her entire confidence. She instructed him in what manner he might best win the good graces of the monarch, and, aided by his charming little wife, his success was complete. Louis, grave and reserved, even to austerity, with his son, became a tender and trusting father to his grandson.

When peace was proclaimed between Louis and the Duke of Savoy, Adelaide, his daughter,

was sent to France as the *gage*, and to be the bride of the Duke of Burgundy. The King, heartily tired of the war, which had afforded only a succession of losses and mortifications, received the young Adelaide as the angel of peace. He went to meet her at Montargis, on the 4th of November, 1696. Madame de Maintenon wrote immediately to her mother on her arrival, expressing the perfect satisfaction of Louis.

"He is charmed," she writes, "with her deportment, her grace, her politeness, and her modesty. She has all the winning simplicity of eleven, with the maturity of more advanced years. Her disposition appears to be as amiable as her exterior is faultless. She has only to speak to discover the quickness of her intellect. Her manner of hearing conversation, all her movements, her countenance, her very looks, discover that nothing escapes her attention. Je ne puis m'empêcher," says Madame, "de rémercier votre Altesse Royale de nous donner une enfant, qui, selon toutes les apparences fera les délices de la cour and sera la gloire de son siècle. . . . . Vous me faites trop d'honneur, Madame, d'approuver que je lui donne mes soins. Votre Altesse Royale m'a laissé si peu de chose à faire ! Je les fornerai à empêcher que les autres ne la gâtent ; mais peut-être commencerai-je par la

gâter moi-même."* The young princess was placed at Saint Cyr, and fully answered the expectations she had inspired. Her education seems to have been one different from the age; she was instructed in household details, and voluntarily surrendered all the precedence of rank for the charms of friendship and equal companionship. Despising the luxury and indolence in which young persons, far inferior to herself in station, indulged, she was always active and occupied, and refused to take any recreation till her lessons were accomplished. The ceremony of the nuptials was performed three months after a general peace was signed at Ryswick, in September, 1697, the Princess was then only twelve, the Duke of Burgundy, fifteen. When first presented to each other they appear to have formed an attachment, which continued to increase. Never were two young people more calculated to inspire it by the virtues and graces of their character. The marriage was celebrated with the utmost

* "I cannot refrain from thanking your Royal Highness for giving us a child, who, according to all appearances, will be the delight of the court and the glory of her age. You do me too much honor in requesting that I would bestow my cares upon her. Your Royal Highness has left but little to accomplish. I shall content myself with preventing others from spoiling her; but, perhaps, I shall begin by spoiling her myself."

splendor. Though their subsequent engagement was clouded by events of a political nature, and the renewed hostility of the father of Adelaide, Duke of Savoy, and by the austere treatment of the Dauphin towards his son, yet the gentleness of their demeanor had preserved harmony.

The young prince, during the life of his father, had always observed the most affectionate respect towards him, and never attempted to break down the barrier which it pleased parental authority to raise between them. By this means he escaped many unpleasant remarks to which the unsuspicious Adelaide subjected herself by her confiding gayety. She never, however, discovered any resentment in return, but practised a thousand winning ways to restore the Dauphin's good humor, and sometimes succeeded. It was evident, that the father had conceived a jealousy towards his son, and took pleasure in mortifying him. The Prince had a taste for mechanics which often amused his leisure hours. This innocent and even praiseworthy occupation drew upon him parental reproaches. He often publicly reprehended him, which could not but deeply mortify a young man of twenty-six. Many instances are given of his perfect self-command in the most trying times. Such was the young man, now relieved from this thraldom by the death of an austere father, and he soon discovered, by his

subsequent conduct, the deference he had paid to parental authority, however unjust. Louis perceived that his grandson was full of talent and good sense, and he began to share with him the tenderness which he had felt for Adelaide. In a short time, he consulted him on affairs of state, and determined to rest upon him the fatigue of government.

The astonishment which this conduct of Louis, hitherto so tenacious of authority, excited in the Court was extreme. The Dauphin was thirty when his grandfather threw upon him the weight of the kingdom. From this time he sought to study out its highest welfare. His manners were respectful and affectionate to Madame de Maintenon, whom he loved most tenderly for her love to his Adelaide. Never elated by the favor of the King, never foolishly confiding, he avoided all secret cabals, and might be said to be the model of what a prince ought to be. He possessed an intuitive knowledge of human nature, and studied men in their actions, in their words, and in their characters. He never employed any one without a thorough investigation of his principles and habits, and, when once decided, he suffered no idle rumors to shake his confidence. It is not our purpose to enter into his method of governing. "His conduct," says Simon, "proceeded from a principle, which he expressed to

the despotic Louis. 'Les rois sont faits pour les peuples, et non pas les peuples pour les rois.'" A more happy union could hardly be imagined, than that which existed between the wedded pair, and it seemed as if their gentle manners, and the affection they inspired, had given them the liberty to say what they pleased to the venerable couple. Adelaide always called Madame de Maintenon "ma tante," and felt for her the tenderness and confiding love of a daughter. In public her deportment towards both her and the King was serious and deferential; when alone with them, she was full of gayety and fascination. Her figure was peculiarly light and graceful; whatever she did had its own charm. Sometimes she sported round them, perched upon the arms of their chairs, caressed and embraced them, gave her advice unasked, made them laugh when they tried to be sober, and committed a thousand little follies, for which they loved her the better. The King finally became so attached to her that he would not suffer her to be absent. When she did not appear at supper, owing to some party of pleasure suited to her age, a cloud came over him, and he discovered the vexation and weariness of a pettish old man. Adelaide was careful not to be absent often, and to return early, always hastening to him before he retired, and amusing him with the recital of the *fête*. This

empressement might be affected for a short time, but with the Princess it was always continued; even during indisposition she forgot herself in her devotion to her aged friends, and would arise from a sick-bed and hasten to his presence.

In the affection of these two young people, in the birth of their son, and in the long-tried devotedness of Madame de Maintenon, Louis seemed to experience a degree of tranquillity, which he had not known for many years. On the 5th of February he missed Adelaide at her usual hour of visiting him, and learned, that she had not left her bed on account of indisposition. Her disorder continued increasing, and, on the Thursday following, they despaired of her life. On Friday she expired, just one week from the time that she was seized. The King was present when she died, and both he and Madame de Maintenon were so entirely overcome, that they could not see the Dauphin, who was shut up in his chamber with his brothers and confessor.

The first time he met the King, they could neither of them speak, but embraced each other in profound silence, interrupted by sobs and tears. When Louis had in some measure recovered himself he was struck with the wild and peculiar expression of the Dauphin's countenance; he called for his physician, and desired him to feel his pulse. The physician ordered him to bed.

It soon became apparent, that he was seized with the disorder, of which his wife had died. He desired to have high mass said. All the religious services of the church were scrupulously observed, and "he closed his eyes for ever, with perfect resignation, on the eighteenth day of the month, in the blessed hope of immortal life, and a reunion with his beloved Adelaide." Their eldest son, a boy of uncommon promise, immediately began to droop, and in a few days followed his father and mother to the grave. The ignorance of the times, and the uncommon number of deaths in one family, led many to resort to their usual suspicions of poison. There was but one person on whom these suspicions were likely to fall, and that one was the Duke of Orleans, afterwards *Regent*. Fortunately, however, for his fame, others fell a sacrifice to the malady, particularly the nurses and attendants, and they discovered the disorder to be the *small-pox*.

The death of the Dauphin was deeply felt by the excellent Fenelon, who had been his preceptor, and early formed his mind to virtue. He lived two years after his illustrious pupil, devoting himself to his duties, and died at the age of sixty-five.

"Louis the Fourteenth," says Marshal Villars, "supported his misfortunes with heroic fortitude. The first time I had the honor of seeing him after

them was at Marly. The monarch for a few moments yielded to the tenderness of a father and shed tears, but, soon resuming his firmness, said in a touching tone, 'You see, Monsieur le Maréchal, my situation; there are few such instances as mine. In one week I have lost my son, grandson, granddaughter, and their little boy who was playing around me, all giving the fairest promise of life and happiness, all tenderly beloved. God punishes me, and I have deserved it; perhaps I may suffer less in the other world.'" We forget, for a moment, his persecution of the Huguenots, we shut our ears to the groans of his famishing subjects, and pity the desolate, broken-hearted old man. We do not find, however, that amidst his causes for self-condemnation, any remorse for the slaughtered Huguenots was mingled. He seems uniformly to have forgotten, that they were Frenchmen and his own subjects. We can only account for this insensibility by the manner in which he yielded himself to the Jesuits, who obtained complete power over his conscience; to Le Tellier, and afterwards to La Chaise, who was his confessor. He had a chateau built for the father, at the end of the present Boulevards-neufs, which was then called Mont Louis, the site of the celebrated cemetery in Paris, which still bears the name of Père la Chaise. The Duke of Orleans, the Duke of Maine, and

numerous courtiers used to pay their unwilling respects, in this now consecrated place, to the confessor of the King. The ashes of many, who were then agitated by fierce opposing passions and bitter enmity, have since been gathered to this spot, and rest tranquilly beneath the splendid monuments which adorn the cemetery.

It is probable, had Louis known the exact state of the kingdom, his measures might have been more lenient to the Huguenots ; but ignorance in a ruler is almost as great a crime as direct cruelty. Chancellor Le Tellier and Louvois, his son, deceived themselves and the King. All thought uniformity of religion might be produced by rigorous measures. They poorly understand human nature, who suppose persecution makes converts or proselytes. Never was the enthusiasm of the Huguenots so much excited as during the season of the *dragonnades*, when those who refused the sacraments of the Catholic church were dragged through the street, and their bodies burnt. The Protestants assembled, sung psalms in the face of danger, and welcomed the martyrdom which followed. Gleams of truth, with regard to the state of things, occasionally reached the prejudiced mind of Louis, but they were only transient. We do him the justice to believe, that he, at one period, thought Protestantism was extirpated from the country ; his courtiers all told him

so, his confessors confirmed it; and how should he know otherwise, enclosed in his splendid palace? After the peace of Ryswick, he learned, to his astonishment, that Calvinism, notwithstanding his vigorous proceedings, still existed in full vigor, and that, though its meeting-houses were destroyed, and its ministers driven into exile, the work of conversion was still to be achieved. What was to be done? Some even advised to a restoration of the edict of Nantes. This was too mortifying a step to be thought of, and a new rising in the Vivarez and Cevennes, where the Camisards maintained war, prevented all idea of clemency. We cannot enter into the Protestant fanaticism, that infested the mountains of the south; it can only be compared to the delusions of Munster. If any thing could have justified a renewal of severity, these miserable fanatics would have done it. The measures of government, though fluctuating and uncertain, produced but little change to the Huguenots, and were never characterized by any spirit of liberality, or even of tolerance.

In 1714, the life of Louis was apparently drawing to a close, and it became the earnest desire of Madame de Maintenon and the Duke of Maine, that he should leave a will, giving power enough to the latter to balance that which must belong to the Duke of Orleans, his nephew, who was Regent by law, during the minority of the second

son of the Duke of Burgundy, afterwards Louis the Fifteenth. At length, this point was gained, the will was written, and duly signed and sealed, constituting a council, of which the Duke of Orleans was necessarily head. The person of the young King was put under the guard of the council, and the Duke of Maine invested with authority to watch over his education.

It was evident, from the tenor of the will, that Louis only committed to the Duke of Orleans what he could not alienate from him, and that he took every precaution to guard against his abuse of power. The will was deposited in a place in the palace expressly made for it, and closed by an iron door, secured by three locks, the keys of which were intrusted to three different persons. It was not to be opened till after the death of the King, and was then read before the Parliament and the assembled Princes and Peers.

In 1715, Louis became more seriously indisposed, but made great efforts to arrange his affairs. He gave audience to the Persian Ambassador on the 4th of August, and never appeared with more majesty or grandeur. On the 23d, his disorder increased so much, that it was apparent his life must soon terminate. He performed his religious duties with much fervor. As he approached his end, Madame de Maintenon seems to have indulged a natural fear of witnessing his

last death-struggle, and, yielding to the persuasions of Marshal de Villeroy, withdrew from the scene when the King became insensible.

"Many panegyrists," says Anquetil, "have been eager to celebrate the great qualities of Louis the Fourteenth, but none have succeeded better than the Abbé de Maury, in his Funeral Oration before the Academy.

"This monarch," says the Abbé, "had at the head of his armies, Turenne, Condé, Luxembourg, Catinat, Crequi, Boufflers, Montesquieu, Vendome, Villars, Duquesne, Tourville, and Du Guay. Froisin commanded his squadrons. Colbert, Louvois, and Torcy were his counsellors. Bossuet, Bourdaloue, and Massillon announced to him his duties. His first senate had Molé and Lamoignon for chiefs, Talon and d'Aguesseau for organs. Vauban fortified his citadels, Riquet dug his canals; Perrault and Mansard constructed his palaces; Pujet, Girardon, Poussin, Le Sueur, and Le Brun embellished them. Le Notre designed his gardens; Corneille, Racine, Molière, Quinault, La Fontaine, La Bruyère, and Boileau assisted his reasoning powers, and amused his leisure; Montausier, Bossuet, Beavilliers, Fenelon, Huet, Flechier, and the Abbé de Fleury educated his children. Surrounded by this august retinue of immortal genius, supported by great men, that he knew how to place and keep where

they belonged, Louis the Fourteenth presents himself to the regard of posterity."

We can scarcely imagine a more able eulogium than this quotation presents; — did not a word precede or follow, it gives the analysis of the monarch's character. He knew how to collect men of distinguished talents around him, and had dignity and tact to keep them in their places, and make them his organs. This would seem to argue a high order of intellect; but it must be remembered, how *despotic* the government and King were at that time. In justice to him, it ought to be admitted, that he had an innate veneration for talents and genius. His early life discovered this trait, in many of the splendid and sometimes ill-judged donations he made. Those who read Guizot's work on the "Civilization of Modern Europe," may find the cause of subsequent events in his admirable analysis of the reign of Louis the Fourteenth. We quote only one sentence. In speaking of the state in which the French nation were left by Louis the Fourteenth, he says;

"In society there was a great developement of wealth, strength, and intellectual activity of every kind; and along with this progressive society there was a government essentially stationary, and without means to adapt itself to the movement of the people; devoted, after half a century

of great splendor, to immobility and weakness, and already fallen, even in the lifetime of its founder, into a decay, almost resembling dissolution."

Thought and inquiry soon lost the despotic power which bound them openly, but could not limit their subtile, secret process. It remained for the succeeding reign to diffuse speculative opinions among the multitude, which afterwards resulted in action, in the *fearful revolution of France.*

When the will of Louis was opened and read, it was observed, like the will of Henry the Eighth, in the way it suited the Regency. The favorite of the Duke of Orleans, Dubois, who rose from obscure life to the rank of Cardinal, under the patronage of the Regent, and at last Prime Minister, was debased by every vice. The Duke of Orleans allowed the Huguenots a respite from persecution. Those who see only the dark side of his character, question whether this forbearance proceeded from any humane principles, ascribing it to his indolence, and yet more to his indifference on the subject of religion. The candid, however, will perceive, that among the vices which debased his character, there were occasionally gleams of a higher nature.

Madame de Maintenon, after the death of Louis, lived in total seclusion at St. Cyr, seldom seeing even her most intimate friends. When

Peter the Great visited France, in 1717, he requested leave to pay his respects to the founder of the noble institution of St. Cyr.

Madame de Maintenon consented, on condition that she might receive him without quitting her bed. "He arrived," she says, "at about seven in the evening, took a seat by the head of my bed, and asked me if I was sick. I answered, yes. He then inquired, what was my indisposition. I replied, old age; he did not reply, and his interpreter did not appear to understand me. His visit was short; he desired that the curtains at the foot of my bed might be opened, that he might see me; you will believe that he was satisfied."

"Because I am tolerably erect," she says, again, "they call me a prodigy, a person to be exhibited. It must be acknowledged, that there is great glory in living to be very old! They mean to extol me, when they say, 'She reasons justly, she writes with a steady hand,'—great subjects these for self-complacency!" Though she lived several years after Louis the Fourteenth, she was dead to the world. At the time of their marriage the King was forty-eight, and she was fifty. She does not appear to have enjoyed great happiness in the attainment of this object. She says, "The intoxication of gratified ambition lasted but three weeks!" "What a martyrdom," she

exclaimed to a friend, "to be obliged to amuse a man incapable of being amused!" She died on the 15th of April, 1713, without mental or bodily pain.

Philip of Orleans, the Regent, has left but few records of his virtues. He was said to possess wit, eloquence, and amiable manners. His acquisitions were respectable, his temper confiding, and his disposition generous. These, added to the qualities of a warrior, might, under happier tuition, have made him a good man. But Dubois, his preceptor, became his guide and counsellor, and the work of corruption proceeded rapidly. The little esteem in which the public had previously held him, was proved by their suspicions of his poisoning the Duke of Burgundy, with his wife and son. After the death of Louis he became popular; the noblesse, the military, and the Parliament were favorable to him, and this enabled him to set aside the will of the King, and assume the reins of government.

In 1723, he resigned the government into the hands of Louis the Fifteenth, and gave himself up to the wildest excesses of dissipation. After the death of Dubois, he seems to have asserted some dignity of character, but died the same year of apoplexy, at the age of forty-nine. For the degree of quiet the Huguenots enjoyed under his regency, but little credit seems to be accorded to

him. When Lord Stair, the British ambassador, asked permission to address his Highness in behalf of the Protestants condemned to the galleys, he replied, that the application was unnecessary, as he intended, of his own accord, to release them; that they had been falsely represented as a factious people, and he knew, by the slanders implicating himself, that the reports were false. The ambassador was allowed to have a chapel, in which Protestant services were performed on Sundays, in French and English, and the government connived at the measure.

Whatever was the cause of the Regent's clemency, it produced benign effects towards the Huguenots. They now assembled for worship, and educated their children according to their faith; their marriages and baptisms were performed without molestation, while prosperity and the arts began once more to revive among this persevering people.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

A RECAPITULATION. — STANISLAUS.

A SLIGHT recapitulation of events in a history in itself so complicated, and through which we have been endeavouring to carry one unbroken thread, may not be useless at this period. We began with Francis the First, who came to the throne in 1515. Henry the Second succeeded him in 1559, and discovered a more systematic persecution of the Calvinists, than his father had previously done, issuing an edict inflicting the penalty of death on dissenters, accompanied by an order to the judges, not to mitigate the punishment, as had been the permission in particular cases by Francis. After the death of Henry the Second, the persecution was much less violent. The champions of the new doctrines appear, by their quiet and unoffending course, to have gradually mollified the severity of the edict, without deviating from their steadfast principles. In the subsequent reign of Francis the Second, husband of the unfortunate Mary of Scotland, the execution of the penal statutes was revived by the

Guises. The Calvinists had, by the interval of tranquillity, acquired strength and resolution, and, unable to endure the unprovoked persecution of the Guises, (uncles to the Queen,) determined to take arms in defence of their rights. Several distinguished personages headed the Protestant party, among them Anthony, King of Navarre, Coligni, and the Prince of Condé. The first civil war between the Catholics and Huguenots took place in 1562 in the reign of Charles the Ninth. After a sanguinary conflict at Dreux, a favorable peace was concluded. Shortly afterward the Queen Regent concluded with Philip of Spain "The League of Bayonne," the object of which was, the extermination of the Protestants. Condé and the virtuous Coligni saw in this league, of which they gained secret information, the destruction of their party, and they armed, resolving to strike the first blow. The battle of St. Dennis and the siege of Chartres produced an accommodation. A plan, however, was formed to seize the Prince of Condé and Admiral Coligni, and they escaped to Rochelle, where the war was renewed. At the battle of Jarnac, in 1569, Condé lost his life, and Coligni placed at the head of the army the young Prince of Navarre, whose father had died soon after the peace. At length, after much contest, another peace was concluded by Charles the Ninth, so

favorable to the Huguenots, as to awaken suspicion in many of the party. Liberty of conscience and many other privileges were secured to the Protestants. We need not again refer to the massacre of St. Bartholomew, which followed this detestable appearance of amity, and beguiled thousands to slaughter, both in Paris and the provinces around. This took place the 24th of August, 1572. Nor need we retrace the subsequent captivity of the young Prince of Condé and Henry of Navarre; the latter of whom was obliged professedly to embrace Catholicism and abjure Protestantism. War was again renewed by Henry the Third, and the escape of both of the Protestant heroes, Henry of Navarre and Condé, took place. They, with the King's brother, the Duke of Alençon, became leaders of the Huguenots. Condé procured a German army, to which Elizabeth of England contributed by considerable sums. The fifth peace was concluded in 1576, and on better terms for the Huguenots than any former one, producing great discontent among the Catholics. "The Holy League" was now formed, and France exhibited the strange spectacle of a nation divided into three parties; for, though we have seen, that Henry the Third, from terror, declared himself the head of the League, the Duke of Guise was, in reality, its leader, and it soon became formid-

able to the throne. Thus, the Huguenots, the Royalists, and the Leaguers, were carrying on a civil war against each other, which was denominated "the war of the three Henries." Henry the Third soon found, that Henry of Guise was aiming at the throne; he therefore joined Henry of Navarre, the leader of the Huguenots, to the great indignation of the Pope, by whom he was on that account excommunicated. Henry of Navarre and Bourbon was heir to the crown, and so declared by the King, in case he became a Catholic. The assassination of Henry the Third by James Clement caused the King of Navarre to be acknowledged King of France by a part of the nation. The war still continued with various success, and at length terminated by Henry's formal abjuration of the Protestant faith in 1593; and in 1598 he secured to the Protestants religious liberty by the Edict of Nantes.

Under this edict, no serious disturbances took place till 1621, when the Huguenots held a consultation at Rochelle, which ended in a civil war of a year's duration. Under Louis the Thirteenth, it became the object of his minister, Cardinal Richelieu, to reduce the power of the Huguenots and secure their strong-hold, which was Rochelle. In 1627, this city was besieged, but, it being impossible to take it while the communication with the sea remained open, Riche-

lieu constructed the immense mole across the harbour, a mile in length, which, it will be recollected, reduced the city to famine, and Rochelle yielded. From this time the Protestants were no longer an independent people. Louis the Fourteenth had an able minister in Cardinal Mazarin, who increased the power of the throne. He was also greatly indebted to Colbert for his financial regulations. The Protestants likewise found in Colbert a friend, who understood the true welfare of his country. After his death, the ill-advised Louis the Fourteenth revoked the Edict of Nantes in 1658, and persecution began in all its cruelty.

One of the most disgraceful acts in the reign of Louis was the burning of the Palatinate, in order to distress the enemy for provisions. We have not touched upon it; in a work of this size, only selections can be made. Every reader of history can make himself familiar with this deed. "A monster," says an historian, "has been found to applaud the massacre of St. Bartholomew, but none ever to excuse the burning of the Palatinate." *

Had the Duke of Burgundy lived, we might have hoped, that his son, Louis the Fifteenth,

---

* Should this recapitulation be deemed unnecessary, it is easily passed over.

would have grown up under happy influences. But his death deprived the young monarch of an example rare on the Gallic throne; that of a man who understood the rights of the people, and who possessed a self-regenerating power, that triumphed over early evil propensities. What could be expected but corruption from the influences gathering round the young King? His great-grandfather's life must have been laid open to him, and he saw numberless deviations from morality therein recorded. "The courtiers," says an historian, "respected in Louis the Fourteenth what they knew it would be culpable to imitate." Like pagans, they worshipped their Jupiter, though a violator of all moral ties. By the revocation of the Edict of Nantes, he had assumed the right of destroying religious liberty, and of reigning over the consciences of his subjects. Yet this man was to become the model of the young King, and it was to be his great object to imitate his example. Bossuet, the eloquent pulpit orator, had never inculcated religious liberty. Père la Chaise had assured Louis the Fourteenth, that he might gain absolution for all his sins by reforming (another name for *persecuting*) the heretics. Chancellor Le Tellier had signed the edict which proscribed three millions of citizens, and triumphed in the act on the bed of death. Louvois, his son, without the pretence

of religious fanaticism, had urged the same persecution by fire and sword, and instigated unrelenting measures of cruelty towards the Huguenots, for the purpose of becoming, like Mars, the god of war.

It is not necessary to dwell on the disgraceful regency of the Duke of Orleans, where vice in its grossest forms reigned triumphant without the hypocrisy of disguise. It has previously been said, that the Protestants found a cessation of hostilities under the Regent. He undoubtedly had great dread of renewing the horrors which followed the revocation of the Edict of Nantes; and, upon discovering symptoms of reanimating hostility among the party, he actually thought of annulling the protests against them, permitting the fugitives to return to the kingdom, and granting them liberty of conscience. But to pursue so righteous a conduct required principle and resolution, not transient purposes, and we find no such favor for the Protestants.

The Duke of Orleans began by reforming the establishment, the buildings, and the equipage of Louis the Fourteenth. The young King, immediately after his great-grandfather's death, was conducted to Vincennes, and placed under the care of Le Maréchal de Villeroi, who, Duclos tells us, when the *fête* of St. Louis was celebrated at the Tuileries, and an immense multitude

was collected, led the monarch from one window to another, pointing to the populace; "Look, look, my King," he said, "all these people belong to you, they are your servants, and you are the master of them all!" Such were the early lessons that Louis received from his instructor.

The Duke of Bourbon succeeded the Duke of Orleans in the regency, and is usually called Monsieur le Duc. He was said to have been dissolute in his youth, but the sudden death of his father produced a great change in his character, and he became religious in the observance of Catholic rites, even to fanaticism. When promoted to the regency he believed himself announcing enlarged views by renewing the persecution of the Protestants. He issued a declaration fully in accordance with the severe decrees of Louis the Fourteenth. He prohibited all reformed physicians, surgeons, or apothecaries, from exercising their different professions. Afterwards, by the mediation of England and Holland, some modifications were made in favor of foreign Protestant merchants established in France, and particularly individuals of those nations whose privileges were founded upon treaties dangerous to infringe. Political expediency in these cases was often consulted. Sweden embraced the occasion to invite the French Huguenots to settle in that country. This invitation was too alluring to be

rejected, and once more foreign nations profited by the bigotry and intolerance of the French government. The new Regent, charmed with the easy compromise he now found himself able to make, between his former habits and present professions of religious zeal, issued several other laws, and among them one against paupers. The futility of such a law, which presents no resource for twenty-eight or thirty thousand beggars, (the number at which they were computed in Paris alone,) must strike every reflecting mind. Pauperism can only be prevented by cultivating industry, and allotting suitable employments and rewards to the destitute.

During the regency of the Duke of Orleans, the marriage of the King with the Infanta of Spain had been decided on, and the young Princess had been brought to France, and received with due honors. But she was too young for the marriage to take place. Monsieur the Duke perceived, that his power depended on the life of the King, who was but fifteen, and his future bride but eight. If Louis died without heirs, the crown would pass to the King of Spain, or, at best, to the Orleans branch, which would cut off himself, being of the Bourbon line, from all authority. This consideration took full possession of his mind, and he resolved, that the Infanta should be sent back to Spain, and a more

favorable alliance for his regency formed. The next step was to select a queen, safe for the hereditary line, having no pretensions of her own. Maria Leczinski was finally chosen. She was the daughter of Stanislaus, the former King of Poland. His history is an extraordinary one.

He was the son of a Polish nobleman, and, at the age of twenty-seven, was sent Ambassador, in 1704, by the Assembly of Warsaw, to the Court of Sweden. Charles the Twelfth of Sweden, who had conquered Poland, was so much charmed with the frankness and sincerity of his deportment, and so much captivated by the peculiar sweetness of his countenance and disposition, that he finally offered him the crown of Poland, and Stanislaus was acknowledged as its King. He was afterwards compelled to retire, Charles being defeated by Peter the Great in 1709. Stanislaus took refuge in Alsace, where he was protected by the Regent, the Duke of Orleans. Augustus, who had now ascended the throne, complained to the Regent, and even sent an envoy to demand the surrender of Stanislaus. "Tell your King," said Orleans, "that France has always been the asylum of unfortunate princes." Stanislaus lived contented in this comparatively obscure situation, devoting himself to science and philosophy, and deeply engaged in the education of his daughter. On a certain day he summoned

her to his presence. "My child," said he, "we have found it easy to bear misfortune, it has not robbed us of our happiness; a new trial awaits us; we must learn to bear prosperity with equal fortitude." "O heavens!" she exclaimed, "you are then restored to the throne of Poland." "No, my child," he replied, "but you are chosen Queen of France!" Probably the idea had, before the application, never for a moment presented itself to his mind. His daughter had shared his exile and his wanderings; with filial duty she had remained constant by his side, though her beauty and gentleness had already attracted admirers. The Duke of Bourbon could not doubt that one raised from exile and distress to the throne of France would be wholly subservient to his will. Fleury, the confessor and instructor of the King, approved of the choice, and, in 1725, the marriage took place.

Upon the death of King Augustus, Stanislaus, invited by a large party, returned to Poland to ascend the throne; but a new competitor appeared in the young Elector of Saxony, and, being supported by the Empress of Russia, was chosen King, though in opposition to the majority. Once more Stanislaus was compelled to fly, and wandered in disguise, a price being set upon his head by the Russians. When peace was concluded between the Russians and French in 1736, it was agreed, that Stanislaus should resign all pretensions to the

throne, but still retain the empty title of King of Poland and Lithuania, and be put in peaceable possession of the duchies of Lorraine and Bar; but that, after his death, these duchies should be united to the crown of France. From this time he appears to have led a life conformed to his taste, and his subjects found the virtues of their ancient sovereigns revived in him. He made useful establishments, founded colleges, and built hospitals. Few men have left behind them more records of active benevolence.

In his youth he had accustomed himself to fatigue, and rejected those luxuries which often become habitual to men in high rank. He lay on a hard mattress, and usually waited on himself. He was extremely temperate, even to abstemiousness, self-denying, gentle, affable, and compassionate. Though literary in his tastes, he never suffered books to interfere with active duties. Notwithstanding the smallness of his revenues, he was one of the wealthiest potentates of Europe, for he required but little for himself. He deposited sums of money, sometimes to the amount of eighteen thousand crowns, with the magistrates to purchase grain when at a low price, to be reserved for the poor, and sold at a moderate price, when it should become scarce.* We

* It is said this money is still increasing, and its good effects are still felt.

cannot but remember Louis, surrounded by specimens of grain, and the great men of his *glorious age*, studying, in the splendid halls of Versailles, how they could best and most effectually *deceive* the people into submission in a time of famine.

Stanislaus delighted to encourage the fine arts. A young painter once applied to him, and offered a picture, which the courtiers severely criticized. The prince selected the beauties of the performance, praised them, and purchased the picture, paying a generous price. "Do ye not see, Gentlemen," said he, turning to his courtiers, "that this poor man must provide for his family by his labors? If you discourage and dishearten him, he is undone."

He wrote several works of philosophy, politics, and morality, which were collected and published in France, under the title of "*Œuvres du Philosophe Bienfaisant.*" In one of them he draws the following picture of a philosopher, which has been said to resemble his own character.

"The true philosopher ought to be free from prejudices, and to know the value of reason; he ought neither to think the higher ranks of life of more value than they are, nor to treat the lower orders of mankind with greater contempt than they deserve; he ought to enjoy pleasures without being a slave to them, riches without being

attached to them, honors without pride or vanity; he ought to support disappointments (or want of popularity) without either fearing or courting them ; he ought to reckon what he possesses sufficient for him, and regard what he has not as unnecessary ; he ought to be equal in every fortune, always tranquil, always cheerful ; he ought to love order, and to observe it in all his actions ; he ought to be severe to himself, but indulgent to others ; he ought to be frank and ingenuous without rudeness, polite without falsehood, complaisant without baseness ; he ought to have the courage to disregard every kind of glory, and to reckon as nothing philosophy itself."

With an ardor in the pursuit of good which sometimes disturbs the philosophy of the best regulated minds, he was accustomed to read and write till a late hour. Often, when fatigued, he took his pipe and indulged in the tranquil pleasure, with which many probably can sympathize, of smoking and thinking.

In his life of wandering and privation he had relinquished the artificial forms of society, and, instead of wearing a *robe-de-chambre*, when he undressed for the night, used a woollen riding-coat for his *dishabille*. His daughter Maria, after she became Queen of France, made him a visit at Luneville. As she was often the companion of his late hours, she found fault with his

uncomely riding-coat, and insisted on sending him one of the embroidered silk *robes-de-chambre* used at the court. Stanislaus consented, saying good-humoredly, he would wear it for her *dear sake*. Never was there an affection more perfect than that which existed between the father and daughter. They parted with promises of soon meeting, for Maria found in her father's wise counsels a solace for evils that it required wisdom to endure patiently. The embroidered *robe-de-chambre* was not forgotten ; it soon arrived, accompanied by tender expressions of filial love, and other little remembrances, that her present knowledge of luxury made it painful to her to think her father did not possess. From this time the woollen riding-coat was thrown aside, and the silk dressing-gown took its place.

It is melancholy to think, that the gift of a daughter's love should have proved her father's winding-sheet ! He was one evening alone in his cabinet, and it is supposed, that, in lighting his pipe, the silk dress, filled with down, took fire. The efforts he made to extinguish it awoke an ancient attendant, who had been with him while king of Poland. He rushed into the room and injured himself in his endeavours to extinguish the fire which now enveloped his master. Stanislaus lingered a short time after the sad accident, which occasioned his death. When on his death-

bed, he was asked by one of his courtiers for directions for the funeral obsequies. He replied, with a smile, "You may do as you please with what you can keep with you; God will take care of the better part."

"His death," says Grimm, "was an irreparable loss for Lorraine, and nothing could be more touching, than the grief and mourning diffused among the inhabitants of Nancy and Luneville. During the administration of the last sacraments, the streets were thronged, and groans and cries resounded from every part. When the people were informed that he was no more, they insisted on seeing him, and the doors of the *château* were thrown open. All pressed round the lifeless body, some kneeling in silent prayer, others uttering lamentations, and others bedewing with tears what he had termed his 'worthless dust.' But is that dust worthless, that calls forth the holiest sympathies of our nature, that connects our memories with the undying soul which once animated it?" The hearse of Louis the Fourteenth, when borne through the streets of Paris, was constantly met by insults and the grossest expressions of joy. How many funeral orations were pronounced in his memory, — how much panegyric lavished! Yet who would exchange the tribute offered to Stanislaus by the poorest, as well as the richest, of his subjects?

He was born at Leopold, in 1677, and died at Luneville, in 1766.

Of Maria Leczinski, Queen of France, we hear but little, though we can hardly doubt, but that she was far happier as the daughter of Stanislaus, than as the wife of Louis the Fifteenth. The early part of her wedded life seems to have passed without any open violation of decency on his part. Probably Cardinal Fleury long preserved an influence over his mind. Even after he formed connexions disgraceful to him, he seems to have fully acknowledged the excellences of his wife, and, when he was taken ill at Metz, sent for her, and dismissed the Duchess de Châteauroux, who had accompanied him to the field of war.

The Queen hastened to him, and found him dangerously ill. He entreated her forgiveness, and prayed that his life might be prolonged to prove his penitence. His remorse deeply affected not only her, but his subjects. The nation seemed to have but one prayer ; it was for the recovery of their sovereign, "their *bien-aimé*." "What have I done, to be so beloved ?" said Louis to the Queen.

The pacific policy of the minister, Fleury, had produced tranquillity to the French nation. He had abolished the imposts, that made his predecessor unpopular. He brought the coinage to a just standard, and on the subjects of finance the

Parliament had no cause to complain. One thing, however, was required of him by the Pope ; and this was the condemnation of Jansenism, and the support of the bull, or constitution, *Unigenitus*.

The principle of Jansenism was, to free the consciences of men from the arbitrary will of their spiritual confessors. Luther had first shaken off the authority of Rome, and produced a reformation that had convulsed Christendom. Calvin had succeeded him, and, as we have seen, shook the throne of France. But now the spirit of reformation seemed quenched. Calvinism had long been stigmatized as rebellion, and the high-born viewed it with disgust. Still, however, there was a feeling of indignation at the usurpations of the Holy See. Jansenism was reformation in a milder form ; so mild, that, had it not been persecuted, it would probably have died a natural death, or merely have been the subject of theological disputation. But the Jesuits set themselves violently in opposition to its doctrines. They procured a decree from Louis the Fourteenth, ordering the Abbey of Port Royal des Champs to be destroyed. This was the retreat of Pascal, of Arnauld, and the Jansenists ; of men whose piety and virtue had made them objects of reverence ; and, when the building was

razed to the ground, a general sentiment of indignation prevailed. As we have frequently had occasion to speak of the Jesuits, it may not be amiss to give a short account of their order, in opposition to the Jansenists.

CHAPTER XXXV.

THE JESUITS. — THE REIGN OF LOUIS THE FIFTEENTH.

The society of Jesuits, founded by Ignatius Loyola about 1539, was called by him, "The Society of Jesus." The members were bound not only to the usual vows of poverty, chastity, and obedience to their superiors, but to go without recompense whithersoever the Pope should send them as missionaries, devoting all their powers to the service of the church. Paul the Third issued a special bull in 1540, establishing the society. The Pope granted to them privileges such as no other body of men ever possessed, and gave to them a spiritual power almost equal to his own. They were dispersed among all classes of society. Though subordinate to their own constitution, all were bound to obey the head, (even in opposition to their private convictions,) who held his office for life, and resided in Rome. There is no doubt but the Jesuits formed the most effectual barrier to the progress of the Reformation, or Protestantism. The Franciscan order of monks began to be considered coarse

and vulgar, the Dominican rigid and gloomy, but, in the sixteenth century, the Jesuits were a learned, polished, and cheerful order. They were accommodating in their manners, and adopted a spirit of worldly policy, that has made the name of Jesuit proverbial. So great was their reputation for learning, that pupils were sent to their academies, even from Protestant countries. A number of women in Italy and on the Lower Rhine formed a plan of creating an order on the same principles, and calling themselves *Jesuitines;* but this the arbitrary brothers would not permit, and compelled them to relinquish their design. In England and the Protestant states of the North they could gain no footing. At length the Catholic clergy, statesmen, and jurists began to perceive, that the society was doing injury throughout Christendom. They intrigued in politics and government, and the University of Paris declared the order to be useless. They, however, contrived to gain a footing in France, and, protected and encouraged by the Guises, were highly instrumental in depriving the French Protestants of their rights. It will be recollected, that they were banished from France in 1594, on account of the attempt by John Chastel on the life of Henry the Third, and were afterwards recalled by Henry the Fourth as instructors of youth. Though important at a later period to

the German empire, by becoming the confidential advisers of Ferdinand the Second and the Third, a storm burst over them from France and the Netherlands. The ancient hostility of the University of Paris revived against them, and united with the Jansenists to crush them. The pen of Pascal, who belonged to the Jansenists, was employed, and his "Provincial Letters," exposing the mischievous doctrines and practices of the Jesuits, written with a wit and argument that bore all before them, were read throughout Europe in 1666. Louis the Fourteenth began to interfere, on the ground that the Jansenists opposed the infallibility of the Pope. Their object was to circulate a higher degree of religious knowledge, to free theology from its chains, and to promote the reading of the Scriptures among the people.

Port Royal des Champs, a Cistercian convent, founded in 1233, not far from Versailles and about six leagues from Paris, warmly espoused their cause. In 1626, Angelica, the sister of Antony Arnauld, the zealous supporter of Jansenism, became Abbess of the order. She was a woman distinguished for her piety, intelligence, and personal advantages, and founded a convent in the suburb of St. Jaques at Paris, called *Port Royal de Paris*. Anne of Bourbon, Duchess de Longueville, became their patroness. Boileau

was their friend, and Racine their pupil ; the latter wrote a history of Port Royal.

This society presented a union of great talents, virtue, piety, and learning. Penitents of all conditions made pilgrimages to it, and the fame of its sanctity spread over the Catholic world. When the successor of Innocent the Ninth, Alexander the Seventh, issued the bull against the Jansenist doctrines, the nuns refused to subscribe to it. The noble Angelica endured persecution and insult with the undying spirit of a Christian. In the beginning of the eighteenth century, their adherence to the Jansenist doctrines resulted in the suppression of the order, and the complete destruction of the Abbey Port Royal by the Paris police in 1709. Its ruins are still visited by devout Catholics, and Gregoire has perpetuated its memory in his work entitled, "*Les Ruines de Port Royal.*"

To return to the Jesuits. The confessors of Louis the Fourteenth, La Chaise and Le Tellier, procured bulls from Alexander the Seventh against Jansenism, and its ruin, as an order, was completed by the constitution *Unigenitus ;* yet the world was no longer enslaved by the pretensions of the Jesuits. The history of this once powerful order can easily be traced out ; we enter into it no further than is applicable to our history. In 1773, the voice of public opinion throughout

Christendom compelled Clement the Fourteenth to publish his famous bull, "*Dominus ac Redemptor noster*" of July 21st, by which "*The Society of Jesus*" was totally abolished.

The ex-Jesuits, however, though deprived of their offices by the decrees of abolition, could not be annihilated. They were still thought to maintain a constant, though secret, union under superiors, and, in the year 1780, were supposed to be deeply engaged in the schemes of the Illuminati, and were charged with a plot to exterminate Protestantism.

They have made attempts to restore their order, and, in individual instances, ought to have lived down the violent prejudices conceived against them as men. The very term, as before observed, gives the idea of insidious intrigue. Pius the Seventh, in 1814, proposed restoring the order. Colleges have been granted them in Rome, and, in 1815, a college at Modena.

We return to Louis the Fifteenth. Though he had not discovered any noble propensities of character in his youth, yet, for several years after his marriage, he seems to have led a domestic life, and been attached to his queen. He was observant of religious ceremonies, and innocent in his recreations and amusements. He had a small circle of young courtiers, whom he invited to his *petits soupers*, and seemed desirous of escaping

from the dullness of excessive grandeur. At this period there was a promise of something better than his after life exhibited. He preserved a dignity of deportment, that repressed improper familiarity. Once, when his boyish companions endeavoured to turn his minister Fleury into ridicule, the King left the apartment, and was only appeased by the most humble concessions.

It has been asserted, that the coldness of the Queen first alienated the monarch ; but it is much more probable, that his obvious and increasing degeneracy produced that coldness. It has been also said, that her excessive religious feeling operated unfavorably upon his character. But these causes were suggested by a dissolute court. We know little of the private history of kings and queens. To the eye of the world, Maria Leczinsky seems to have given no ground for such reproaches. In the care of her family she found occupation and solace, and preserved the calm and equal temper, that seems to have been an inheritance from her father. We find that when Louis, in his temporary seasons of remorse, and during his dangerous illness at Metz, promised reformation, she listened with hope and indulgence. Her conduct through life was that of a woman who had not trusted her happiness to an earthly dependence. She devoted herself to the education of her children with as much zeal and activity as the

lowest subject in her kingdom. Louis conducted himself towards her with the outward respect that her virtues demanded ; and, if her life was one of trial, she never seems, by complaint, to have drawn upon the often contemptuous sympathy and compassion of the dissolute or unfeeling.

During the reign of Louis the Fifteenth, we behold a new aspect of things. A different race of men had sprung up, such men as Voltaire, Rousseau, Diderot, and D'Alembert. They brought with them a mass of intellect, that must find subjects for investigation ; and what were these subjects ? A King who degraded royalty, nobles treading on the lower classes, a priesthood striving for secular power and disgracing itself by its ambition and venality.

Instances of ecclesiastical persecution were prominent in the minds of men. The torture and death of the innocent Calas,* unjustly accused

* The history of this unfortunate man is too well known to need any minute details. He was a native of Languedoc, and born in 1698. Having been educated in the Protestant religion, he scrupulously refused to make any surrender of his principles. This drew upon him the indignation of bigoted Catholics. His standing in society was highly respectable as a wealthy merchant. His family consisted of his wife, three sons, and three daughters. They had all lived together in the utmost love and harmony, and were, like their parents, educated as Protestants. It

of the murder of his son, the execution of La Barre for pretended sacrilege, and a thousand

---

appears, however, that, as the children attained the age of maturity, they had been suffered to exercise the right of religious opinion, as two of the sons were supposed to lean to the Catholic religion.

Marc Antoine, the eldest, had discovered symptoms of melancholy for some time, and, on one fatal morning, he was found strangled in his father's house. We may picture to ourselves the distress of the family ; but what could equal their horror, when they learned, that the aged father, then on the borders of seventy, was accused of murdering him, because he had become a Catholic ?

He was tried, broken on the wheel, and executed. He suffered with heroic fortitude. The youngest son, who was a Protestant, was banished from the kingdom ; the mother and the daughters were acquitted, but their estate was confiscated. They repaired to Geneva. Voltaire, who resided at Ferney, became deeply engaged in the case ; he satisfied himself, that Calas had been unjustly accused and barbarously executed. He wrote vigorously on the subject, and demanded the attention of the public to the horrible deed. The case became universally known ; foreign princes, outraged by a judgment so monstrous, sent aid to the unfortunate family. Catharine of Russia was earnest that a revision of the trial should be demanded, and sent them ample succour. Then, indeed, a new sight was beheld ; the heart-broken mother, followed by her son and two daughters, traversed the kingdom to throw themselves at the feet of Louis the Fifteenth, and demand *justice*. They came as *Protestants*, to demand justice of *Catholics !*

Fifty judges once more examined the circumstances

every-day instances of private despotism all passed in review. A change was necessary, was inevitable. A new era had arisen. Even the weak monarch began to perceive, that royalty was on the decay; "but it will last as long as I do," was his consolatory reflection. The doctrines of reform had been tried by the Huguenots in vain. New armies appeared, a new leader was found, and all clustered round the standard of INFIDELITY. Then appeared hosts of philosophers, and religion itself became the object of attack. It is not wonderful, that this violent reaction was produced. The nation burst from its swaddling bands and sprung into action. A new

---

with the utmost scrutiny, and declared Calas altogether innocent!

What now availed to them the restitution of their property, by the commands of the King? or what the sympathy and notice of people in the highest ranks of society, who strove to outdo each other in acts of kindness to the mourning family? The horrible deed could not be recalled, the ministers of torture and death had completed their work, and the guiltless and aged man had been condemned as a malefactor. Yet one restitution was precious to them; his fair fame was restored, and his untarnished virtue proclaimed to the world. We of another age see important results flowing from this event. A publicity had been given to it, which aroused the energies of many minds; the warm and animated appeals of indignant humanity could never, from that time, be stifled.

intellectual developement took place. Every man felt, that he had a right *to think;* and those, who had no materials for thought, found it easy to pull down the old fabrics, overgrown with ivy and nightshade ; but they could not rebuild, and this work remained for the new philosophers.

It is easy to look back and prophesy the tendency of the nation to revolution, but no human imagination could picture the horrors which afterward took place. At this period it might be considered a revolution of thought, which spread through all classes, united with an immoderate pursuit of pleasure, a total separation of reason from morality, and a selfish thirst of gain, that destroyed the holy influences of human sympathy. The power which Madame de Pompadour obtained over Louis, at the time the Dauphin was married to a Spanish princess, hastened the destiny of the nation. Her association with the philosophers of the day, united to talent and personal graces, won their favor.

As Marchioness de Pompadour, she became the patroness of learning and the arts, collected books, pictures, and statuary, and encouraged the military school. At length her ambition took a bolder flight ; she turned her attention to state affairs, filled the most important offices with her favorites, and was said to have involved France in the war against Frederic the Second. Her

reply to one of the courtiers, who complimented her on the power which her charms still maintained over the King, was not that of a weak woman. "You are mistaken," said she, "I bind him by the chains of habit." In her boudoir were held the councils of state, and the ministers were creatures of her own appointment. Louis, though present, scarcely spoke, and, it is said, he sometimes took refuge from her arbitrary power in the apartment of the Queen, to whom he still turned in moments of remorse or suffering. But how could the servile slave of Pompadour, or the dissolute Sultan of Parc-au-cerfs, find solace in this pure atmosphere? Far more congenial to him that which Dante describes, as pervading the second circle of the infernal regions,

"La bufera infernal che mai non resta." *

The Marchioness had a mind capable of comprehending the movements of the day. Voltaire celebrated her wit and beauty, and paid court to her; Montesquieu presented her with his *Esprit des Lois;* Diderot solicited her aid when his *Encyclopédie* was prohibited; and she extended her patronage to Quesnay, who founded the sect of Political Economists.

It was during this state of things, that the

* "The infernal tornado which is never still."

Archbishop, Christophe de Beaumont, directed his religious zeal against Jansenism, and endeavoured to revive the bull *Unigenitus*. No one, who did not subscribe to it, was to receive Christian burial. The Parliament declared, that this bull was no article of faith, and a violent quarrel arose between the clergy and Parliament.

Madame de Pompadour gives a picture of the times ; — " The King is weary, like every one else ; the quarrels of Parliament and the clergy torment him. . . . . I think this priesthood, for the most part, to be composed of vain, ambitious men, bad subjects of the King, and worse servants of God. But their credit is unfortunately so great, that we must respect them. The King feels that the Parliament is supporting the rights of the crown against the clergy ; nevertheless, he is compelled to punish his friends, and caress his enemies."

In 1754, the Dauphiness was confined with her second son. This child was afterwards Louis the Sixteenth !

The works of the new philosophy began to illuminate France, the intellect of the middle classes to bud and blossom, while the social edifice was falling to decay. The treasury was drained, and the finances exhausted, without even an account of expenditures. In the midst of this confusion war was declared, and the peace purchased at

Aix-la-Chapelle. In North America contests arose ; the French possessed Canada and Louisiana ; the first commanding the mouth of the St. Lawrence, the other that of the Mississippi. The limits betwixt Canada and Nova Scotia were disputed. Braddock attacked Fort du Quesne, on the Ohio, but was defeated by the French, who had enlisted the Indians on their side. When this news reached France, Madame de Pompadour expressed her delight at the alliance with the Indians. " Not," she said, " that I actually approve of their eating the dead, but they have served *us*, and we must not quarrel with these honest people for such trifles."

The society of France, at this period, may be compared to one of our noble monarchs of the North American forest, singled out for destruction. While the fire is laid at the root and rapidly ascends within, while the flames are blazing from its summit, the foliage is fresh and green below, yet the work of destruction is silently going on, and must go on, till its ruin is completed. Madame de Pompadour strove to atone for her profusion by establishing manufactories, erecting public buildings, and encouraging the arts ; but this only served to exhaust the treasury more, and cause additional taxes.

The dignified and manly conduct of the Dauphin, son of Louis, and the virtues of his wife,

the Dauphiness, do not seem to have created any shame or self-reproach in the bosom of the King. The public no longer restrained their indignation; their contempt was demonstrated by songs and caricatures.

In 1757, as Louis was proceeding to his carriage from the palace of Versailles, a man stabbed him in the side with a penknife. His name was Damiens; the wound was slight, but his confessions, incoherent as they were, served to implicate others in the crime. The Jansenists were accused, and the whole court was filled with suspicion and animosity. In 1764, Madame de Pompadour died, at the age of forty-four years. Even the chains of habit, of which she boasted, seem to have been easily loosened, for the King discovered little regret for her death. In 1765, the death of the Dauphin took place, and the Dauphiness did not long survive him. This was a heavy blow to the Queen; she lingered through three melancholy years, and at last found a refuge in the grave. When her death took place, Louis was seized with paroxysms of grief and remorse. He remembered her virtues and his own unworthiness, and many were sanguine enough to believe, that his reformation would follow. A short time showed the fallacy of this judgment. Maria had borne to Louis two sons and eight daughters. At the period of her death, only four of her chil-

dren were living, Adelaide, Victoire, Sophie, and Louise. In the Memoirs of Madame Campan, we find an amusing account of their domestic life. "These daughters," says Madame Campan, "had, in their august mother, Maria Leckzinski, the noblest model of every social and pious virtue; by her eminent qualities, her modesty and dignity, this princess threw a veil over those vices, which unhappily were too obvious in the King; and her noble and imposing aspect secured to him the respect due to power."

The work of Madame Campan is so well known, both in the original and in translation, that it is unnecessary to quote from it; but the neglected state of the princesses, the little interest their father took in their society, and the total absence of mutual confidence and affection, is so well illustrated in the following description, that we give it for those who may not chance to recollect it.

"Louis the Fifteenth saw but little of his family; he descended every morning by a private staircase, to the apartment of Madame Adelaide; sometimes he took coffee there. Adelaide rang a bell that informed Victoire of the visit of the King. Victoire rang one for Sophie and hastened to her sister's apartment. Sophie in her turn rang for Louise. The apartments of the princesses were distant, and that of Louise the

most remote. This poor princess was very small and unfortunate in her figure ; to be in season to meet her father, she was obliged to run with all her might through a number of rooms, and, notwithstanding her efforts, often arrived only in time to embrace him, before he departed for the chase.

" In the evening at six o'clock, Mesdames," says Madame du Campan, " interrupted our reading to make their visit to the King, which was a visit of etiquette. The princesses each put on an enormous hoop, over it a petticoat embroidered with gold ; then they tied round their waists a long train, and concealed the rest of their undress by a large black mantle which enveloped them to the chin. The gentlemen and maids of honor, the pages, the ushers, and the attendants, carrying large flambeaux, accompanied them. In a moment the palace, usually so still and solitary, was in a bustle. The King kissed each of the princesses on the forehead, and the visit was so short, that the reading was only interrupted a quarter of an hour."

" Mesdames," says Madame Campan, " when they entered their apartment, untied the strings of their petticoats and trains, resumed their embroidery, and I, my book."

We may easily believe, that but little filial affection could grow out of this intercourse. In-

deed, the hard-working peasantry of France had not much to envy in the situation of these unfortunate princesses. They were fond of walking, but they were only allowed to walk in the public gardens of Versailles; they were fond of flowers, but they could only cultivate them in flower-pots at their windows. As long as their brother, the Dauphin, lived, they found a true friend in him, but only the memory of his and their mother's august example now remained to them. It is not wonderful, that Louise at last took refuge in the convent of the Carmelites, and that Victoire came to the conclusion, that the moralists were right, when they said, that "happiness never inhabited palaces." Modern examples, however, we trust, prove, and will continue to prove, that these sweeping maxims only apply to particular cases; that the palaces of France and England are inhabited by sovereigns, who are familiar with, and delight in, the active duties, the enlarged sympathies, and the domestic pleasures of life. He who once trod our shores a youthful exile, with undaunted hope and courage, creating in our land the warmest sympathy, has realized the fair promise of his youth, and, as monarch of his native land, is still claimed as the friend of Americans.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

DEATH OF LOUIS THE FIFTEENTH, "*LE BIEN-AIMÉ.*"

It must not be supposed, that the Huguenots were forgotten, or their rights blended with those of the Catholics, during this reign. Though Louis the Fourteenth and his court had come to the decision, that there were no Protestants in France, yet still new laws were made against them, and new penalties constantly exacted, sufficiently proving, that this assertion was not believed.

The Regent, (Duke of Orleans,) whose dissipated life throws into obscurity the natural goodness of his heart and the real benevolence of his disposition, rejected all the instigations of Spain to renew the persecution, and, under his regency, the Huguenots found a temporary calm. At his death we have seen, that the Duke of Bourbon, in the name of Louis the Fifteenth, published an edict in 1724, containing the interdiction of even private worship, authorizing the taking their children from Protestant parents, awarding the punishment of death to the reformed preachers, and the

confiscation of their property to the *relapsed*, or, in other words, those who died without receiving the Catholic sacraments. Such an edict equalled, if it did not surpass, those which had been issued before. Cardinal Fleury, however, demonstrated a better temper; his mind, imbued with the spirit of Christianity, cultivated peace and good-will to all men. The nation, and even subsequent historians, attribute his conciliatory measures to indolence and timidity. We, of another age, ought to judge him differently. He proposed, that the Protestants should be placed under the civil protection of the government, that there might be no pretence for persecution. He wished two sorts of marriages to be authorized; the sacraments for the Catholics, and a simple benediction for the Protestants. In the midst of these benevolent plans, the minister died, and the zeal of persecution flourished, particularly in the provinces. During the reign of Louis the Fifteenth, three thousand persons were arrested, lawyers, physicians, artists, citizens, private gentlemen, and cultivators of the land, who, after a long captivity, only purchased their freedom by large sums. Persons were condemned to banishment, to stripes, to the galleys, and to death.

An instance is recorded of the execution of two young men, the elder only twenty-two years of age, for having endeavoured to rescue an

aged minister from the fangs of a ferocious multitude. Those who read the statements of Rulhières will perceive, that there was no amelioration in the treatment of the Huguenots during the reign of Louis the Fifteenth, after the death of Fleury. "At every step I take," said he, "in this long career of extravagant crimes, I feel how much reason Voltaire had to say, 'My pen falls from my hand, when I see how man can conduct to man.'"

One circumstance, however, marks the universal progress of intellect, which distinguishes this age. The ferocity of the law and the judges existed, after the feelings of the military, and even the lower classes, were ameliorated. The officers commissioned to execute the barbarous laws lingered in their march, to give the unhappy victims time to escape, and even sent them intimations, which enabled them to save themselves. All children born of Protestant parents, being by the laws declared illegitimate, were often in successive generations despoiled of their inheritance by a worthless informer. "I never shall forget," says M. de Malesherbes, "an instance, in which, one of these informers, who had gained a process, going to thank the judge, he replied, that it was well to decide according to the law, but that he rejected his gratitude with horror." There were even instances, in which the court preferred seeing their decisions set aside, to the humiliation

of having them confirmed, obeying morality in disobeying the law.

In 1744, a synod of Protestants was convened at Nismes, to regulate meetings for worship. Denied baptism and burial, with marriage ceremonies, they determined to hold their services in the open air. These were called, "assemblées du desert." To avoid giving suspicion to the government, they went to these meetings wholly unarmed; and, under the canopy of heaven, the new-born babe was baptized, the burial rites were performed, and the union of affection was sanctified by religion. Yet the *marriages of the desert*, as they were called, were afterwards termed *concubinage*, and the hereditary estates of their posterity were forfeited.

In the latter part of Louis the Fifteenth's reign, we hear less of the persecution of the Huguenots. To the indolent and disgraceful life of the King, and the constant disputes of the crown and Parliament, they were indebted for a species of *tolerance*, — a word almost as hateful, and quite as arbitrary, as persecution. Though the internal affairs of the court greatly occupied the King and his chosen friends, yet the constant opposition he received from the Parliament roused him at times to some degree of energy. The Parliament had a right to deny their sanction to the King's edicts, and consequently to the taxes. They had, also,

taken part with the Jansenists, and were opposed to the Jesuits. Their opposition, therefore, was stimulated by powerful motives. It was not, however, till the affair of the Duke d'Aguillon, the profligate foreign minister, that matters between the King and Parliament came to extremities.

In 1770, the Dauphin, (Louis the Sixteenth,) grandson of Louis the Fifteenth, was married to Marie Antoinette, daughter of Theresa, Queen of Austria. This event gave rise to new domestic cabals in the court. Her arrival in Paris was anxiously expected, and the courtiers were eager to discover, what degree of influence she would gain over the mind of the King. The first *fête* given to celebrate the nuptials at Versailles was a ball, at which Maria Theresa had requested that Mademoiselle de Lorraine, who was in the suite of the Dauphiness, should be permitted to dance. Louis consented ; but this favor excited the ill-will of the Court, as she was not a princess, and the ladies refused to appear ; and poor Mademoiselle, a descendant of the house of Lorraine, when the evening came, found herself in the ball-room with only two other ladies. The King sent a message to several of the nobility to appear, or take the consequences of his displeasure. The majority still refused ; but the young lady was permitted to dance among the royal group

that assembled.* We can scarcely imagine any thing more illustrative, than this affair, of the petty quarrels and animosities of the French Court at that period. It was to society like this, that the Dauphin was to introduce his young bride. It is not strange, that he discovered but little sympathy with those around him, and drew upon himself the imputation of coldness and *hauteur*. The domestic details of their establishment are given by Madame Campan.

Previously to these events, the Duchess de Grammont, sister to the Duke de Choiseuil, had been dismissed by the King from the court ; a symptom of the declining power of the minister. The attacks, which the Duke d'Aguillon had suffered from the Parliament, and its finally refusing, notwithstanding the will of the King, to exculpate him, first induced Louis to banish the Parliament from Paris, and finally to abolish it. The Duke de Choiseuil was dismissed. The indignation of the Court, at the expulsion of Choiseuil, was openly demonstrated. His retreat resembled a triumphal departure, crowds attended him to his residence, and, while the apartments of Louis at Versailles contained only the *reigning favorite*, Madame du Barri, with Chancellor Maupeou,

* In the first volume of Grimm, second part, an amusing account is given of *le bal paré*.

D'Aguillon, and men like them, the exiled minister received almost royal honors. It must not be supposed these details are trifling; they are symptoms of a change of constitution, which was already taking place in the moral world.

A *fête* was given, intended to celebrate the marriage of the Dauphin, but it was badly contrived. The place selected for the celebration was ill chosen, and no doubt was partly the cause of the disastrous termination. Though the weather was remarkably fine, the fire-works did not succeed; but, by some mal-construction, fire was communicated to the wood-work, and an alarming conflagration took place. It may easily be conjectured how fatal the consequences must be among such a multitude. People were trampled under foot by horses, and involuntarily crushed each other; the air resounded with groans and cries. The night which followed this tragical scene was employed in collecting the dead bodies and carrying them to a burial-place not far distant, where they might be recognised by friends and relatives. A newspaper of the day describes, in forcible and affecting language, this scene. The victims in their gala dresses, young girls ornamented with flowers, young men, who, the evening before, went gayly to the spot with the bloom of manhood on their cheeks, now cold and pallid, and scarcely to be recognised by their mangled bodies.

Madame la Dauphine, with her suite of ladies, arrived by the way of Versailles, just as the accident happened. On learning what had taken place, she immediately turned back, and two days after, she and the Dauphin sent a year's revenue for the relief of those, whom pecuniary assistance yet could aid.

Though a previous allusion has been made to the dissolution of the Parliament, it may not be amiss to enter more particularly into the matter. The King, in September, 1770, the year of the Dauphin's marriage, determined to hold a *bed of justice*, or, in other words, appear in person at the sitting of the Parliament, and protest against their proceedings. That he was stimulated to this step by the Duke d'Aguillon, Chancellor Maupeou, and Madame du Barri, there is the fullest evidence.

The place of meeting was in the Queen's antechamber. A temporary flooring was laid, and on it erected a throne with the royal insignia, probably to give as much dignity as possible to the occasion. The benches were covered with cloth embroidered with the *fleur de lis*.

An assembly extraordinary was called, and every member of Parliament repaired with punctuality to the palace. Louis, after bowing to them, ordered his chancellor, Maupeou, to explain his intentions.

The chancellor immediately read a paper previously prepared, accusing them of many acts of disobedience, particularly of persisting in their accusations against the Duke d'Aguillon on account of his administration in Brittany, although his sovereign had pronounced his conduct irreproachable. He also demanded, that certain papers should be given up. The whole of the protestation discovered too much vigor to be the sole work of the monarch. The Parliament surrendered the papers and listened in silence. The meeting was dissolved without any open expression of dissatisfaction.

This silence did not last long. When the particulars of the meeting were made known, all France was in tumult. The clamor was great against D'Aguillon, Maupeou, and the King, while Choiseuil, who was yet minister, became even more popular than ever. In proportion as that popularity increased, he grew more hateful to the opposite party, and, on the 24th of December, 1770, a *lettre de cachet* was sent to him from the King, exiling him to his estate at Chanteloup, where he was to remain in solitude.

The Duke immediately set out for Chanteloup, and a file of carriages attended him actually blocking up the road. After all, the triumph belonged to the Duke, and the King was openly censured and satirized. Every day he received petitions

for leave to visit the Duke, and the universal interest expressed actually enraged the monarch. The minister had possessed great credit at court, founded on four powerful auxiliaries, namely, the Parliament, the philosophers, the *literati*, and the women.

The total annihilation of the Parliament of Paris, it was foreseen, would follow the dismissal of the minister. The King had been led to believe, that his own authority and that of the magistracy could not exist together, and he was resolved to drive things to their utmost extremity. Assisted by M. de Maupeou, he determined not only to destroy the old Parliament, but to form a new one.

The unity of purpose the old Parliament had displayed, and the resolution they had taken not to act under present circumstances, filled the royal party with indignation, and the King gave Chancellor Maupeou a *carte blanche* to rid him of this refractory set. All the members were immediately ordered to quit Paris, sick or well. The magistrates silently obeyed.

It was now necessary to create a new Parliament, and this, too, the chancellor easily effected. A man who stops at no sentiments of honor or principle, who consults only the expediency of the present moment, may go on at least with temporary success. A new Parliament was appoint-

ed, not by degrees, but a whole body of men became at once the States-general ; men, it was said, not only of low birth, but ignorant and unmannerly. To give these the show of respectability, the King determined to preside at the first sitting, though the Princes of the blood, and most of the Peers, refused to be there. The Parliaments of the provinces were equally refractory, and drew upon themselves the same degree of vengeance. They were all annihilated, and a subordinate magistracy installed, subservient to the monarch and his favorites. It is remarkable, that this violent step, so offensive to the nation, produced so few immediate consequences on either side. Henry the Eighth would have become an absolute monarch at such a crisis, and vested all laws in himself. Louis the Thirteenth would have been imprisoned in his own palace, and the people have taken the reins of government ; but at this time no violent convulsions took place on either side ; the age was not ripe for revolution, and even the days of the *Fronde* were not renewed ; yet the prediction in the reign of Madame de Pompadour was nearly fulfilled. "A time will come, Sire, when the people will be enlightened ; and that time is probably near."

A revolution of opinion, of literature, had already arrived. D'Aguillon, who was the successor of Choiseuil, was an unprincipled, reckless

man; the Chancellor de Maupeou, a parasite screening himself under the patronage of Louis and Madame du Barri. The age was deluged with new books and new opinions. What the "Télémaque" of Fenelon had begun, the assertion of the rights of man, during the reign of Louis the Fourteenth, and for which he had been exiled from Paris, Montesquieu and Voltaire had continued; then came a host of philosophers, Diderot, D'Alembert, Duclos, Condillac, Helvetius, Rousseau, and others with less talent, who found their own level. The effect the *Encyclopédie* produced is well known, and also the efforts which were made to suppress it.

What Grimm calls *le bras spirituel* and *le bras séculier*, meaning the clergy and the Parliament, had in vain striven to check the torrent of books which threatened the destruction of religion. The Parliament had been defeated by the King, whose true policy would have been to conciliate them. Before the assembly of the clergy in 1770, a year most eventful in its consequences to France, the Pope wrote to Louis the Fifteenth, "the eldest son of the church, the Most Christian King, to entreat him, *par les entrailles de Jésus-Christ*," to preserve his kingdom from the pernicious inundation of heretical books. The clergy, at the instigation of his Holiness, presented at the foot of the throne a *mémoire* upon the melancholy

consequences of the freedom of the press. They also published, by permission of the King, notices upon the dangers of infidelity. Several infidel works were publicly burnt by the hands of the hangman, but such attempts only made the matter worse. The people began to *think;* to discover the oppression of the clergy and nobility; that "they forsooth were not to be taxed," while they were luxuriating on the hard-earned spoils of the lower classes; that, while thousands were perishing by famine, and the treasury not only drained, but prodigious debts incurred, the King and his favorites were scattering diamonds and pearls among their parasites. In the preceding reigns, from the commencement of our history, we have found it difficult to select a true and just monarch. Henry the Fourth, in this respect, stands alone; but we think the annals of France, or of scarcely any other country, present a monarch so totally debased as Louis the Fifteenth in his latter days. The faithful writer of his life, if such a one can be found, will sicken at his task, and the reader turn with loathing from the records. Miserable France! more respectable in its sanguinary robes, dyed with the blood of the revolution, than basely sleeping in the poisonous and corrupted air of the court, and cowardly looking on, while the innocence and honor of the nearest ties were severed at the pleasure of the despoiler!

Is it astonishing that every good and virtuous man rejoiced in the dawning symptoms of revolution? and that, even under the reign of Louis the Sixteenth, the world exulted at the enfranchisement of the nation? But the *world* was yet young in revolutions. America had successfully achieved the work, and now with blind enthusiasm encouraged her "great and noble ally" to go on. "*Ça ira*" resounded in the streets of every city of the New World, and it was not till the horrid tales of murder and *regicide* reached our shores, that we withdrew our sympathy.

We hear of the Viscount de Bombelles, in the Hussar regiment, attempting to annul his marriage with a Protestant lady, on the ground that all good Catholics were forbidden to intermarry with those of the reformed religion. A slight investigation brought before the public the dissipated character of the man and the wrongs of the wife. The public prints allude to the indignation excited on this occasion, which must lead us to suppose a great amelioration of feeling towards the Protestants. The Hussar was educated at the Military School; his comrades refused to associate with him, and, at length, he received a letter from the establishment prohibiting him from ever appearing there again. As he had a right, by the laws of France, to annul his marriage, contracted with a Protestant, we see

in this instance morality and justice pronouncing sentence upon the law.

It is said, that Louis the Fifteenth was applied to by the friends of justice, but refused to interfere, declaring the law must take its course, and that he "was not going to mingle in the broils of Catholics and Protestants; his successor might issue new edicts against the reformed; he loved his ease too well." Grimm mentions the affair among the scandalous circumstances of the year. The young officer, he says, married the lady, under the pretence of his being a Protestant, according to the reformed rites. She had a small, but independent fortune; he possessed nothing. After having lived with her several years, and spent her patrimony in dissipation, he married another lady at Paris, according to the Catholic forms, and declared the former connexion to be concubinage. "To the eternal shame of France," says the Baron de Grimm, "the legislature supported him in this act, which, in any other country, would have conducted him either to the galleys or the scaffold." The marriage was declared null by a decree of the new Parliament, who also dared, without any restitution, and against all natural rights, to order that her little son, a child of five years old, should be torn from her arms to be educated in a convent. Grimm adds, that "the abstraction of the son has not been put in

execution, because the mother will not voluntarily submit to it, and they are ashamed to employ violence against a victim already so ill-treated." The sequel of this affair ought not to be omitted. M. Vanrobais, a man of wealth and honorable character, a foreigner and Protestant, who had established manufactories of cloth in France, afterwards married Mademoiselle Camp, (the maiden name of Madame Bombelles,) securing to himself not only the free exercise of his religion, but even the liberty of having a chaplain and chapel.

Madame Vanrobais lived to thank Heaven for the separation of her's and her child's destiny from that of her infamous betrayer. Voltaire, who had done himself so much honor in the unhappy affair of the execution of Calas, seems to have been fearful of opposing the King, the Chancellor Maupeou, and the new Parliament, and of course drew upon himself the censure of the public, by vindicating the unrighteous law. He had by this time found it good policy to conciliate the favor of Madame du Barri by letters and verses, some of which the chroniclers of the time give us. But Louis was uniform in his dislike of Voltaire, and never could be prevailed on to patronize him.*

---

* Louis said, justly, religion (meaning the Catholic dignitaries) and royalty were linked together, and Voltaire was the enemy of both.

We should not have lingered so long over this reign, had it not been so intimately connected with the revolution of France. But we quit it, for the pageant is passing away. He who had sat upon his throne like Sardanapalus, a loathsome excrescence upon the face of humanity, is no longer to offend our sight. Dare we venture into the splendid apartment at Versailles, decorated with costly furniture, hung with damask and gold, where the monarch lies on the bed of death? His room is no longer thronged with courtiers, for his case has been pronounced desperate, and his disease *contagious!* The obsequious crowd are not there, they already throng the doors of the Dauphin. The Archbishop of Paris, M. de Beaumont, hastens to Versailles. He is earnest that the King shall be informed of his situation, and receive *extreme unction*. All oppose him, and he is obliged to yield. The honest physician at length breaks through the restrictions, and the King learns from him, that his case is desperate! What a terrible moment! His past life rises in review; he implores absolution, — the holy rites of the Catholic church, — they are refused while Madame du Barri remains at Versailles. We might almost pity him, that he is compelled to send away, perhaps, the only friend who is willing to watch over him to the last; for what woman's heart fails on such an occasion! The only friend?

No ; nature is true to her laws. Behind the silken drapery, which flows round the royal couch, is placed a group of mourners. Here, at least, there is no affectation of grief ; we see the bended knee, the uplifted eye, the falling tear ; we hear the half-suppressed sob, the whispered prayer. These are the princesses, the daughters of the King, from whom his heart has been so long estranged. They come not now in their brocaded dresses of silver and gold, to receive the hurried and formal evening salutation ; they come to witness the last moments of a dying father, — to risk a contagious disease from which hirelings shrink.

The spirit is passing, — how dreadful the conflict of mind and body ! —— It is over, and the scene closes in darkness and horror ! Thus ended the life of Louis the Fifteenth, who, thirty years before, when sick at Metz, had been surnamed *Le bien aimé !* What a moral his life contains ! The King is *judged* by his subjects !

The disorder of Louis the Fifteenth was the small-pox, and of so contagious a nature, that it communicated itself to many who did not enter his apartment. The princesses, his daughters, were seized with it, but recovered from the disease.

It is, perhaps, but just to quote here the Baron de Grimm's notice of the death of Louis the

Fifteenth, in his "*Correspondance Littéraire, Philosophique, et Critique*," which may be said to form the mirror of the times.

"On Tuesday, March the 10th, 1744, Louis the Fifteenth yielded his last sigh. He preserved through the course of his malady a remarkable presence of mind, and, in the most extreme suffering, exhibited a truly heroic patience and courage. Let the people, rarely unjust, but often precipitate in their judgments, and yet oftener exaggerated in their complaints, reproach him with the weakness of his last years; posterity, more just, will admire in him the essential virtues of a great prince, clemency and goodness. . . . . ." He concludes this attempt at a eulogy by saying that he merits the surname given him by the nation, *Le bien aimé*.

He then speaks of the mildness of his government, "so favorable to the progress of philosophy and letters." "To comprehend how dear his memory ought to be held, it is only to be recollected, that, under the beneficent shadow of his reign, flourished Montesquieu, Voltaire, Buffon, Rousseau, D'Alembert, Diderot, Crebillon," and other philosophers resembling them.

Those who read this attempt at eulogy in Grimm,* may discover how hard it was, "en

* Grimm, Vol. III., Part II.

pleurant la perte que la France vient de faire," to eulogize the monarch. It is customary to describe the funeral obsequies, when the head of a nation is borne to his last home. Where is the mourning procession, that ought to follow *Le bien aimé* ? What is the meaning of this coffin, borne so rapidly along ? Surely, these are not mourners who line the streets. The jest, the laugh, the ill-suppressed rejoicings, are these tokens of sorrow ? The roughest weep when a pet dog dies ; and are no tears shed for a monarch ? But let us hasten to St. Denis, the church of the kings. Here, at least, royalty will find itself at home. Here the descendants of Hugh Capet repose. It is midnight. We enter the vaults, dimly lighted ; the leaden coffin is borne along, hastily thrown into the cemetery, and the doors closed upon it. Such was the funeral pomp of *Le bien aimé.*

CHAPTER XXXVII.

LOUIS THE SIXTEENTH AND MARIE ANTOINETTE.

At this crisis we cannot omit the mention of the new Queen. Her alliance with the Dauphin had been formed by the Duke de Choiseul, now the disgraced minister. A new parliament, a new minister, had succeeded the old. The French had always entertained a jealousy and distrust of Austria, and the daughter of Maria Theresa had all these prejudices to encounter.

On her arrival she was received with an enthusiastic welcome. To the unfortunate public *fête*, with the disasters of the fire-works, we have alluded ; also to the *bal-paré*, which, trifling as was that circumstance, led the nobility to suspect that the house of Austria meant to assume undue influence in the court of France.

Marie Antoinette possessed a natural gayety of heart ; beautiful as Burke describes her, she was, of course, at once surrounded by flatterers and parasites.

The marriages of the two younger brothers of

Louis the Sixteenth took place, the Count de Provence and the Count d'Artois, to the daughters of the King of Sardinia. These two alliances were the occasion of many splendid *fêtes*, and the young Queen, who retained, in the midst of royalty, her love of social intercourse, proposed their dining together except on public days. Hitherto the strictest etiquette and form had been preserved at court. It was the object of Marie Antoinette to introduce variety in their amusements; music, *le ballet*, and theatrical performances became the recreations of the nobility. The King was merely a spectator, and often rather an unwilling one, only yielding to the urgent solicitations of his bride, who was the life and soul of the entertainment. Once when she had finished a song, upon the stage, in the midst of the applauses which resounded, a low hissing was heard. The royal actress could not mistake the source, and, playfully courtesying to the audience, but fixing her eye upon Louis, she said, "If any are discontented with the performances, their money shall be returned to them." New bursts of applause followed, in which the King heartily joined.* We can hardly imagine a more elegant and innocent life than the Queen seems at this period to have led. One of her great objects was

* Lettres Domestiques.

to perfect herself in the language of the nation, over which she was called to reign. For this purpose, the dramatic pieces selected were particularly designed. She took lessons in music and in drawing, and evidently sought to fill her leisure moments with employment.

Could she, at this period, have found faithful and judicious friends, how many more important pursuits might have mingled in her occupations, and differently shaped her future course! We find the Abbé de Vermond, who was commissioned by her mother, Maria Theresa, to be the guide and instructer of her youthful daughter (taken so early from her own watchful care), declining all serious instruction, because, forsooth, it was not to the taste of the young lady. In subjects of etiquette, though certainly as little to her taste, her instructers do not seem to have been deficient.

Versailles, where she resided, was thronged with spectators and admirers; but among them all she seems to have wanted *one true and judicious friend.*

"May God guide us and watch over us; we are too young to reign!" was the first exclamation made by Louis the Sixteenth and his Queen, when the death of the King was announced to them.

The enthusiasm of the French nation was

greatly excited by the new reign. The last part of the life of Louis the Fifteenth had inspired the utmost aversion to the monarch, even in a nation not remarkable for its morality. Cries of "*Vive le Roi! vive la Reine!*" lasted from morning to night.

The day that Louis the Sixteenth was proclaimed King, he wrote the following letter;

"Monsieur le Controleur Général, je vous prie de faire distribuer deux cent mille livres aux pauvres des paroisses de Paris, pour prier pour le Roi. Si vous trouvez que ce soit trop cher pour les besoins de l'Etat, vous le retiendrez sur ma pension et sur celle de Madame la Dauphine.

"[Signé] LOUIS AUGUSTE."

Grimm says, "All Paris were enchanted and softened even to tears. The people found in this letter a great resemblance to the style of Henry the Fourth. There was the same expression of a living piety, and a paternal attention to the wants of his subjects."

We have abundant proof that no virtues flourish and grow abstractedly; they are linked together in the human heart. When one is rooted out, others languish and die. Loyalty does not spring from momentary enthusiasm. Though Louis the Sixteenth was, at that moment, "*Le désiré*,"

there was but little consistent principle in the feelings of the nation.

The new Queen would have gladly appointed the Duke de Choiseul to his former office, but the King would not listen to the proposal, and M. de Maurepas was chosen. The Chancellor de Maupeou was exiled, and *leave of departure* granted to the Duke d'Aguillon.

The princesses, who had been hitherto almost wholly confined to their apartments at Versailles, were nobly established in the Chateau de Bellevue, with arrangements suitable to their birth and station; and the Queen, who respected them, paid them every mark of regard and attention. Such was the exterior of the court at the beginning of the reign of Louis the Sixteenth.

And what at this time was the state of the Huguenots?

As late as 1744, a minister, M. Desubas, was seized by a party of Dragonists, while peacefully performing the duties of his office. The news was no sooner spread, than a large number collected, chiefly consisting of old men, women, and children, who entreated with tears and supplications for the release of their pastor. Instead of listening to their petitions, they fired upon them, and thirty, whose names are given in the original account, were slaughtered, and many others were badly wounded.

When this massacre became known, the young men seized their arms and hastened to his rescue. The minister, hearing of this proceeding, wrote to them in these terms ; — " I beg you would retire ; the King's troops are numerous, and too much blood has been already spilt. I am perfectly resigned to the will of Heaven." Fortunately, a garrison was near ; and, when the higher officers heard the whole of the affair, they expressed their regret for what had happened, but said that such disorders were beyond their control, though they should do all in their power to prevent them. This alluded only to the massacre ; the pastor was still held in bondage.

In 1744, the national synod of the reformed churches assembled in the desert in lower Languedoc, and passed a number of resolutions. We insert the third article, as a specimen of the whole.

" A petition shall be presented to the King in the name of all the Protestants in the kingdom, in which, after renewing the assurances of our loyalty and obedience, and briefly relating our deplorable circumstances, we will most humbly beseech his Majesty to have compassion on us, and order some mitigation of our sufferings ; and then conclude with ardent and sincere wishes in favor of his sacred person and august family, and for the glory and prosperity of his reign."

The French court had strong apprehensions, in 1746, that the Protestants of Languedoc and other southern provinces would rise in arms. The following letter was written, in consequence, to the Intendant, by Paul Robaut, a Protestant minister, who was applied to, in order to know his sentiments on the subject.

" My Lord,

" When I devoted myself to the functions of a Protestant minister in this kingdom, I was not insensible of the danger to which I exposed myself; and accordingly looked upon myself as a victim marked for death. No human motives could induce me to take up such an employment; for, besides that there can be nothing more melancholy, in the opinion of the world, than the manner in which the ministers of the desert pass their time, life is the most valuable of all temporal enjoyments, and no advantages of this world can induce a rational being to make sacrifice of it. Being convinced, that the greatest service a man can do his neighbour is, to instruct him in the knowledge of his duty, and to engage him to the performance of it, I thought I should do the greatest good I was capable of, by devoting myself to the office of pastor. Ignorance is the death of the soul and the source of a multitude of crimes. The Protestants being debarred from the exer-

cise of their religion, believing that they cannot in conscience assist at the exercises of the Romish religion, and not being permitted to use books that are necessary for their instruction, I leave you, my Lord, to judge what would be their condition, if they were wholly destitute of teachers. They would be ignorant of the most essential duties of life, — they would fall into fanaticism, that fertile source of extravagance and disorder, or into indifference and a contempt of all religion. If menaces and severe usage should extort from them a profession of the national faith, it would only be the profession of hypocrites, who would inwardly detest their outward appearance. But could the government depend upon hypocrites and men without religion? Nay, what mischiefs might not be apprehended from them?

"Your Lordship is not insensible that the ministry of the pastor, in a great measure, obviates these evils and inconveniences. For my own part, I have labored chiefly with those committed to my care, after grounding them in the fundamental points of religion, to inculcate upon them the important duties of morality, and expressly the loyalty and obedience due to the King; and both in public and in private, in my sermons and in my prayers, I have showed my people how firmly I was persuaded of the indispensable necessity of this duty, and have taught them to practise

it by my own example ; convinced that I was not only contributing to their salvation, but to the good of the state.

" Let not your Lordship harbour any suspicion at this juncture, that my conduct will alter in the least, or falsify the former part of my life. It is through inclination, as well as duty, that I have exhorted the Protestants to be loyal and obedient to our august monarch, in which I will persevere, especially on this occasion ; and I doubt not but my colleagues will do the same.

" I only wait for the recovery of my health to put my hand to the work again. It is true that the Protestants have been great sufferers in various provinces of the kingdom, in their persons, their children, and their fortunes ; and this may be sufficient cause to fear that the exhortations of the pastors will not be altogether successful. But your Lordship must permit me to say, that no pains have been spared on our part to train them to submission, to patience, and a contempt of worldly enjoyments when they come in contact with duty ; that we have labored to convince them, that fidelity to the sovereign is a prime duty of our religion, and that none of us can excuse himself from the practice of it ; so that there is reason to hope they will not wholly shake it off. This I can affirm for truth, that if his Majesty would allow the Protestants the liberty of having

pastors, to celebrate their marriages, baptize their children, and perform the other ministerial offices of their religion, only in the desert, they would be ready to do all that men can do to demonstrate their gratitude and attachment to his person. Nay, I dare to say, that, were they to be employed in repelling the enemies of the state, they would fill the world with the fame of their exploits, and Louis would be no less charmed with their bravery, than Henry the Great was with that of their forefathers."

We should suppose that, after this period, a favorable change might have been wrought by letters so rational, so intelligent, and so manly, as this specimen. But such was not the case. The suffering and mortifications were continued to a much later date. There are innumerable proofs, much less striking, but scarcely less annoying, than the affair which we have before alluded to, of the marriage of Mademoiselle Camp. It may be difficult to ascertain the actual state of feeling at the time Louis the Sixteenth ascended the throne ; but a general view presents a melancholy perspective of the continued grievances of the Protestants, and the general state of France.

We behold the principles of a revolution sown, that attacked not merely the altars of the Catholic faith, but religion itself, in all its forms ; men who

not only said in their hearts, "there is no God," but wrote and published it; an exhausted treasury, an annual deficit of twenty-five millions of livres; a King that wanted a rational confidence in himself, and a Queen young, lovely, seeking for amusement and unskilled in the science of economy, regardless of etiquette, too openly discovering her aversions and partialities, and gradually gaining an ascendency over the mind of the King, that alarmed the political cabal.

All connected with her became a source of suspicion and reprehension; even the King's gift of little Trianon, where she amused herself by restoring the romances of Arcadia, and filling her apartments with shepherds and shepherdesses; herself, in her simple white dress, with her straw hat and blue ribbon, the loveliest of the group. Then came the severe winter of 1776, forcibly recalling to the mind of the Queen the sleighing pleasures of Vienna. Strange that this amusement could excite censure; and perhaps it might not, had it been quietly enjoyed. But on one fine sunny morning the Queen appeared, all radiant in beauty, in a *traîneau*, "shaped like a flower basket, over which genii extended their protecting wings; draperies of blue and gold lined the interior, and the whole was drawn by snow-white horses of matchless beauty; the harnesses were composed

of blue velvet, the buckles and appurtenances of which were made of pure gold."

Then followed the traîneau of the Count d'Artois, fashioned like a double shell, of rose color and silver, at the top of which was a majestic swan, that appeared borne along with outstretched wings, sailing on the wind. The music of the bells, the glancing splendor of the harness and housings, the superb bearing of the noble horses, rendered the sight a beautiful one.

The Parisians saw in this the Queen's predilection for the amusements of Austria; but, above all, they perceived, what indeed was obvious, that this splendid equipment must cost the nation money, and at this very moment thousands were famishing from want, and suffering for fuel and clothing.

In vain Louis distributed wood and grain among the suffering poor. The traîneaux gliding round the boulevards, and beginning their course from the Bastille, made a far greater impression on the minds of the spectators, than noiseless acts of charity, or the temporary relief afforded, in which the Queen readily joined.

One cause of complaint for the nation is too real to be omitted, — the love of play which took possession of the Court and extended itself to the Queen. Large sums were lost and gained; and, to be admitted to the royal saloon, the usual forms

were dispensed with. The apartment was very lofty, having a cupola ornamented with balconies and seats ; round these, ladies not presented were permitted to place themselves and *profit* by the example of their superiors.

From causes such as have been mentioned arose the first prejudices of the nation towards the Queen. We rejoice that it is not our self-prescribed office to follow the revolution through its scenes of bloodshed and horror. Much has been written on the subject, and will continue to be written, yet no investigation of the laws of the human mind can fully account for its frightful course. As well might we enter a hospital of the insane, and reason upon the conduct of the maniacs. The three privileged orders of the kingdom, that for centuries had held undisputed sway over the democracy, — the crown, the noblesse, and the clergy, — though often contending together, were always in agreement as to the expediency of depressing the people. These were now fast losing their individual power. The crown had ceased to be considered an object of homage, the nobility had lost their preponderance of wealth, and the clergy that spiritual supremacy, which denied the right of thought to a nation. How the people arose in their might, and what cruel vengeance fell on the heads of the innocent, has been elsewhere fully recorded. France has for centuries

been a castle set on a high hill, upon which the world has been gazing. When the revolution began, how many anticipated the happiest results, — how many beheld, in perspective, the towers and battlements, from which had waved feudal banners, thronged with enlightened, intelligent citizens, eager to repair the ravages made upon the edifice! How have the wise and good been disappointed!

It could not be expected that Louis the Sixteenth, brought up as he had been, by the Duke de la Vauguyon, to whose care his grandfather intrusted his education, should at once take any decisive steps in favor of the Protestants. It had been the object of the bigoted and ascetic Duke to keep the Dauphin free from all moral taint; and, in this view, he seems to have dreaded the tree of knowledge, and, in the fear of his gathering evil fruit, denied him the good. He was said to be ignorant of all polite learning, of history, and of the science of governing. The example of his grandfather, influenced by the sect of Jesuits, had always been pointed out to him as a model upon which he was to form himself. He pronounced at his *sacre* the oath "to exterminate the heretics," notwithstanding Turgot had urged and advised that it might be omitted.

Under any circumstances, however, we can hardly suppose that Louis, with his mild and be-

nevolent spirit, and his love of justice, could have become a persecutor. On the contrary, we see him gradually enlightened by the influence of more generous precepts. Some of the Catholic clergy talked loudly of *tolerance*, and some of the ladies of the court pronounced persecution to be in *bad taste*.

"Do not rely on those men," says M. de Malesherbes, "who take to themselves merit from *arbitrary indulgence;* they would be extremely sorry to see the Protestants secured in their rights by the law."

Turgot and Malesherbes did not withhold their judicious counsels on this subject, and the latter published two memorials, in 1785, in favor of the Protestants. Rulhières, about the same time, published his "Eclaircissemens historiques sur les Causes de la Révocation de l'Edit de Nantes." This last is a work extremely useful, as giving, in a short compendium and in an agreeable manner, a sketch of the whole subject.

One voice at this epoch was added to the pleaders for Protestant rights, that had before thrilled to the hearts of a nation. The young, the brave, the noble La Fayette had returned from America, crowned with the laurels he had won. They were no sickly produce of an artificial soil; he had gathered them in our valleys and on our mountains, he had toiled for them

through the frosts of winter and the burning heat of summer. Animated and encouraged by his elder brother, Washington, whose name will ever form the glory of our country, the Marquis de la Fayette left the luxurious palaces and stately halls of his ancestors to espouse the cause of men struggling for freedom in the new world.

A letter from Madame du Deffand, addressed to Horace Walpole, in 1777, contains the following notice.

"Of all those who have taken their departure from here, the most astonishing is that of M. de la Fayette for America. You recollect meeting him when you dined with our ambassador. He is not twenty years of age, and carries with him six or ten of his friends. He confided his secret to the Viscomte de Noailles (his brother-in-law) alone, bought a vessel, equipped it, and embarked from Bordeaux.

"As soon as his connexions heard the intelligence, they hastened after him with all despatch, but arrived too late, — he had sailed just three hours before! It is no doubt *une folie*, but does not disgrace him. He consulted a Mr. Hill, who resides with Franklin. This step indicates courage and a thirst for glory. He is praised more than he is blamed; but his young wife, who is expecting an addition to her family, his father and mother, and all his friends, are in deep affliction."

He did not ask permission of the King, for he was sure of being refused; young, rich, married but a few months before to the daughter of the Duke de Noailles, one of the most beautiful and accomplished women in France, (who afterwards voluntarily shared his captivity at Olmutz,) we may easily imagine what a sensation this step excited.

In 1779 we find another notice in this celebrated lady's letters.

"You have heard, without doubt, of the return of the Marquis de la Fayette from America. He arrived on Thursday, the 11th of February, at two o'clock at night, at Versailles, at the house of the Prince du Poix, who gave a ball that evening. He immediately retired to rest, and the next morning had a conversation with M. de Maurepas, which lasted two hours. After dinner he came to Paris. He has not seen the King, and has received orders to seclude himself from all but his connexions; but these are nearly all the Court, — consequently he is in *visible concealment.*"

Again we hear his voice pleading the cause of liberty, — religious liberty, the most sacred of all rights, — that "the Protestants may be permitted to marry and to die according to their faith."

His remonstrances were not successful at that time. The clergy were alarmed, and exhorted

the King to preserve the barrier entire between the Catholic and the reformed faith, and preached with new zeal the necessity of but one religion in France, and the extermination of the heretics.

Though Lafayette dropped the subject for the time, we soon hear him pleading again for the heretics in the Assembly of the Notables. He was now more favorably listened to, and nobly seconded by the Bishop de Langres, afterwards Cardinal Luzerne. It cannot be uninteresting to those who have not seen the petition presented to the King, to find it here.

"A portion of our citizens, who have not the happiness to profess the Catholic religion, find themselves condemned to a sort of civil death. The *Bureau* know too well the heart of the King not to be persuaded that his Majesty, desirous of making true religion dear to his subjects, over whom he is the common father, and knowing that the truth makes its own way by its own strength, and that error always finds it necessary to employ violence, will join the disposition of a benevolent tolerance to those virtues which merit the love of the nation. The *Bureau* hasten to present to his Majesty solicitations, that a numerous portion of his subjects may cease to groan under a proscription equally contrary to the general tenor of religion, to good manners, to population, to national

industry, and opposed to all moral and philosophical principles."

Who will not see in this spirited and independent address, that a new morning had arisen? Let us for a moment imagine such a petition presented to Louis the Fourteenth. These attempts did not wholly fail; an edict which secured "*l'état civil*" to the Protestants was registered.

By this act of justice the situation of the reformed party experienced a happy change; yet they were incompletely protected, and still disturbed by fears for the future, increased by sad recollections of the past.

This step in favor of the Huguenots, imperfect as it was, excited the greatest sensation. The bigoted zealots pronounced the Bishop de Langres to be Antichrist, and Lafayette no better. We cannot but discern the good sense and judgment, which always marked Lafayette's character, in waiting for the right time before he again urged the subject which was near his heart as one of justice. He possessed the talent of adapting himself to expediency, of perceiving the best opening and the best means for success, and his resources and energies were always equal to the occasion. Perhaps this is the true cause of his success through life. The revolution, by enfranchising the Protestants with the rest of the

nation, could not fail of being welcomed by them as the era of liberty. The world, which was looking on at a distance, regarded it as emancipating a large class of men from feudal oppression, whose rights had for centuries been denied them.

The French nation were prepared to believe that the King had no divine authority. Fenelon and Massillon, the pious instructors of the Court, in the true spirit of religious justice, had diffused through the nation a conviction of the justice of their claims. Voltaire, Rousseau, and a host of philosophers, had prepared them to wrest by force what was unjustly withheld. The meeting of the National Assembly, and the decrees they abolished in August, 1789, show us how unjust and oppressive they were. A new order of things was established by this assembly, and the *revolution* in purpose accomplished.

With what joy the tidings were received in our country, files of newspapers can attest. How often "handbills," and "sheets extra," were issued from the press headed by the triumphs of "*Our great and good Allies*," in black and gigantic letters, many may yet remember. The sound came floating over the waters, and we rejoiced that the fair form of Liberty, who, like Guido's Aurora, had opened her hand and scattered flowers in our path, was hovering round the

splendid cities and vine-covered hills of beautiful France. We scarcely realized how much we of the New World were indebted to the noble steeds, that had borne her car in safety through clouds and tempests and the dark shadows of night. It remained for subsequent events to fully impress upon our minds all that we owed to Washington and the fathers of our country.

When that horrible period afterwards marked the course of the French revolution, in which blood poured down the streets like water, we do not find that the Protestants are mentioned among the perpetrators of cruel deeds. They, who had been the greatest sufferers from the government of France for ages past, do not appear to have partaken of this violent reaction. On the contrary, we find that, when the existence of a God was denied, they were among the first executed for adherence to religion.

A number of Protestant families, who had fled to Germany for the free exercise of their worship, returned after the privilege was granted of being placed under the protection of "*l'état civil*," in 1788. They returned, prosperous and happy, to breathe once more their native air ; they came crowned with the fruits of their industry, and forgot the wrongs they had suffered in the love they bore their country. Many of these fell victims to the guillotine during the "reign of terror."

The revolution not only involved royalty with the ecclesiastical and feudal tyranny with which it was entwined, but religion in all its forms.

Napoleon felt the policy of restoring the Catholic religion. He wanted the countenance and benediction of the Pope, which on these terms was easily granted, and he declared it to be the religion of the state, while toleration was extended to all others. The Reformed were allowed to assemble in synods, under positive conditions from the executive, whose permission it was necessary to gain. They were also required to submit the subjects intended for discussion to the Chancellor, and the meetings were prohibited from lasting beyond six days. It was likewise demanded that an officer of state should be present at the proceedings, to report them to government by a *procès-verbal.*

We comprehend from these regulations, that the system still continued to be one of *tolerance.*

In looking back to the earlier ages of Protestantism in France, we cannot but be surprised that it found so many proselytes under the austere principles of Calvin. The severity of his dogmas, the rigor of his discipline, the renunciation of those elegancies and accomplishments which embellish life, the authority exerted over domestic retirement, the spiritual gloom which pervaded the Genevese reformer, appear but little calcu-

lated to make converts among the nobility of France. Much that Luther gained by enthusiasm, Calvin accomplished by indefatigable activity, a commanding eloquence, a system well arranged, and the all-prevailing power of example.

Geneva early connected Protestantism and liberty together, because, being free and independent, she could open her arms to the persecuted martyrs of France and Italy. She became the refuge of the learned, and stood alone in the protection she afforded to the reformed party till the revocation of the Edict of Nantes, when Holland, and even America, as we have seen, shared her glory in giving an asylum to the Huguenots.

It has been generally conceded, that political motives influenced many of the Protestant chiefs. Yet we see Calvinism voluntarily and warmly embraced by noble individuals, to whom such motives cannot be ascribed, amidst all the luxuries of life, and the highest cultivation of the arts. During the reign of Catharine, who, however revolting may be her moral character, proved herself, by her taste in the fine arts and in belles-lettres, and by the encouragement she gave to architecture, to be a true descendant of Lorenzo de' Medici, we find distinguished converts to the reformed faith; we behold Jane d'Albret, Condé, Coligni, Chatillon, Castelneau, La Noué, and Mornay-Duplessis successively appear.

We have seen that the abjuration of Henry the Fourth was followed by a large part of the nobility, and those who remained firm lost one of the great incentives to active zeal, persecution; nor can it be denied that the race of their great men had become nearly extinct; and, though the reformed faith cheered many a heart, it no longer convulsed France. The revocation of the Edict of Nantes kindled the former spirit of constancy and endurance, but the expression of it was changed. Men no longer flew to arms, but sacrificed country, friends, wealth, and often life, in support of their faith.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

CONCLUSION.

Persecution cannot last for ever. Like all things human it wears itself out. After the dragonnades and the conversions of Louvois, after the edicts of Louis the Fifteenth, after the murder of the venerable Calas, and the execution of the Chevalier du Barre, after the intolerable cruelty of marriages annulled, and the odious injustice of depriving the descendants of their inheritance, we arrive at the period mentioned, in which the edict of 1787 was passed. "Protestants," to quote the language of La Fayette, "were permitted to become husbands and fathers, (*de naître et de mourir.*)"

We have now only to allude to the events which followed. In the sacrilege offered to the altars of God and the temples of worship, the reformed faith was trampled under foot with the Catholic; but, when the churches were again thrown open, and the worship of the Most High was restored, then it became evident that public

opinion had made an advance, — those who before persecuted had been objects of persecution, and adversity, we may hope, had taught its true lesson. Mind had advanced, and man began to realize the rights of his fellow-man. The same protection which had been applied to the Catholic, was extended to other modes of worship. The Charter of Louis the Eighteenth, granted June 4th, 1814, contains these articles.

"5th. Every one may profess his religion with equal liberty, and obtain for his mode of worship equal protection.

"6th. In the mean time, the Catholic, Apostolic, and Roman, is the religion of the State.

"7th. The ministers of the Catholic religion, and those of other Christian denominations, can receive payment from the public treasury *alone*."

After Charles the Tenth ascended the throne, the law of sacrilege was passed, in 1825, punishing by death any open insults to the holy wafer, or to any utensils consecrated to the Church ; and also certain newspapers were prosecuted for libel.

All this was deemed a degree of bigotry far behind the age. The papers were *acquitted* notwithstanding the influence of government.

On the accession of Louis Philippe, the 9th

of August, 1830, the sixth article was suppressed.

The seventh article, which places the Protestant religion on the same footing as the Catholic, however liberal it may be, we must perceive is opposed to the spirit of the Protestant community. The happiest bond which exists between a pastor and his people is their mutual dependence. His wants are supplied by the voluntary contributions of the society whom he admonishes, counsels, and consoles. In small towns or villages there is something Apostolic in this state of things. The pastor is a son to the aged, a brother to his equals, and a father to the little flock of children who every Sunday gather round his desk. Often the smallness of his salary is a proof of his disinterestedness, and is proportioned by himself to the ability of his parish. How much this state of things must add to the intimacy and confidence of both parties, is easily perceived. That there are evils growing out of this arrangement, owing to the infirmities of human nature, is undoubtedly true. But as the advantages arise from mutual dependence, so the disadvantages take their origin from mutual *independence*.

There is nothing, however, which necessarily changes the relation between a minister and his people in a national provision. We know of no histories more beautiful and touching than those

of the pastors of the High Alps, such as Oberlin and Neff; the latter, residing at the village of Dormilleuse, built, like an eagle's nest, on the side of the mountain. During the reign of Francis the First, we remember the slaughter of the innocent Vaudois, and recollect that the few who remained took refuge among the mountains. It was the lot of Felix Neff to settle in the high region, in 1824, among the Alpine retreats of the French Protestants. His first visit to Dormilleuse awakens all our interest. It is thus described by his biographer.

"The rock on which Dormilleuse stands is almost inaccessible even in the fairest months of the year. There is but one approach to it, and this is always difficult from the rapidity of the ascent and slipperiness of the path in its narrowest part, occasioned by a cascade which throws itself over this path into the abyss below, forming a sheet of water between the face of the rock and the edge of the precipice. Perhaps, of all the habitable spots in Europe, this wretched village is the most repulsive. Nature is stern and terrible, without any boon but personal security from the fury of the oppressor." And this was all the unhappy Protestants sought; a residence defended by a natural fortification of glaciers and rocks. Here, among the race of the Albigenses and an-

cient Waldenses, the faithful minister Neff determined to reside.*

After the various persecutions they had endured, from Marcus Aurelius, in the second century, down to those of Louis the Fourteenth and the Fifteenth, we behold them by the Edict of Louis the Sixteenth, in 1786, at liberty to worship God according to their faith, — and in 1802 a new era for Protestantism began, by the Consular government of France. Neff was a native of Geneva and scarcely less remarkable than Calvin. We follow him with deep interest in his various labors, to the banks of the Romanche, one of the wildest mountain torrents in France, to the large hall in the Gothic castle of Lesdiguières, the former Protestant champion of the Huguenot cause, but who apostatized in his old age. Here we find Neff received by the modern possessor, and his then youthful voice speaking to the little flock around him in language more powerful than their mountain torrent. We hasten with him to the village of Dormilleuse, where he was to be established, and see him travelling on foot among the glaciers, through the snow, his feet protected by slips of woollen cloth, to the summit of the Col d'Orsière. We accompany him in his wan-

* These were not the Waldenses of Piedmont, but of Dauphiny.

derings among the Alpine hamlets. We return with him to his "eagle-nest," where he is settled on a salary, from the Continental Society, of £50 a year.*

Here, among the grandest and sternest features of mountain scenery, the pastor "found food for his own religious contemplations, and felt that his whole soul was filled with the majesty of the ever-present God." . . . . . "In this rugged field of rock and ice, the Alpine summit and its glittering pinnacles, the eternal snows and glaciers, the appalling clefts and abysses, the mighty cataract, the rushing waters, the frequent perils of avalanches and of tumbling rocks, the total absence of every soft feature of nature," he erected first a church and afterwards a school-house.

We have been led insensibly into this digression, by a desire to demonstrate that the usefulness of a pastor need not be diminished by the manner in which his wants are supplied.

The present state of Protestantism in France must be an interesting inquiry. We are told that there are three National Protestant churches in Paris, and one National German, where the

---

* A society in England for diffusing the Protestant religion on the Continent. He did not receive the government stipend. This account is taken from the interesting Memoir of Felix Neff and French Protestant papers.

Duchess of Orleans worships. These have six pastors. There are also one English Dissenting church, and six or eight churches for foreigners.

In reply to the question often asked, whether Protestantism is on the same footing as in our own country, the following answer is made by an intelligent American clergyman, who has had an opportunity of knowing, from his residence and professional labors in Paris.

"It is not on the same footing as in our own country in the following respects. Like all other established churches, the National Protestant Church is subject to the direction of mere politicians and statesmen, who interfere when they please in the appointment of pastors and the general contract of the church."

"The Dissenting church has the restriction of being required to obtain permission of the magistrate of the city or village, (often Roman Catholic, and sometimes infidel,) to open a chapel or to hold a private religious meeting, when more than nineteen assemble. In efforts at extending religion, constant intolerance is manifested, which as yet the judicial decisions have not decided to be against the charter and its provisions and spirit."

We see in these things an essential variation from the liberty permitted to Catholic missionaries among us, and we must realize, that it is dif-

ferent from our own religious liberty. We have no ecclesiastical establishments recognised and paid by government. With us a church is an affair of individuals, and supported by its own intelligence, activity, and purity of morals. If there is any essential virtue among us it exists in our religious relations. They are sincere, fervent, and generally tolerant, and without any connexion between them and government. This perhaps is the most striking, the most important feature of American liberty. Government endows our universities and hospitals, but it does not pay our ministers for preaching to the people. This is a separate affair, one of conscience, and derived from the great Missionary, who has said, "My kingdom is not of this world."

We have travelled, often with an aching heart, through this history, and have sometimes been tempted to throw aside the pen, and turn from scenes of blood and desolation. But we have persevered and are at length rewarded; a bright morning opens upon us notwithstanding the few clouds which hover round. Much has been gained, and men of enlightened and liberal minds are bringing to the cause of religion and virtue the highest powers of intellect.

The Huguenots, when they came to this country, asked only the liberty of worshipping God after their own faith; the right of cultivating the

land they purchased, and of teaching to the New World the best modes of agriculture, — of introducing new manufactures, and proving themselves good citizens and virtuous members of society. We can only hope that the Protestants in France may be endowed with the same spirit which, to the present day, makes the Huguenot ancestry eagerly claimed by their descendants, and their memory dear to a free nation.

NOTE.

From the Memoir of Dr. Holmes relating to the Oxford Protestants, we quote the following epochs in the French history.

From their national synod in 1559 to St. Bartholomew's massacre, in 1572,	13 years.
From St. Bartholomew's massacre to the Edict of Nantes, in 1599,	27 "
From the Edict of Nantes to the Revocation, in 1685,	86 "
From the Revocation of the Edict to the commencement of the French Revolution, in 1789,	104 "
From the commencement of the French Revolution to 1826,	37 "

APPENDIX.

We had finished the sketch of the Huguenots, and laid aside the pen, but an event has recently taken place which forms a natural connexion in the mind of the author with the close of the preceding work. We have illustrated the intimate relations which exist between a pastor and his people by the example of Neff in the high Alps. We have now the melancholy privilege of a more familiar illustration, and may speak of one who filled this relation with a zeal as pure and as fervent as the Swiss pastor. William Ellery Channing was ordained over the Federal-Street Church in Boston, in 1803. He had the offer of election between that and a much larger and more wealthy society. But he decided for the smaller one, and, during the early years of his ministry, and while he was the exclusive pastor, devoted himself to his people with a fervor, sincerity, and affection, which will never be forgotten by them. He often said, "I wish to identify myself with

my people," and it is well known how remarkable he was in that respect, when we view the conventional form of most sermons of that period. As the advocate of religious liberty and the right of opinion, he may rank with those who under far different circumstances endured suffering and exile for these inalienable rights. The spirit of reform has pervaded society, and few would now confine their ideas to doctrinal points. We have mentioned Cheverus, of the Catholic Church, as a moral reformer, and we may truly speak of Channing, of the Protestant Church, in the same connexion. His works on these subjects are too recent to require particular mention. It is pleasant, likewise, to the author of the preceding sketches, to connect his memory with a work of which he often expressed a desire for the accomplishment. Those who have heard him plead "for truth, for freedom, and mankind," will not, we trust, deem this tribute misplaced. But we approach the subject with solemn awe, for he, whose words have kindled the fire within us, now lies cold and motionless. We have seen him borne to his last home, wrapt in the deep slumber of the grave, and unconscious of the beautiful creation around him, though once so keenly alive to it.* But the mind rests but a mo-

* His remains were deposited at Mount Auburn.

ment on present objects, though so illustrative of the scene ; the sun sinking behind the hills, the falling leaves of autumn, and the low sighing of the wind. We realize that he who communed with God on earth, who lived to serve him, who taught us the truths of immortal life, who drew his arguments "from the hand-writing of the Creator on the soul," assisted by the highest deductions of reason, and confirmed by the testimony of revelation, is now in the presence of the God whom he worshipped, of the Saviour in whom he trusted, surrounded by saints and angels, by the spirits of the departed, the aged whom he strengthened as they approached the dark valley of death, the young whom he guided and instructed, and the suffering whom he consoled and cheered, — all, all are before him.

How well his own language applies to him, those who knew him intimately will decide.

"In genuine piety, the mind chooses as its supreme good the moral excellence enjoined by its author, and resolutely renounces whatever would sully this divine image, and so disturb its communion with God. This religion, though its essence be not emotion, will gradually gather and issue in a sensibility, deeper, intenser, more glowing, than the blind enthusiast ever felt ; and then only does it manifest itself in its perfect form, when through a self-denying and self-purify-

ing power it rises to an overflowing love, gratitude, and joy towards the universal Father."

And thus have we seen him in familiar and domestic life, — even when enfeebled by sickness. Though his voice at times was faint and low, yet, when any great moral subject called forth his energy, his very soul spoke. We saw it in his eye, which drew its light from the divine fountain of truth. Words there were, and of the highest meaning, but sometimes so faintly uttered that we felt, rather than heard them. Who has not partaken of the devotion expressed by his uplifted eye, by the accent in which he pronounced the word "Father!" It was by this title he loved to address the Supreme Being, and he often referred to it as the most striking and touching illustration of divine love. It was the only word in his last aspirations that could be distinguished. On the bed of death, in the deep and secret exercises of his soul, the name of "Father" was again and again distinguished. How impressive the last scene! — his face turned to the light, and the beams of the setting sun irradiating his marble brow and resting upon his head like a glory; — the long silence which prevailed, not a word being uttered, as if the spirit still lingered with the beloved ones present.

Few have left as full evidence of their mind and character. The public will appreciate him

by his writings, and by his pure and holy life ; but those who have known him intimately, who have shared his offices of tender and endearing friendship, who have received his cordial greeting in the social circle, who, in the dark hour of human bereavement, have derived consolation from his sympathy, and strength from his religious views, who have witnessed the love he bore to all God's creation, — it is only those, who can appreciate the height and depth of his character. A few extracts from letters written to a friend in 1841 and 1842 cannot fail to be interesting.

" Your account of Richmond (Virginia) was very interesting. You little suspected how many remembrances your letter was to awaken in me. I spent a year and a half there, and perhaps the most eventful of my life. I lived alone there, too poor to buy books, spending my days and nights in an outbuilding, with no one beneath my roof except during the hours of school-keeping. There I toiled as I have never done since, for gradually my constitution sunk under the unremitting exertion. With not a human being to whom I could communicate my deepest thoughts and feelings, and shrinking from common society, I passed through intellectual and moral conflicts, through excitements of heart and mind, so absorbing as often to banish sleep, and to destroy almost wholly the power of digestion. I was worn well-nigh

to a skeleton. Yet I look back on those days and nights of loneliness and frequent gloom with thankfulness. If I ever struggled with my whole soul for purity, truth, and goodness, it was there. There, amidst sore trials, the great question I trust was settled within me, whether I would obey the higher or lower principles of my nature, whether I would be the victim of passion, the world, or the free child and servant of God. It is an interesting recollection, that this great conflict was going on within me, and that my mind was then receiving its impulse towards the perfect, without a thought or suspicion of one person around me, as to what I was experiencing. And is not this the case continually? The greatest work on earth is going on near us, perhaps under our roof, and we know it not. In a licentious, inebrious city, one spirit, at least, was preparing, in silence and loneliness, to toil, not wholly in vain, for truth and holiness. And how often is this the case! And are we ever to despair, as if God's spirit were not at work in the human soul?" . . . . .

"We are spending a delightful summer (at Newport). We feel as if our cup was overflowing. Yet our joy is calm, peaceful, in harmony with this most tranquil scene, in the midst of which I write. I suppose you are at work, — *blessed work.* How privileged *we* are, who can carry

our tools (pen and paper) with us wherever we go, and can, even in a tavern, carry on our vocation !"

In a letter written from Lenox, where he passed his last summer, he writes:

"I am as well as usual, and enjoy what I call health, the more for its interruption. You speak of yourself as an 'automaton.' It is thus that the heart rests after painful excitement and deep sorrow. It is well for us that none of our emotions can retain uninterrupted vividness, and, especially, that the more vehement exhaust themselves. By this kind provision we are saved from being absorbed in a particular feeling, from shutting up the soul in a particular event. Our whole nature is brought into action. A false, sad notion has injured many, that we owe it to departed friends to die to those who remain, to die to our race, to feed on dark pictures of life, to reject the blessings which our kind Father has strewed in our path, because some have been taken from us. It ought to be the influence of bereavement, of the vanishing of loved ones from our sight, to give us more reverent and quickening conceptions of the spiritual nature of the undying soul, of that vast futurity through which our faculties and affections are to expand into a divine life and felicity ; and under this hope we should desire to enter on a nobler field of action now.

The departed have gone to see, to love, and serve the Infinite Father with a new fervor and elevation of spirit, and we should strive to sympathize with them, to be joined with them by participation of their progress. We are apt to feel as if nothing we could do on earth bears a relation to what the good are doing in a higher world; but it is not so. Heaven and earth are not so far apart. Every disinterested act, every sacrifice to duty, every exertion for the good of "one of the least of Christ's brethren," every new insight into God's works, every new impulse given to the love of truth and goodness, associates us with the departed, brings us nearer to them, and is as truly heavenly as if we were acting, not on earth, but in heaven. These are common truths, but we do not feel them. The spiritual tie between us and the departed is not felt as it should be. Our union with them daily grows stronger, if we daily make progress in what they are growing in."

In another letter from Lenox he writes:

"Our letters have informed us of the removal of your venerated mother. We feel that the change was a blessing; that it was time for the weary traveller to rest; for the discipline of life, so unusually protracted, to end; for the spirit to leave the body which had so long hung on it as a weight. What a change is death to one who has approached it through extreme old age! How

hard it is to conceive of a friend, on whom the furrows have been deepening and the head whitening for so many years, laying aside all debility, all the infirmities of age, and entering a new existence of perpetual health, freshness, and, may we not say, youth! I remember, when my grandfather died,* at about ninety-four years old, the thought darted through my mind, 'How shall I know him without that gray head, those deep lines of time on his countenance?' These seemed to enter almost into his identity. Yet our new senses will recognise our old friends with a quickness little comprehended now. To you this event, so much to be desired, is an affliction, a bereavement. How peculiar the relation of a mother! She was our first friend, and from the hour of our birth, amidst all life's changes and the inconstancy of other loves, that faithful, tender heart never forsook us to its last throb. A parent's love is the best type of the immutableness of the divine." . . .

In 1818 he wrote to a friend, who was on a visit at Rhinebeck, as follows:

"Please to present my respects to Dr. Quitman.† You wrote of his sermon on Diabolical

---

* William Ellery, one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence.

† Frederick H. Quitman, D. D. He died a few years

Agency. I cannot dispose of the subject so easily as the Doctor. I should be glad to know that Satan does not exist, not for my own sake, but for his; for the idea of such tremendous guilt and misery is uncomfortable. I cannot help sympathizing with Uncle Toby, who fetched a deep sigh when some orthodox divine described the torments of the Evil One. But the connexion of our world with the spiritual seems to me more extensive than many believe, and there are some passages in Scripture, not easily explained, which favor the idea, that evil as well as good beings of a higher order have some influence on human affairs. The common idea of the *extent* of his influence is monstrous. If Satan exists, he has no power which ought to fill us with dread. I do not, however, consider this subject as very important, and have therefore left my mind to

---

after the date of this letter. This gentleman officiated in three Lutheran churches at Rhinebeck, N. Y., alternately. He came early from Germany, and was acquainted with distinguished men there, particularly with Zollikofer. His name is found in the collection of hymns for Evangelical Lutheran Churches. He was President of the Evangelical Lutheran Church Synod of the State of New York. Those who saw him will never forget him. To a large frame he united an energy which enabled him to command unlimited respect from the uncultivated, while the gentlemanly kindness of his manner won the affection of all classes.

waver upon it. The other subject discussed, — the explanation of the *temptation* as an allegory, — seems to me inconsistent with the simplicity and inartificial style of the evangelical historian."

In writing of the indisposition of a friend he says: "I have hitherto expressed only solicitude about the health of the body, but I need not add my earnest desire that a healing and purifying power may visit the mind. Indisposition seems to promise less of spiritual good when it has a tendency to take away the usual control over thought and feeling. But the character may be aided by remedies and a discipline which we should not have chosen for ourselves. Our souls are dearer to their Author than to ourselves; and, by processes which we do not understand, he can awaken their power, touch their secret springs, give new sensibilities, weaken old habits and impressions, and recruit our moral and spiritual energy. We have only to trust, to be patient, to pray, and to do his will, according to our present light and strength, and the growth of the soul will go on. The plant grows in the mist and under clouds as truly as under sunshine. So does the heavenly principle within."

"I have not gained all the strength I hoped from country air, but am, on the whole, better. We are all to have our trials. I certainly ought not to complain of mine. I do sometimes, how-

ever, earnestly desire some addition of strength, that I may do something more before I leave the world. My head teems with plans, which I am compelled to resign to a stronger day. It is very possible, however, there is more ambition than benevolence in many of our projects of doing good, and it is well to use conscientiously and steadily the means we possess." 1813.

In writing from the spot where Dr. Channing usually spent his summers, his spirit seems to pervade every place.* In yonder arbor, which

---

* Oakland, Rhode Island.

It was just at twilight when I passed by the little church at Portsmouth, R. I., where he sometimes addressed an audience who were collected to hear him. It is a simple building, neat and plain, and stands back from the road on the ridge which gradually slopes on each side to the two branches of Narragansett Bay. My memory reverted to a glad Sabbath morning in July, when the sun shed its beneficent beams on every object, giving its bright colors to the verdure around the church, "green to the very door," — to that morning when he addressed a congregation diversified by a few strangers from Newport. I remembered his holy fervor, his sublime aspirations, his solemn benediction which closed the worship. Now how cold, silent, and desolate looked the building! I passed on and entered the avenue, bordered by hedges, elms, and evergreens, which led to the mansion-house where I had been accustomed to see him. How beautiful the scene! The foliage with its gay and mingled hues, sobered by contrast with the dark and solemn evergreens, — the grass, yet

looks on Narragansett Bay, whose shores bound the horizon, he loved to seat himself and meditate. There words of consolation fell from his lips, for it was also the resort of a friend upon whom the bereavements of life pressed heavily. How much of that world now revealed to him was in those words which he uttered! It was his happy gift, first to soften the heart, preparing it for pure and elevating impressions, and then to pour in, without measure, the high truths and hopes of heaven. Faith grew by his teaching like the willow by the water's side. The distance between the seen and the unseen seemed to vanish; while he spoke, we felt as if he had gained the opposite shore and held out his hand to encourage us onward. The dark and mysterious river separating us from the future existence no longer seemed fearful. It was not that he represented the other world as a paradise of unmixed enjoyment; he dwelt much more upon the holiness of heaven, the service of God, the freedom from human sin and infirmity, the enlarged expansion of the faculties. He did not merely say, You will recover the dear

---

verdant, strewed with the yellow leaves of Autumn, — the sun throwing the long shadows of the aged trunks across the paths, — the house, in keeping with all around it, still wearing the venerable aspect of other days. I could well understand why he lingered on the spot long after the leaf was in the sere.

ones you have lost; for that he considered but a small part of the joy of heaven. But he spoke of dwelling with them for evermore in the presence of God, and holding "a communion with them, marred by no passion, chilled by no reserve, depressed by no consciousness of sin, trustful as childhood," and overflowing with love to the Universal Father.

He seldom spoke severely of human faults, and always more in pity than in anger. Yet it must be confessed, that he earnestly wished that the tone of society might be raised. "What is common intercourse made up of," he wrote to a friend, "but rash judgment, unwarrantable censures, and the circulation of harsh opinions? So far the spirit of society is to be abhorred; but are we to give up all infected with it? As the Apostle says, we must then needs go out of the world."

Of spiritual progress he wrote: "I am never surprised to hear of misgivings, doubts, or self-distrust, the great trial of life to many; and, at the same time, one of the grand signs of our destiny is, that our conception of virtue, holiness, outstrips our powers of immediate attainment. The very improvement of our moral sense becomes a source of fear, our very progress in goodness, by opening new spheres of duty, may sometimes discourage us. Humility always grows with virtue, with increasing knowledge of God. I have but

one great trial of life, and that is, the disproportion between my idea of duty and my practice. Our fear from this source is in part unreasonable. Our idea of the perfect, the holy, is not to be our standard of self-judgment any farther than we have power to realize it. Perfection is revealed to us not to torture us from our falling short of it, but to be a kindling, imposing object, to be seized by faith as our certain destiny, if we are faithful to the light and strength now given.

"We are not to repine or fear, because in our childhood we want maturity of wisdom or strength, — but we are to be animated by the thought of what we may become. Still, after making all allowances, we must suffer from self-rebuke. Our own hearts often condemn us. Our pure, spiritual resolves, how often they fail us! But we must never despair. The consciousness of error is encouraging, — it shows a measure of moral life in us.

"Self-rebuke is God's voice, his call to new effort, his promise of aid. It is to me a most sustaining idea, that I am always guarded by God, and shall receive more and more aid in proportion as I am receptive of it. When the sight or voice of a friend stirs up my spirit, when nature touches and elevates my heart, when a word from some inspired author reaches the depth of my moral nature, when disappointment corrects and purifies

my views of life, &c., on all these occasions, I feel that God speaks to me. I see in them pledges of his earnest parental desire for my redemption. I see in them the workings of Omnipotence for my good, the breathings of his spirit, confirmation of its precious promises, that heavenly aid is most freely given to human weakness. I am strong only in my consciousness of union with God."

It might be worth inquiry in what degree meditation contributed towards forming the character of Dr. Channing ; of its spiritual result we can have but little doubt, but how much of practical knowledge he derived from it is an interesting question. He who created the spirit of man, shall he not teach him inspiration ? What we term genius, seemed in him a power derived from the eternal fountain of truth and light.

The line which he drew between meditation and reverie was striking. "Reverie," said he, "was once the hectic of my life, — meditation has been the life of my soul." He laid the greatest stress on its influence. Once, when riding with a friend, he pointed to a wood near Cambridge, where he used to pass hours alone. — "It was in the silence and stillness of that spot," said he, "that I first laid the foundation of what has been useful in my life." That wood has since fallen beneath the axe of the husbandman ;

but the high purposes, the noble resolutions, it nurtured in his soul, will long outlive the frail term of human existence.

No one had a fuller sense of the actual deficiency of human character, and none a more ardent and entire trust in its redemption. He believed the power of Christianity all-sufficient for its purification; he believed that all we need, to become conquerors over sin, is to drink deep of the spirit of the Teacher. Of man's capacity for good he never doubted, for he saw God in every human being. It was inspiring to watch the kindling of his countenance, as he spoke on these subjects. His was a hopeful spirit, and truly a cheerful one. He believed that the smallest effort for removing evil effected something. When any one spoke despairingly of his own attempts, he would earnestly reply, "They *have* done good."

Many felt restraint in his presence from an unconscious desire of appearing better or wiser than they actually were. But those, who were in familiar intercourse with him, lost this feeling; for they saw that he was the most candid and indulgent of human beings.

Few converted *silence* into so expressive, and, at the same time, so active an agent as he did. It required moral firmness to practise this method of repelling exaggerated praise or censure. But

it was still more striking when he came into communion with the deep-stricken mourner. He offered no common-place words of consolation; his was a sympathy too intense for utterance.

Notwithstanding his ill health and habitual feebleness of constitution, there was in him an undying spring of youth. His mind was always in fresh vigor. He never took age into his account, or seemed to think of it for others. "I do not grow old to myself," said he, with a smile; "I always look as I used to do."

His perfect sincerity was understood by every one who associated with him. The testimony of a lady to his character, who belongs to the society of Friends, is very striking, and was given nineteen years since.

"Dost thee know William Ellery Channing of Boston?" said she.

"Very well; he is my minister."

"I have not seen him for many years," she replied. "When very young he went to school to my father, who taught reading, writing, and arithmetic at Newport. William Channing had a brave heart; he was as fearless for the truth as Washington. He settled all the differences in school, and usually went by the name of the *peace-maker*. He always took the part of the oppressed. Some of the larger boys, who felt the influence he exerted over them, without un-

derstanding that it was a moral power, called him, 'Little King Pepin'; and by these two names he was designated in school."*

"Was he very grave?"

"If thee would ask whether he was thoughtful, I should say, Yes, to thy question. For, though he was cheerful and pleasant, his mother used to say, 'William is our minister.'" It could not be said in reference to him, as is said by the *Preacher*, "Childhood and youth are vanity."

To these familiar, and, we think, interesting, recollections, we add a circumstance mentioned to us by a gentleman of high authority.

Mr. J., who, some time since, was at the head of a boarding-house, had in his family a colored servant girl. She became very ill, and was visited by injudicious and zealous persons, who wrought her mind into a state of terror and agony at the prospect of death. Mr. J. humanely requested the Reverend Mr. Channing, then a young man, to visit her. He accordingly did so, and by his conversation and devotional exercises produced the happiest results, and she died in Christian faith and peace. "Had she been a princess," said Mr. J., "he could not have demonstrated more interest in her welfare."

---

* It will be remembered that this brave monarch of France was surnamed 'the Small.'

These anecdotes are important only as showing the germ of the future man.

He usually passed his summers at this retreat, (Oakland). It was every way congenial to his taste. The strifes and contention of the busy world were far distant, and he seldom changed the scene except for one, that, from its sublimity, awakened his soul to new aspirations, — the beautiful beach of his native island. He loved to contemplate it in the bright sunshine of morning, in the twilight of evening, and amidst darkness and storms.

"Often," said he, "I have stood on the rocks and seen the mysterious waters roll by, and, when the wind blew high and the waves lifted up their voices, I felt strong in their might."

At another time he said, "I love to contend with the wind; and even now, when I am walking in the country, and feel its exhilaration, I am tempted to run and leap as when I was a boy."

He often stayed in this retreat till the autumn was far advanced. The inducement was great, for it is one that seems to be exempted from early change, — the foliage, though variegated, remains long on the trees, and forms a beautiful contrast with the verdure of the numerous evergreens. Here, amidst the falling leaves and mellow tints of autumn, he often laid down his pen, and re-

paired to the woodlands and winding paths, and returned invigorated by his walk.

In 1839 he wrote to a friend from this place:

"The summer has left us after having shed on us very many blessings. Without thought or labor I have been strong enough to enjoy; — I feel daily that it is a privilege to live in such a world. Unhappily, society has dark spots, deep woes, and we have no right to forget them in our seclusion. I do not forget them. The thought of them often throws a shade over this beautiful nature. What would I not give, I am sometimes ready to say, for greater powers to improve and serve my fellow-creatures? But is it not wiser to use well what we have, than to sigh for more?"

He determined to pass the last summer in the midst of mountain scenery. His address delivered at Lenox expresses his enjoyment there.

From a letter he wrote a few weeks before his death, we quote the following passage, which seems to have been written with a prophetic spirit.

"We are very agreeably established at Lenox for a time. Come and see us. We have a parlour to ourselves, in which you shall have a share. We are breathing mountain air, living in mountain scenery, and have delightful society near us. In truth our cup seems too full when we look at the common lot, — but it must soon pass away."

One of his friends has said, "We shall miss him more in our prayers than our pleasures." But where and when shall we not miss him? We shall miss his cordial reception, the warm pressure of his hand, his voice so rich and musical, the light of his deep-meaning eye. We shall miss the perfect politeness and courtesy of his manner, his habitual attention to the wants and habits of his friends, — and we shall miss him too in our prayers, — for never did more sincere or holier aspirations than his ascend from the domestic altar.

Oakland, R. I., November, 1842.

NOTE.

William Ellery Channing was born at Newport, Rhode Island, in 1780; graduated at Cambridge, Massachusetts, 1798; was ordained over the Federal-Street Church in Boston, June 1st, 1803; died at Bennington, Vermont, on a journey, in 1842.

LIST OF THE NAMES

OF

HUGUENOT FAMILIES IN AMERICA.

The names of the French settlers who came to Boston are probably many of them lost. Some settled in Maine, of whom we have but few records. The spelling of the French names is often imperfectly preserved, and the number probably very incomplete; but we give them as they have come to our knowledge, without knowing precisely where they settled in many instances. Many of them, however, took up their abode in New York and Rhode Island.

Arnault.
Ayrault.
Babut, elder of Mr. Daillé's church.
Ballaguier.
Baudouin, now written Bowdwin, or Bowdoin.
Bethune.
Bernon, Gabriel.
Boudinot.
Cazneau.
Charden, elder of Mr. Daillé's church.
Daillé, minister of the first French Protestant church in Boston.
Depau.
Du Tuffeau.
Faneuil.
Fontaine.
Freneau.
Ganeaux.
Gaziellien.
Grignon.
Jaques, corrupted to Jaconaise, or James.
Jay.
Jermon.
Johonnett.
Le Maine, corrupted to Mauney.
Le Mercier.

Lucas.
Maury.
Montier.
Mousset, elder of Mr. Daillé's church.
Neau, Elias.
Packenett.
Pintard.
Quereaut, changed to Caron.
Railing, fourth elder of Mr. Daillé's church.
Robineau.
Sauvages.
Sigourney.
Tabaux, changed to Tarbox.
Tourgee.
Tourette.
Tourtellot, Gabriel, came out with Gabriel Bernon.

From a list discovered in a parcel of old papers, which belonged to Henry de St. Julien, of St. John's, Berkeley, we extract names of the Huguenots who settled at the South. The list was published in the "Southern Intelligencer," some years ago, with the names of the wives and descendants, and was supposed to have accompanied an application for naturalization.

Elias Prioleau, minister.
Laurent Philip Trouillart, minister.
Jaques Boyd.
Paul Bruneau.
Jacques Le Serurier.
Pierre de St. Julien.
Daniel Huger.
Isaac Caillabeuf.
Pierre La Salle.
François de Rousserie.
Pierre Buretet.
Daniel Bonnel.
Jonas Bonhoste.
Jaques Du Bose.
Philippe Norman.
Pierre Collin.
Pierre Poinset.
Pierre Bacot.
Noe Royer.
Jaques Nicolas.
Pierre Le Chevalier.
Paul Pepin.
Mathurin Guerin.
Jacques Gallopin.
Charles Fromeget.
Noe Sere.
Jean Lebert.

Isaac Baton.
Daniel Jouet.
Louis Thibout.
Jaques Marseau.
Gabriel Ribouteau.
Jacques de Dourdeaux.
Jean Girardeau.
Etienne Taurron.
Jaques Lardan.
Jean Heraud.
Moyse Le Brun.
Isaac Mazyck.
Jean Thomas.
Daniel Durougeaux.
Louis Pasquereaux.
Auguste Memin.
Abraham Lesueur.
Anthoine Boureau.
Henry Peronneau.
Anthoine Cardes.
Pierre Girard.
Samuel Du Bourdieu.
Ellye Bisset.
Jean Pecontet.
Jérémie Cothonneau.
Germain Pierre.

LIST OF SETTLERS AT SANTÉE.

François de Rousserye.
Pierre Gaillard.
Jean François Gignilliat.
Jaques Le Bas.
Marie Fougeraut, widow of Moyse Brigaud.
Pierre Couillandeau.
Jean Potett.
Jean Gendron.
Pierre Guerri.
Isaac Dubose.
Jean Gulbat.
Joachim Gaillard.
Jaques Boyd.
Pierre Robert, M. D.
Paul Bruneau.
André Rember.
Réné Ravenel.
Henry Auguste Chatagner.
Daniel Seneschaud.
Isaac Legrand.
Pierre Manigault, } brothers.
Gabriel Manigault, }
Pierre Michaud.
Daniel Jodon.
Jean Pierre Pele.
Jean Prou.
Nicholas Lenud.
Daniel Le Gendre.
Etienne Tampie.
Louis Dutarque.
Anthoine Poiteuns.
George Juing.
Nicholas Bochet.
Pierre Videaut.
Jaques Benoit.
Isaac Fleury.
François Gurrain.
Jean Boisseau.
Jean Berteaud.
Ellye Herry.
Isaac Percher.
Claude Carron.

Pierre Mounier.
Nicholas de Longmare.
Jean Carrier.
Louis Gourdain.
Benjamin Marion.
Daniel Garnier.
Louis de St. Julien.
Honore Michaud.
Maisse Carion.
Estienne Tample.

To these names we add the following, which Dr. Ramsay records as the heads of respectable families who came to Carolina.

Bonneau.
Bonnetheau.
Bordeaux.
Bocquet.
Deveaux.
Dupre.
Delysle.
Peyre.
Poyas.
De la Consiliere.
De Leiseline.
Douxsaint.
Du Pont.
Du Bourdieu.
D'Harriette.
Faucheraud.
Foissin.
Ravenel.
Sarazin.
Girardeau.
Guerard.
Horry.
Jeanerette.
La Roche.
Mellichamp.
Mouzen.
Neufville.
Royer.
Treizevent.
Legaré.

An interesting relic, a Bible, — brought by Dr. Delhonde, a friend of Mr. Sigourney, who was one of the settlers in Boston, — is now in the possession of Mrs. James King of Salem.

THE END.